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THOMAS WREN WARD,
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LATE TREASURER OF
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Rec^d 5 July, 9 Sept., 4 Nov. 1862.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

VOLUME LXXIII.

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XI.

JULY, SEPTEMBER, NOVEMBER, 1862.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

BOSTON:
BY THE PROPRIETOR,
At WALKER, WISE, & CO.'S, 245 Washington Street.
LONDON: EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178 Strand.
1862.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by

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in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
WELCH, BIGELOW, AND COMPANY,
CAMBRIDGE.

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The Christian Examiner.

The Examiner is published on the first of January, March, May, July, September, and November, by the Proprietor, at Walker, Wise, & Co.'s Bookstore, 245 Washington Street, Boston, in numbers of at least 156 octavo pages each, at *four dollars* a year, payable *in advance*.

The Examiner will be sent, *by mail*, to any part of the United States, free of postage, on the remittance of a year's subscription *in advance*.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1862.

Art. I. — VIEWS OF LUTHER.

1. *Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit.* Von Gustav Freytag. Leipzig. 1860.
2. *Historia Parallela Doctoris Martini Lutheri et Martini Episcopi Turonensis.* A M. E. Hasenmillero, Auctore Historiæ Ordinis Jesuitici, impressæ Francofurti ad Mœnum, apud Joannem Spies. Anno M. D. XCIII.
3. *Life of Martin Luther, by* Chevalier Bunsen. *With an Estimate of Luther's Character and Genius, by* Thomas Carlyle, *and an Appendix by* Sir William Hamilton. New York: Delisser and Proctor. 1860.

We have before us one of the earliest and one of the most recent sketches of Luther. In each he is criticised by his own countrymen, but the results are somewhat dissimilar. The historian of the Jesuits, Hasenmiller, places in parallel columns, appropriately headed *Lux* and *Tenebræ*, the various saintly acts and graces of St. Martin of Tours, — strangely omitting all mention of his opposition to the beheading of Priscillian, the first heretic judicially murdered by the Christian Church, — and a corresponding series of accusations against Luther for deficiencies in every one of those points in which his prototype or antitype was so illustrious. The author introduces his work as a comparison between virtue and vice, Christ and the Devil. He applies to Luther the choice titles of *Omnium heresiarcharum pronymphus* (paranymph ?), *nostri seculi Pseudo-apostolus, Tenebræ et Nox Ecclesiæ, Fax*

Germaniæ, Dedecus omnium Prædicantium, cloaca omnium hereticorum. He makes ingenious comparisons between Martin the bishop, dividing his cloak with the disguised Jesus, and Martin the heretic, rending asunder the seamless robe of Christ,— the former division rewarded by glorious visions of the Redeemer, and the latter punished by terrible apparitions of Satan. Of course the zealous Jesuit soars far above anything like analysis of character or historic generalization. For these we must turn to the humbler pages of a popular novelist. The author of "Debit and Credit" (*Soll und Haben*) has given us a representation, at once picturesque and philosophic, of the exact appearance of the personality and agency of Luther, under the full light of the brightest and freshest German thought. Luther's limitations are fairly pointed out, while the true greatness of the man and the work is depicted in all the glowing beauty of the originals.

Freytag thinks that the Catholic theologian has almost as much cause to be grateful to Luther as the Protestant, and that German Catholicism owes what life and truth it has mainly to the great heresiarch. He attaches great importance to the influence of Luther's example, as the genial and pious husband and father, over the domestic life of his nation. He traces much of what is purest and noblest in the social relations of Germany to the marriage, as he says, "of an excommunicated monk and a runaway nun." He points out the real melancholy which was the under-current of Luther's life, especially before his marriage, and gives some interesting particulars of his appearance and habits. Freytag's general historical views are so accurate, that we are very ready to pardon such errors in detail as where he regrets Luther's advising the Elector of Saxony to consent to having Ferdinand made King of Rome; the fact being that the Elector did protest against the election, which took place, nevertheless. We think the general plan of these sketches of the past — of which we are able to notice only the two entitled "Doctor Luther," and "Deutsche Fürsten auf dem Reichstage" — most admirable. Each great social movement and every class of mediæval society is first accurately and elegantly described, and then brought directly before us by some relic of

the correspondence of the times, — such, for instance, as the letter of the students who met Luther returning from the Wartburg to Wittenberg in the dress of a knight, or that in which he makes the well-known allusion to the raining of Duke Georges, or, finally, the love-letters quoted in the article on the Fugger family. The perusal of these sketches of Freytag's, and of the little volume in which Mr. Wight, well known for his valuable services as translator and compiler, has given to the public the Life of Luther contributed by Bunsen to the Encyclopædia Britannica, together with appropriate extracts from Hamilton and Carlyle, has suggested a few remarks on the general significance of Luther's agency, and on the causes which led him to become a reformer, and sustained him in his reformation.

The biographers of Martin Luther usually divide his life into three periods. The first contains the thirty-four years from his birth, in 1483, to the publication of the theses against indulgences, in 1517. These Bunsen calls the years of preparation. The second extends from his first appearance as an historical personage, in 1517, to his marriage and retreat into more private life, in 1525. These eight years are the most momentous and the best known of Luther's whole life. They embrace his opposition to Rome; his denial of the Pope's supremacy; his appeal to the Bible as the ultimate authority, before the Diet of Worms; the ten months at the Wartburg, where he translated the Bible; his greatest activity as a writer; the publication of his best-known treatises; and his establishment of an organized Lutheranism at Wittenberg, in opposition to Catholics on the one hand, and radicals on the other. Bunsen calls this the period of progressive action. It might better, perhaps, be called the period of action and reaction. The third period is from Luther's marriage, in 1525, to his death, in 1546. These twenty-one years Bunsen most appropriately calls the period of stagnation. No one should forget Luther's services as a pastor, or in the composition of the hymns which still form the basis of the public worship of German Protestantism, or in the establishment of that admirable school system of short sessions and much singing, the revival of which is one of the most important reforms of our own day; but we

must acknowledge that Luther's principal public acts after 1525 were merely protests against that great movement which has given us the name of Protestants. His refusal to compromise with Rome must be weighed against his refusal to cooperate with Zwingle. Indeed, it is by no means easy to realize how the last sixteen years of an otherwise great life were spent. Bunsen devotes to them but eight pages out of one hundred and seventy. Sears is equally summary. Those biographers who, like Meurer, give as much space to the last period of Luther's life as to the others, are obliged to fill it up with miscellaenous extracts from his table-talk. The importance of the first period is mainly biographical, of the second mainly historical, and of the third mainly domestic. We have Luther the pupil of his age, Luther the interpreter of his age, and Luther the *pater-familias*, — Luther studying in the cloister, Luther braving Emperor and Pope, and Luther talking table-talk.

We should naturally expect that these changes in his relations to the world would be preceded by corresponding changes in his own opinions. Accordingly, we might divide his inner life into three periods, — the first closing with his full adoption of the great principle of justification by faith, the second with his beginning to think that he had gone far enough in applying it, and the third with his death. The most appropriate epochs for marking such a division are, perhaps, the pilgrimage to Rome in 1511, and the departure from the Wartburg in 1522. Between the visit to Rome and the visit to the Wartburg, he was a Protestant. He entered Rome a Papist. He left the Wartburg a Lutheran. Papist, Protestant, Lutheran. Slave of the past, champion of the present, infidel to the future. The other division, according to external actions, serves to divide the Protestant period into the years of peace before the great theses, and the years of heroism thenceforth until the Lutheran period, which is similarly divided into the years of successful reaction and the years of unavailing protest against the ultra-reformers.

It was not worldly culture and learning, but the convent routine, which made Luther a Protestant. His tendency to melancholy and superstition had been so fostered by privation

and cruelty, hunger and the scourge, at home and at school, that he was forced to renounce the brilliant prospects which opened to him as a jurist, and become an Augustinian monk. Brother Martin was the most exemplary of friars. He went through the whole catalogue of superstitious formalities with most scrupulous nicety, and pushed asceticism almost into suicide. Yet in all this he found nothing of the peace which he had renounced the world to seek. Superstitious fears still haunted him. He felt "the curse of the law." He believed that "He who doeth these things shall live by them." His morbidly sensitive conscience told him that he could not do them. His awful conviction of unfulfilled responsibility was increased by the pressure of the host of factitious duties prescribed by the convent rule, and especially by the unnatural and torturing vow of celibacy. The system of salvation by obedience to definite ceremonial and moral precepts is a premium on laxity and a curse on strictness of principle. It spares the worldly, who easily manage to get through it as an habitual routine, to torment the spiritual, who strive to cramp every thought and feeling into its narrow limits. It gives no motive but torturing self-consciousness and self-seeking, and no peace but delusive self-satisfaction and self-sufficiency. Moreover, the evasions of the unfaithful cause a continual multiplication of precepts, which is little trouble to those who are determined to take the whole thing as easily as possible, but aggravates the tortures of the conscientious. Thus, the more closely Luther held to forms, the less peace he found in them. He saw that he could not purchase his own salvation by any possible discharging of duties. He felt that by the works of the law he, at least, could not be saved. This was a period of great suffering.

All this time he was studying the Bible which the convent rule had given to the novice. He knew it, however, only in the Vulgate version, which entirely ignores the ideas of justification by faith and of a true repentance based on amendment and change of mind and heart. He was taught that the *pœnitentia* of the Vulgate meant penance, and instead of *justificatio* he found *justitia;* so that he read, not "Christ is raised again for our justification," but "Christ is raised

again for judgment upon us." Moreover, he used only the allegorical method of interpretation, which made him see nothing but repetitions of already formed ideas, and thus prevented his acquiring any new ones. His own language authorizes the belief that he was led to the idea of justification by faith by the works of Augustine, by the cautious hints of two mystics, — his superior and a fellow-monk, — and especially by the *Theologia Germanica*, the writings of Tauler, and other mystical books. He says of his opposition to the indulgences, "I have followed the theology of Tauler and of the *Theologia Germanica*, and teach that men must put their trust in nothing else but Jesus Christ alone; neither in their prayers and merits, nor in their good works." We read in the preface to his edition of the *Theologia Germanica* (*Deutsch Theologia*), "I have found God in German as I have not found him in Latin, Hebrew, or Greek." The monkish mystics taught him that repentance must begin, as well as end, in love to God; and Melancthon, that the original Greek word therefor (*μετάνοια*) signifies change of heart. So it was the Greek Fathers that convinced him that Purgatory was not a doctrine of the true Church. The benefits which he afterwards received from the Bible, when he had learned to study it in the original languages, and by the literal method of interpretation, we shall soon have occasion to state in full. Perhaps his greatest discovery was made when he became priest, and was obliged, in saying mass, to offer prayer, for the first time in his life, directly to the Deity, without the intervention of any human mediator, such as he had always relied on before. Then he found that this reliance on human mediators had taught him to feel, not devotion towards God, but terror. These mediators between him and God had kept him away from God. He felt that he must come directly to God, and find his mediator in the Godhead itself. He could accept no mediation but that of God the Son. He must fix his faith on Christ alone, or, rather, in his Trinitarianism, on God alone.

Still he was a Catholic. He had ceased to feel the burden of the Romish ritual. He had not yet seen its uselessness. He seems to have followed it more and more strictly in prac-

tice, as he departed from it more and more widely in theory. In this unconscious inconsistency between his old habits and his new opinions, he came to Rome, as a pilgrim, in 1511. Even Rome's corruption did not at the time consciously lessen his reverence for her Church. Intelligent Catholics often revere as priests those whom they despise as men. He went through the round of penances and relic-worshippings with the utmost zeal. He regretted deeply that his parents had not died, so that he could obtain release for them from Purgatory. At last he came to the most blessed act the Catholic can perform, — the mounting up the holy staircase of the Lateran on bended knees and in prayer. As he was toiling up the marble steps, and rejoicing in anticipation of the rich reward, he heard a voice of thunder say, "*The just shall live by faith.*" Luther quitted Rome forthwith. He had followed superstition so zealously that he had overtaken it, and passed beyond it. The Protestant Reformation dawned upon him.

Soon after, he became Professor of Divinity at Wittenberg, and took an oath which he never forgot, namely, to devote his whole life to the study, exposition, and defence of the Holy Scriptures. Then followed several years of peaceful and spiritual activity, which was all that he desired. He had no love of innovation or strife, nor any wish to attack existing authority. It was the Pope that made the attack. Luther did not even know that he was resisting the Pope and the Church, till he had taken a stand from which he could not retreat. He knew that Tetzel was a profligate charlatan, who was recklessly disregarding the commission which authorized him to grant indulgences only to the truly contrite, and to ask contributions only from the rich. He thought the Pope would be as much shocked as himself at blasphemous language which even a Protestant must decline to quote. He saw his own parishioners give themselves up to utter irreligion, saying that the Church could do nothing further for them; they had bought their salvation. He never dreamed that Leo X. connived at all this. Luther felt it his duty, as a priest of the Church of Rome and a loyal servant of the Pope, to oppose abuses which he was sure his Primate had never sanctioned, but would in-

dignantly condemn. The famous theses contain no denial of the Pope's supremacy, and little, if any, intentional censure of his conduct. Their severest language had been used by Abeillard four centuries before, and had not been pronounced heretical, when all his opinions were tried, and many condemned. Luther had no idea of teaching any new theory. The doctrine of indulgences was itself an innovation on the theology of the early Church and the Fathers. Luther did not even deny that the Church possessed a treasury of works of supererogation, but only that she had the right to sell such treasure for money. The Catholic Church at present keeps that right in the background.

Thus, when the Pope had issued a bull in support of the indulgences, and attempted to silence Luther by force, he declared that he should never be driven into heresy, and appealed to a general council of the Church. Even then he was persuaded by the Papal Legate to promise to keep quiet, if his enemies would leave him in peace, and to give to the Pope not only this pledge, but a written assurance that he revered him as Christ, and that no sin or error in the Church of Rome could justify separation from her.

Fortunately, the self-conceit of a loquacious champion of the Papacy came to the rescue. Dr. Eck, a professed disputant, who had travelled over half Europe for the pleasure of hearing himself argue, challenged Luther to the ever-memorable debate of Leipzig, where Luther began to oppose the supremacy of the Pope on July 4, 1519. In the course of the discussion, Dr. Eck showed Luther that his opinions had been condemned by the Council of Constance, and thus forced him to either recant or deny the infallibility of the highest authority of the Romish Church. Luther could not recant, and Dr. Eck exclaimed, "Reverend father, if you believe that a council regularly convoked can err, you are to me as a heathen man and a publican."

After this, it was only to be expected that the Pope should issue his bull to condemn Luther's writings and excommunicate his person, and that Luther should burn that bull in open day in the presence of all his students and fellow-citizens, publicly assembled as spectators of what Ranke calls "the crisis

of secession."* Equally natural was it that Luther should find, when summoned before the political and ecclesiastical rulers of Germany, at Worms, that, as he had not advanced a step which his conscience had not forced him to take, his conscience would not allow him to recede.

Thus did honesty of intellect, loyalty to conscience, and fearless discharge of the nearest duty, make Luther the interpreter of his age. The time for successful opposition to Rome was fully come. All the elements of opposition were ready. The old system of government by Emperor and Pope had been just far enough outgrown to become fettering. The German people had risen near enough to freedom to find out that they were oppressed. The peasantry were in perpetual insurrection to recover their lost liberty, and the knights in continual conflict for their hereditary freedom against advancing centralization, for the heterogeneous and loosely connected mass was striving to form itself into smaller but more closely compacted bodies. Advancement of civilization had produced advancement of knowledge.

The printing-press had been invented, just as there began to be a German literature worth printing. Classical learning had been revived, against the will of Rome. Rude versions of the Bible were in circulation, and the works of the great mystics of the fourteenth century, who had successfully defied the authority of the Pope, and proclaimed openly that "they who hold the true Christian faith, and sin only against the Pope's person, are no heretics, for it cannot be proved from Scripture that to refuse to kiss the Pope's toe is heresy, or that the practice is an article of faith." Germany never forgot that her favorite preacher, Tauler, had not only used this language, but had even dared to say, when the Empire lay under the Papal interdict: "The Pope hath no power to shut heaven against poor sinners who have innocently fallen under his ban. Therefore, when any one desires those sacraments whose dispensation the Pope forbids, they shall be freely celebrated, for heed must be given to the word of Christ and his Apostles,

* More than two centuries before this, the Bull *Ausculta fili* of Pope Boniface VIII. was publicly burnt by King Philip the Fair in Paris. See Milman's Latin Christianity, VI. 318, Book XI. chap. ix.

rather than to the ban which proceedeth out of envy and lust of worldly power." The influence of mysticism over Germany was very great, and was exerted in behalf of the Bible and its doctrine of justification by faith, against the scholastics and their system of indulgences. Although there had been of late little open opposition to Rome, there was much open discontent. Rome had taken advantage of the piety and loyalty of Germany to pillage her without mercy, and even the avarice of Rome was less notorious than her sensuality.

The popular feeling may be shown by the following anecdote of Luther's father. Hans Luther was an honest, pious peasant, not at all intellectual or sceptical. He had been much displeased at his son's becoming a monk. At the grand dinner which celebrated Martin's ordination as priest, he apologized to his father for his disobedience, to which he said he had been forced by his conscience and a heavenly vision. The sturdy old miner made answer, to the horror of the priests and monks around him, "It was a pretty conscience that bade thee disobey the Bible, which says, 'Honor thy father and mother,' and the vision which was against that commandment was doubtless a delusion of the Devil."

The country where such a speech could be made with impunity was plainly ripe for reform. Thus Luther's University and his sovereign take his side at once. His fellow-professors become fellow-reformers. The Elector of Saxony refuses to surrender him to the Pope. The bravest knights place their castles and their swords at his disposal. The printers and hawkers are eager to circulate his writings, while those of his adversaries cannot be printed with decent accuracy. So his journey to Worms for trial by the Diet was one continual ovation. The people of Worms itself all exhorted him to confess Christ fearlessly. Even at the Diet, the leader of the German soldiers of fortune clapped him on the shoulder and bade him fight gallantly. A proclamation was posted up in the city where the Diet was in session, warning its members to beware how they touched a hair of the monk's head, for four hundred knights were ready to march with eight thousand infantry to his defence. It is believed that the German princes themselves, and even the Emperor, would have

gladly joined Luther in an attempt to diminish the temporal power of the Pope, and reform the corruptions of the Church, if he would only have retracted the speculative opinions which made it heresy to support him. The whole tide of German civilization was dashing fiercely against the barriers set up by Roman despotism, and Martin Luther rode the crest of the advancing wave.

Of course, only a great man could have weathered such a storm. Here, perhaps, should be given an illustration of Luther's personal influence. He had retired to the Wartburg, and was supposed to have died. The traffic in indulgences was reopened by the powerful Cardinal and Elector of Mayence. A letter soon reached him, saying that Luther was still living, and had written a book against him, which should be published if any more indulgences were sold. The princely prelate quailed before the excommunicated and outlawed fugitive. He not only discontinued the sale, but even stooped so low as to deny the fact, and to thank his "brother in Christ" for his pious solicitude. We may well call these the years of heroism.

We must next consider Luther's great doctrines of justification by faith, and the exclusive infallibility of Scripture.

Justification by faith is something more than justification by belief. Luther never taught that intellectual assent to speculative dogmas was sufficient for salvation, and we must all admit that no idea can be fully received as religion by the soul, unless it is also received as theology by the reason. Works, too, mean not merely penances, pilgrimages, and beadtellings, but moral actions in general. Luther knew the importance of doing right, but he knew that doing right was not the whole of religion. He held that our being justified, or accepted as righteous by God, depends more on the principles and ideas which rule our inner life, than on our outward actions. It is not so much what we do, as what we are. Our actions depend wholly on our ruling principles and ideas. If these are pure and spiritual, our whole life, thought, and feeling, word and deed, must be pure and spiritual also. The most spiritual idea is that of God. The purest principle of conduct is that of love to him, and trust in his goodness, or

faith. Faith in God makes him ever present to us, and his presence purifies and transfigures our souls. Then we can work in the patience, love, and strength in which he works.

Justification by faith, not works, has fostered Antinomianism, when received simply theoretically and by immoral men, who have said, if good works do not justify us, they are not worth practising. But no doctrine can be fairly held responsible for all the errors into which it may be perverted by speculation in the interest of immorality. It may be also objected, that the faith by which Luther and most Evangelical Christians believe they are to be justified, is in great part a faith in the atoning blood of Christ. It should be remembered, however, that Luther did not introduce the doctrine of the Atonement. He found it existing in Romanism, as a natural result of the theory of justification by works; for since our own works are plainly insufficient to satisfy the demands of the moral law, we must supply the deficiency by resorting to the works of some one else. The Catholic relied both on the merits of the saints and on those of Christ. That Luther did not see the latter error as well as the former, was one of his own limitations, and not a defect of the doctrine of justification by faith. This doctrine alone can satisfy the want of something better to trust in than our own morality, a want which is not at all satisfied by being ignored.

The doctrine of justification by faith brought Luther into collision with the authority of the Church. He protected himself by an appeal to the authority of Scripture. This appeal he substantiated by his translation of the Bible, which allowed every man to consult it for himself, and still more by teaching that it was to be interpreted literally, without any use of that double or allegorical sense wherein Rome had sought refuge whenever the real meaning was against her. Thus the Bible became, for the first time since the days of Chrysostom, something more than a mirror to reflect back the Church's creed.

It was shown, in a former number of this journal,* that Luther simply substituted the authority of an infallible book

* Christian Examiner for March, 1861, p. 210 *et seq.*

for that of an infallible Church. The office of reason was still the same, — to "hear and obey." The time had not yet come for the assertion of the supreme authority of the voice of God in reason, conscience, and the soul. If Luther had attempted more, he might have effected less. He freed human reason from the heaviest burden he found laid upon it, and humanity gained by the change of authority. He did not originate the idea of the infallibility of the Bible, but he destroyed that of fathers, schoolmen, and popes.

Again, an infallible book cannot have the same power as an infallible Church. The infallible Church can decide every question which may ever arise. The infallible book can pronounce no opinion upon questions not under discussion at the time when it is written. Thus, on such subjects as spiritualism, abolitionism, pauperism, it is much easier to ascertain the opinion of Rome than that of Scripture. The Church undertakes to decide every political, social, and scientific question. The Bible does not. The Church's tyranny is ever present. Those who see any in the Bible must admit that it is comparatively obsolete. The rule of the Bible is far more limited than that of Rome.

A successful attack on any assumed authority weakens the prestige of all such assumption. No new tyranny can be as firmly rooted as the old. Thus, within three centuries after Luther, another great thinker for the German people, Lessing, said: "Luther benefited religion by attacking the infallibility of the authority which fettered him. Our truest Lutheranism is to attack the infallibility of the authority which fetters us."

Theoretically, the difference between the infallible Church and the infallible book is not so great as might seem. Any infallible book must be interpreted. Our infallible book must be translated. Both translation and interpretation can be satisfactorily done only by those who give their lives to such studies. The people at large must look to the clergy to know what the infallible book really says. Thus the clergy of every sect must be the authorized interpreters of the Bible for that sect, and the authorized interpreters of an infallible book must be regarded as the representatives of infallibility. Thus an infallible book makes an infallible Church. A comparison

of the different sects and epochs of Protestantism would show that where the infallibility of the Bible has been most fully acknowledged, there ministers, merely in virtue of their office, have had the most power. Even Luther seems to have unconsciously taken his own interpretations of Scripture as infallible. Indeed, he says himself, "I know that I have a pope in my belly, and I think most other men have also." *

Fortunately, our conclusions have been wiser than our premises. We have insisted on the right of every man to interpret for himself a most difficult book, three fourths of which is in a language of which very few know anything at all, and the remainder in a dialect whose subtilties often baffle the ablest investigator. We pass easily over the obstacles created by the pervading influence of wholly anomalous national ideas and historic circumstances. We are not impeded in the least by any variations of readings, renderings, or interpretations. We do not stop to decide among the two hundred and fifty various expositions of Galatians iii. 20. The whole science of exegesis has been reduced to one short, simple, and practical maxim. "Never accept as the meaning of Scripture anything contrary to reason and conscience." This is a safe way to escape being compelled by outward authority to believe anything unreasonable, but it is a very vicious method of interpretation. If the infallible book agrees with reason invariably, reason must itself be infallible and all-sufficient. Moreover, no one book can agree with all men's moral and religious ideas, for these ideas are never found in any two men alike, except to a very limited extent. Men differ among themselves so much, that some must differ from Scripture. What then? What is to be done if Scripture and reason differ? Rome said, "Let the Church decide." Protestantism must either force reason to agree with Scripture, or it must force Scripture to agree with reason.

Here we come back to the old allegorical method. "When the literal sense does not suit you, take some other that will." The allegorical method has been the refuge of reason, since it allows every man to make the Bible mean what he wants it to

* See Hallam, History of Literature, Vol. I. pp. 238 and 293; but see Vol. II. p. 70.

mean. Without it, reason would have no defence from authority. Indeed, professed literalists, however they have enforced the letter against other men's reason, have been obliged to depart very often from the literal meaning themselves, and explain away so much, that the Bible has been like the Mormon prophet's compass, "which, when I had taken it into my hand, it did work whither I desired it to." Nothing but secret prevalence of allegorism can explain the fact that honest and sensible men have found Scripture authority for so many absurd and contradictory notions. For this allegorical method favors not the use, but the abuse, of reason. The habit of professing to believe words whose plain sense we consciously disregard, is clearly ruinous to both intellectual and moral integrity. What reason asks is honest, open freedom from the bondage of authority, not a license to cheat. It is better for reason to meet authority single-handed and single-hearted, than to be reduced into the corrupting alliance of allegory, the too frequent enemy of that truth in which alone is victory. It is not the Philistines, but Delilah, that Samson must fear. Moreover the rule of allegorism enervates and debases reason and conscience, and thus makes us willing slaves of authority, while the rigid and avowed tyranny of literalism forces all the strength and virtue of our nature to rebel. Allegorism corrupts reason, literalism challenges it; and never was there so great a victory for rationalism as when literalism, incarnate in Luther, triumphed over the allegorism on which Rome had built her Church.

It might be further shown, that every departure from the plain meaning of the writer of any part of Scripture is really a denial of his infallibility. All improvements on the literal sense must be made at the dictate either of our own reason and conscience, or of our creed, which is simply the embodied reason and conscience of our Church. It does not do to say we interpret Scripture by Scripture, and depart from the literal meaning of one writer to preserve the literal meaning of the whole Bible; for differences and contradictions cannot exist in an infallible book, or if they can, they are only to be reconciled by the arbitration of reason or of the Church. Every step in spiritual or allegorical interpretation is an ad-

mission of the supreme authority of individual inspiration or of ecclesiastical dogma. Thus we come to a dilemma familiar to the readers of the Christian Examiner, and which we cannot further discuss without exceeding all due limits, — "Reason or Rome, there is no middle ground."

It might be further remarked, that even Luther was inconsistent in his literalism. He found it so hard to believe the doctrines of the Epistle of James and the Apocalypse, that he was obliged to declare these works spurious, and even leave the former one out of his translation of the New Testament. Indeed, his language concerning them has been called irreverent scoffing by those who forget that his violence was caused by the struggle between his obedience to conscience and his reverence for external authority, which he could not calmly disregard. He could not cease to look at the Pope as Christ, without thinking him the Antichrist. He could not give up the infallibility of St. James's doctrine of justification by works, without calling his Epistle "an epistle of straw." Of course, if we can believe any part of Scripture spurious which does not satisfy our reason, we make reason supreme, and Biblical infallibility a mere name.

Luther did, however, take the Bible, as much as any man could, as the sole infallible authority. It is often said that he thereby secured for reason all needed liberty, while he set up firm bounds against every excess of fanaticism. On this point a few facts may be cited. While in the Wartburg, he was called to decide on the lawfulness of the marriage of monks and nuns. He at once consulted his Bible, but was sorely puzzled by finding nothing there about monks and nuns, except one passage, where it is said of the widows, whom he supposed to have been consecrated to celibacy, "When they begin to wax wanton against Christ, then they will marry." This seemed a proof text against their marriage, and it cost him a sore struggle to make up his mind that it could not be followed. Again, he was satisfied that lending money on interest was contrary to the Bible, and that polygamy was not. He was obliged to excommunicate merchants for taking interest, and solemnly sanction the Landgrave of Hesse's bigamy. He says of the Trinity, "I have had temptations on this matter, but how oppose my own poor thoughts to the Word of

God." * He held the doctrine of Consubstantiation, because it followed the literal meaning of the texts, "This is my body," and "Except ye eat my flesh, and drink my blood, ye have no life in you," — though it was, as he publicly admitted, contrary to reason, — with such pertinacity, that he denounced the necessary alliance with those who held more rational views as unchristian and perilous both to body and soul. It was only on his death-bed that he admitted that he had gone too far in the matter of the Sacrament. He derived his metaphysics mainly from the texts, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," "He that committeth sin is the servant [or slave] of sin," and "Man is not justified by the works of the law," whereas every result of man's free will is a work of man. Hence his only philosophical treatise is entitled, *De Servo Arbitrio*, — "Of the Servitude of the Will." So his politics all lay in the words, "Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, for the powers that be are ordained of God." He was obliged to deny the right of resistance to the Emperor, though indeed the plans of resistance had but little success. When the peasants had revolted against the oppressive aristocracy, though they were Luther's fellow-Protestants, and though he admitted the justice of their demands, which have since all been granted, he found himself compelled to denounce their rebellion so violently, that, long afterwards, he dared not visit his dying father, for fear that the peasants might avenge their sufferings, in the war he had preached against them, by his blood. From this time forth, Luther's only hope was in the speedy coming of the millennium, and in that prayer of faith, through which he felt justified in believing that he had raised his wife and best friends from otherwise certain death.

Meantime his friends at Wittenberg advanced still further in the literal application of Scripture. They clamored for the abolition of all rites and customs not sanctioned by apostolic

* "Even Luther himself, the author of the greatest of moral revolutions since Christianity, smiled at the idea that the earth should move around the sun, and said, 'According to Holy Scripture, Joshua commanded the earth to stand still, and not the sun.'" — *Rev. Henry Giles, in the Liverpool Controversy.*

practice. All statues must be broken up, for the Bible forbade graven images. Again, it was said that the Gospel had been hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes. Paul had determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ. God had chosen the foolish to confound the wise. Much study was a weariness of the flesh. The University of Wittenberg was closed. No books but the Bible might be read. Difficult exegetical questions were submitted to the judgment of children and clowns. It is written, "In the sweat of man's brow shall he eat bread." Professor Carlstadt and his students turned ploughmen. Even Melancthon, the scholar of the Reformation, was compelled to close his books, and go and work in a bakery. Bolder expositors of Scripture desired to revive the apostolic community of goods, and realize the promised Messianic kingdom. The poor Elector of Saxony, while he disapproved of all this, could not forbid it, for it seemed in perfect accordance with the Bible. Frederic the Wise was on the point of abdicating in favor of King Jesus. As Luther heard of these disorders in his lonely castle, he might well fancy that he saw before him the arch enemy of man; sometimes as a brutish monster, shouting, "Ho, ho! is this your Bible religion?" sometimes as the glorified Christ, saying, "He that will not hear the Church, let him be as a heathen." It was as the shrewd old ecclesiastics told him at Worms, "From the Bible have come all heresies." The limits the Bible sets up can stop conscientious and rational thought, but are easily overleaped by fanaticism;

"For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Luther, however, saw that the Wittenberg fanaticism was really contrary to Scripture. His faith in the Bible was not taken away. It was his faith in reform that was shaken. He saw that it did not do to discontinue all rites which the Bible did not expressly enjoin. He thought the only Scriptural way was to retain all which it did not expressly forbid. This was a conservative position, for the Bible had not said much about the Romish ritual of the sixteenth century.

Thus it was as a reactionist that Luther took his life in his hand, and went back to Wittenberg. He preached openly, in defiance of bull and ban, but it was against his fellow-Protes-

tants. True, his conservatism was needed, but the Reformation was advancing, and conservatives were soon left behind. After 1525, the leaders of the Reformation are the Electors of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse. Even their lawyers do more than their theologians to carry the movement forward.

It is to be admitted that the Wittenberg disorders had been fostered by the influence of mysticism, though they were in violation of its plainest and commonest precepts, and that they were much quieted by the publication of Luther's version of the Bible. Scripture and mysticism are both salutary guides, when rationally used, and both pernicious tyrants when used blindly and superstitiously.

Moreover, Luther, though never what is commonly called a persecutor, was obliged to call upon the state to banish the fanatics. Thus the persecuted Protestantism began to persecute. The German clergy were brought into that bondage to the government which has hindered their freedom of thought and cut them off from the sympathy of the people. Thus German governments even now educate and pay the minister, and set him his creed and his text; and the laity consider the Church a police institution.

Luther has his limitations, as all men have. None the less was he a great man and a benefactor of our race, — a man of powerful and original intellect, and of heroic moral courage. His life was blameless, and singularly free from what we call the errors of his age. He was almost the first to preach and write to the people at large. That commanding presence, which disarmed the assassin and cowed the tyrant, still lives in local tradition and popular memory. Still Luther leads the nation. Even now his name is in Germany what Washington's is in America, and is in like manner revered by liberal and conservative alike. His translation of the Bible united the two jarring dialects, the Swabian and the Frankish, into one great speech, and thus, says Bunsen, "preserved the only unity which in our days remains to the German nation, that of language, literature, and thought." His spirit of freedom, duty, and truth is still alive and at work. Whatever may be said of his single actions and special opinions, the man himself must be ever loved and honored, as a champion of conscientious liberty, and the representative of a great idea.

ART. II. — CAVOUR.

1. *A Discourse on the Life, Character, and Policy of Count Cavour. Delivered in the Hall of the New York Historical Society, February* 20, 1862. By VINCENZO BOTTA, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1862. 8vo. pp. 104.
2. *Cavour, a Memoir.* By EDWARD DICEY, Author of "Rome in 1860." Cambridge [England]: MacMillan & Co. 1861. 16mo. pp. 243.

E. E. Hale.

IT is scarcely a year since the death of Count Cavour, in Turin. There is not time enough yet, of course, for a complete biography of the man. But the two sketches of his life and character which Dr. Botta and Mr. Dicey have produced for us, give us better opportunity than we could expect to trace along the rapid history of his wonderful success, and to estimate the manly qualities by which that success was won. The writers occupy such different positions, nationally and morally, that their different studies give us quite distinct points of observation. For, though each is an admirer of Cavour, and, with but little affectation of indifference, appears as his eulogist, the one is an Englishman, — doubtful, therefore, of the empire of ideas, — whether, indeed, there be any ideas; the other is an Italian Protestant, confident, therefore, in the truth, and believing that Cavour owed his success to the rectitude and certain victory of his cause. Each of them has had good opportunities, and has studied sufficiently the public documents which are necessary for the review of the great statesman's life.

CAMILLO BENSO DI CAVOUR was born in Turin on the 10th of August, 1810. He was a younger son of a noble Italian family, whose traditions, since this century began, were connected with Napoleon's family. His mother was lady in waiting to the beautiful Pauline, the Princess Borghese, and the Prince and Princess acted as sponsors at the baby Cavour's baptism. Such arrangement of artificial memory did History adopt, that any future inquirer in trifles might recollect the Prince Borghese's first name. Count Camillo Cavour, the founder of Italy, was named for him. When the child was

ten years of age, they tried to make him page to Charles Albert, then heir to the throne of Sardinia. But the plan did not work well. He was soon dismissed from court livery, or, as he himself expressed it, "he threw off his pack-saddle." He was sent to a military school, and, at eighteen years of age, after a brilliant school career, he entered the army as a lieutenant of engineers. In this capacity he served for four years; but he had given offence, before he was twenty-two, by the rashness of his liberal opinions, and, after a year of half-exile in the Val d'Aosta, he threw up his commission. For nearly ten years he resided abroad. The following pretty letter from the Director of Police at Milan gives the view which thus early the government of Austria, by its officials, took of him who was to prove its most dangerous enemy: —

"Milan, May 15, 1833.

"A young Piedmontese nobleman, Camillo di Cavour, is about to set out on his travels. He was formerly an officer in the engineers, and, in spite of his youth, is already deeply corrupted in his political principles. I lose no time in giving this intelligence to the Commissioners of Police, with instructions not to permit the entrance of the person in question, if he should present himself at our frontiers, unless his passport is perfectly *en règle*, and, even in this case, only after the most rigorous investigation into his clothes and luggage, as I have reason to suspect he may be the bearer of dangerous documents."

In ten years which followed, the young politician, thus tinctured with liberal opinions, travelled over various parts of Italy, — visited Switzerland, Paris, England, and Germany. In 1843 he contributed for a French journal the first of a series of articles on Ireland; — and there are other evidences to show that he had studied the constitution of England and the practical work of the English system with interest and care. He always understood that system. He was devoted thus early to the system of free trade, on which he based his financial and economical system for Sardinia; and he made some studies of the relation of church and state, which he had ample occasion to draw upon in his contest, almost life-long, with the Papacy. Meanwhile, in these ten years of wandering, he showed none of the characteristics of an ambitious young revolutionist, preparing to strike. He was rather what

is called a man of the world, "not remarkable for excess either in pleasure or abstinence," says Mr. Dicey. This remark, to an American reader, needs to be qualified by the anecdote which immediately follows it, — that on one occasion he had incurred gambling debts to the amount of £ 8,000. His father paid these debts, but told him that he should pay no more. True to the "*in medio tutissimus ibis*," Cavour did not abandon play, but never played for such high stakes again.

In 1843 he returned to Italy. He had learned a good deal of the processes of scientific agriculture in his travels, and he devoted himself to the introduction of improvements, on an extensive scale, on the family estate at Leri. His great compatriot, Ricasoli, — his fellow-workman for the unity of Italy, and his successor at the head of her cabinet, — was studying men and affairs in a like school. Cavour interested himself in the establishment of infant asylums at Turin, and was elected a Director. But he was still so unpopular at court, that he was requested to withdraw his name from the list, and he obeyed. In the simplicity of the life of a nobleman administering his estates he remained until the wave of popular sentiment which is coeval with the liberal outbreak of poor Pius IX. swept over Italy. Under the relaxation of the severity of the laws of the press which followed, Cavour founded the *Risorgimento* journal in Turin, in company with Balbo, a statesman of reputation, afterwards Prime Minister. He acted at first as editor of this journal, and he wrote for it as late as 1850. The *Risorgimento* obtained a reputation and influence, which it still holds, in the control of public opinion in Italy. It advocated the independence of Italy, union between princes and people, progressive reform, and a confederation of the Italian states; it pledged itself to advocate free trade, and proposed, indeed, many of the improvements in administration which have since been adopted in Piedmont. Cavour undoubtedly exercised great influence through this journal, and his articles in it show strong good sense, and indeed a frequent prophetic discernment. But it does not appear, either from them or from the passages before us from his more elaborate works, that he spent other effort upon

his literary productions than was necessary to express and explain with energy the view which he would enforce. There is nothing careful or condensed in his style. It is business-like and intelligible, but seldom pointed. Like most great men of affairs, he used the arts of composition as he used that of handwriting, — he cultivated them far enough to make himself perfectly intelligible, but left the elegances and ornaments to people of the grade of writing-masters and other posture-makers. In his speeches we find the same characteristic. He spoke to convince, and he convinced. Yet, unless the subject interests us, his collected speeches are but dull reading. In the midst of the intense and epigrammatic eloquence to which the Italian seems born, and to which his language is so well adapted, the oratory of Cavour in the legislative assemblies of Italy must have seemed singularly cold.

Even in the outset of his career as an editor, he was called to take a more important position in public affairs. Charles Albert was not so quick to take oaths as were Neapolitan and other princes who meant to break them on the first opportunity. He had shown himself, therefore, so backward in that extension of liberty which he had promised in Piedmont, that a general impression gained ground in Turin that he was intending a retrograde policy. A body of the liberals, of every shade of politics, met, in consequence, to address the king in support of an address which had been prepared in Genoa. To the surprise of his colleagues, Cavour, still but little known, opposed the Genoese address, because it did not go far enough. "Let us demand the Constitution," he said. But his proposal was too far in advance of the moment to secure success, and for the moment it had to wait, and he. He wrote a letter to the king, assuring him that his whole object was to reconcile the dignity of the throne and the authority of the government with the true interests of the country. But the king hesitated, — the aristocratic party of nature hated constitutional government, and the democratic party dreaded the plan, as dictated by an *Anglo-mania*. Cavour's proposal was not, therefore, immediately accepted, even by the other liberals, much less by the king. But a very short time was enough to bring about the grant of that Constitution which has since proved

so important. Under its provisions, Cavour was at once appointed by Balbo on the committee which drew up the fundamental electoral law for the kingdom. The work was done in fifteen days, but it was so well done that it has answered, unchanged, the purposes of the whole Italian nation. It is not based on universal suffrage. The qualification is an assessment of about twenty dollars a year in taxes, the payment of a rent of one hundred and twenty dollars or upwards, or the pursuit of any "liberal trade or profession."

It must be remembered that all this work in the establishment of constitutional order in Piedmont was completed before the great uprising of the Italian nation in 1848. Cavour's course in the first Parliament of Piedmont during that war is thus described by Dr. Botta: —

"During the war of 1848, Turin witnessed the opening of the first Parliament. In that session Cavour sat as the deputy of the first district of his native city, a constituency which, with the exception of one short session, he continued to represent to the last. United to the aristocracy by birth and by early associations, yet separated from that class by his liberal views; tending toward the democratic party in his progressive ideas, yet opposing all radical and visionary schemes, — he at first stood almost alone in the chamber, an isolated, yet remarkable figure. Although he gave his cordial support to the administration, headed by his friend Cesare Balbo, he did not shrink, even in his maiden speech, from rebuking the ministry for their weakness and indecision in conducting the war, at a time when the only hope for its success was in bold and vigorous measures. . . . . .

"The course pursued by Cavour during those stormy years exhibits in strong relief that moral courage with which he was peculiarly endowed. Believing the democratic tendencies of the time utterly ruinous to the national cause, he fearlessly threw himself against the prevailing current of opinion, and thus greatly increased his unpopularity. But this could not deter him from performing what he considered his duty; for he did not belong to that class of politicians, to be found everywhere, whose love of country is subservient to self-interest, and whose object is confined to flattering popular passions and prejudices. It was a striking spectacle to see him at that time, from his seat in the chamber, defying the storm of hisses and yells with which he was frequently assailed from the galleries. Often he called them to order, or moved that they should be cleared according to the rules. 'I am not

to be prevented from speaking,' said he on one occasion, 'by shouts and hisses. What I believe to be true, that will I speak out. If you compel me to silence, you insult not me alone, but the chamber. And now I shall proceed.' And with his usual self-possession he resumed his discourse."— *Discourse*, pp. 23 – 25.

Speaking to a friend of the war of 1848 and 1849, after the disaster of Novara, Cavour said: "We have lost thousands of brave soldiers; we have wasted many millions; we have had disastrous campaigns; and from all this we have only reaped one single thing: we have got the Italian tricolor for our standard instead of the flag of Savoy. Well, in my opinion, we have not paid too dear." In that epigram is unveiled his policy for the remainder of his life.

In both the books before us there are intelligible digests of the variations of cabinets and of policies which are to be traced in the history of Sardinia from the accession of Victor Emmanuel to the outbreak of the war with Austria. They are changes such as belong to the history of a constitutional government, — and, considering the tremendous problems which met the newly established constitution of Sardinia, the history of these first years of experiment is to the highest degree creditable to king, ministers, and people. We attempted, as long since as 1857,* to give some explanation of the dignified and brave bearing of the government in the most difficult of these questions, the eternal controversy with the Papal See. The political result of the training which the Piedmontese people were gaining in those ten years of preparation has been shown all along in the years of revolution and reconstruction which have followed them. To display the military strength of the young nation, and to get that foothold which he required on the carpet of the general politics of Europe, Cavour joined the English and French in their alliance against Russia. For he had then been long already the leader of the Sardinian cabinet. The prophecy of Victor Emmanuel had been fulfilled. In 1850, Cavour had been called into the ministry. When the appointment was proposed to the king, he said, "I have no objection, — but the man will turn out every one of you before long," — words which proved quite true.

* Christian Examiner, Vol. LXIII. p. 404, — "Protest in Piedmont."

He occupied these ten years of preparation, from 1849 to 1859, with other cares for the state, as well as the immense charge of her armament, her church, and her constitutional system. With an expenditure lavish if it had not been all staked for Italy rather than Piedmont, he developed the systems of railroads, of foreign commerce, of manufactures, and of improved agriculture, which added immensely to the resources of Sardinia when the crisis came, in which she had to strain every nerve, while she waited for the co-operation of her sister states of the Peninsula.

Cavour never expected, after the defeat at Novara, to succeed in establishing the independence of Italy by her unassisted resources. He knew that she must have, in the outset, the alliance of one of the great European powers, — England and France, of course, being the only two whose sympathies or interests lay at all in that direction. England, in her policy, whether administered by Lord Malmesbury or Lord Palmerston, early showed towards Italy the same selfishness and cowardice, not to say falsehood and duplicity, which she has since shown towards America. In our own discussion of the Peace of Villa Franca, before we were interested nationally in the foreign policy of England, we had occasion to expose its timidity and short-sightedness in this same connection.* The Italians had reason to rue such credit as they had given to English promises in their struggles of 1848 and 1849. They had nobly avenged themselves by their relief in the Crimea, when, as Mr. Dicey says, "our army was supposed to be wellnigh destroyed." Cavour knew England, of course, well enough to know that under no conceivable circumstances would England risk a shilling or a man for the Italian cause; that "England never made war for an idea." She might be willing enough to receive the chivalrous assistance of Sardinia in the Crimea, and even to advance money to hasten it; but to return such assistance would be "intervention." Cavour knew, therefore, that Napoleon was the only possible ally for Italy. And his foreign policy was directed, therefore, to insuring the help of Napoleon, as his home policy was

* Christian Examiner, Vol. LXVII. p. 267, — "The War and the Peace."

directed to preparing to use it well. His skilful conduct in the conference at Paris, and his declarations at the close to the members of that conference, and to the Parliament of Piedmont when he returned, prepared all observers for the moment when Piedmont, with whatever foreign assistance she could command, should take the initiative for the independence of Italy. Two years passed, however, before the memorable new-year's speech of the Emperor Napoleon to the Austrian ambassador precipitated the struggle, or rather showed that his preparations for it, and those of his new allies in Sardinia, were completed.

Of all Dr. Botta's eloquent Discourse, full of careful studies and of political wisdom, we have been most struck by his study here of a subject always most difficult, — the secret policy of the third Napoleon. The passage is too long for us to extract. We must content ourselves by saying, that he is not satisfied with that humiliating line of criticism which accounts for a great man's policy only by ascribing the meanest motives to him. He finds reasons for the French alliance in the traditions of the Napoleon family; in the education of the Emperor himself; in the necessity for destroying the treaty of Vienna; in the French policy regarding Italy for centuries, — a policy so steadily carried out by the first Emperor. He shows that this policy was no novelty with Louis Napoleon; that he had steadily worked upon it from the beginning of his reign. Looking thus favorably on his general policy, he is not so hasty as many of his countrymen are to suppose that of a sudden the Emperor abandoned all consistency at the treaty of Villa Franca.

"The problem which Napoleon III. seems to have proposed to himself was to obtain the maximum of results by the minimum of war. By the sudden termination of the campaign, while he saved himself from the risk of losing what he had gained, he prevented at once the alliance on the eve of being consummated between Austria and Prussia, and arrested the march of the Prussian troops across the Rhine; he made his power felt by the governments of Europe, whose interference he openly disregarded in his new territorial arrangements; and, having checked the pride of Austria, he won her friendship by his magnanimity, when, disheartened by a series of defeats, she saw herself at once saved from destruction, with a comparatively small sacrifice.

"On his return from the Italian campaign, Napoleon himself declared, in his address to the Corps d'État, that, although he found Europe in arms ready to dispute his successes or to aggravate his disasters, he would have still continued the war if the means to be employed had not been disproportioned to the intended result; that, prosecuting the struggle on the Adige, he would have been obliged to accept the challenge on the Rhine, strengthen himself by an alliance with revolution, and risk what a sovereign should never do except for the independence of his own country; and, pleading the interests of France as the cause which had induced him to put an end to the war, he closed his address with the following words: 'The peace which I have concluded, as every day will reveal, will be fruitful in good results for the happiness of Italy, the influence of France, and the quiet of Europe.' Looking now to Italy, united from Susa to Syracuse, a union perfected within less than two years from that time, we see the glorious fulfilment of those prophetic words; and the peace which seemed a mortal blow to the dawning hope of the Italians, by the stipulation, at first withheld from public knowledge, that no coercion would be employed to enforce its offensive terms, inaugurated in Italy the great principle of popular sovereignty, and became the keystone of the Italian nationality." — *Discourse*, pp. 60, 61.

However easy it may be to explain the treaty of Villa Franca at the distance of two years, it was none the less a bitter disappointment, at the moment, to Cavour and to the Italian nation just born. Cavour did not attempt to reconcile his established policy with the new condition of things, and retired from the cabinet to his estates, for the first time in nine years. But the government did not march well without him; and after six or eight months Ratazzi, his successor, withdrew, and Cavour resumed the position, which he held thenceforth as long as he lived. He at once cut several of the tangled knots which had seemed so complicated; he proclaimed the Sardinian Constitution in the Duchies and the Romagna, and thus rescued them from that anomalous position which had been so dangerous for their people and so difficult for their rulers; and in his foreign and domestic policy alike attempted to consolidate and "unify" the new possessions of his king.

Of the remainder of Cavour's "reign," the expedition of Garibaldi to Sicily and Naples, and his wonderful successes there, — the question which those successes opened for the solution of the Sardinian government; — the vigorous and in

stantaneous solution which Cavour gave those questions by anticipating Garibaldi in advancing the Sardinian army into the Roman States, — make up together the chief history. The public of the day, led by the newspapers, chose to think that Garibaldi acted under orders from the Sardinian government. But it is evident now, that, though the government dared not, indeed could not, prevent him, although it supplied him with munitions and even with money, his expedition was at the moment an embarrassment to Cavour, and formed no part of his programme.

"This brings us to the most embarrassing period of the political career of Cavour. On one hand it was impossible for Sardinia openly to take part in the expeditions of Garibaldi, directed against the king of the Two Sicilies, still on his throne, and holding with her neutral if not friendly relations. Such a step would probably have induced Austria again to take the field, and, in the face of such a flagrant violation of international law, France would have been unable to protect the country from an armed intervention. On the other hand, that movement could not be prevented without seriously endangering the national cause. The idea of political unity had taken such deep hold on the public mind, that any attempt to check its development would have resulted in revolution." — *Ibid.*, p. 65.

Cavour's consummate skill showed itself at this juncture with more brilliant success than in any other moment of his career. He undoubtedly secured by it the real result at which Garibaldi aimed, namely, the unity and independence of Italy. But he actually did it in spite of Garibaldi, — in face of Garibaldi, though by means of Garibaldi, — and, which is a pity, he had to do it in such a way as to pain poor Garibaldi, who became from that moment his bitter enemy. With Sardinian money and Sardinian arms, Garibaldi and his men landed on the shore of Sicily. For no particular reason, but that it was the habit of his race, the young Bourbon king of Naples ran away. Garibaldi took possession of the city, and at once fell into the hands of all the intriguers and conspirators who chose to beleaguer his good-nature. He moved against the royal forces, to be checked in the first serious encounter. Opposition irritated him, and of a sudden he proclaimed that he

would proclaim the unity of Italy by crowning Victor Emmanuel King of Italy at the Quirinal in Rome.

"Cavour saw that the attempt to carry out this plan would bring certain defeat, involve Sardinia in a war with Austria, break up the French alliance, cause the abandonment of the non-intervention policy, and probably sacrifice the conquests already achieved. Had Garibaldi been able to carry out his dream, to make his triumphal passage across Umbria and the Marches, rout the troops of Lamoricière, put to flight the French army, expel Austria, and bring aid to Hungary and Poland, his very successes would have provoked an armed intervention. His triumphs as well as his defeats appeared equally fatal to Italy. There was no time to lose. 'If we do not reach the Cattolica before Garibaldi, we are lost,' said Cavour to a friend. By a master-stroke of policy, he determined at once to take possession of Umbria and the Marches, push forward the army to Naples and Sicily, and to wrest from Garibaldi the leadership of the nation. The deputations from those provinces demanding immediate annexation were at once favorably listened to, Cardinal Antonelli was summoned, in the name of Italy, to disband his mercenaries, the Sardinian army crossed the frontier, and the fleet set sail for the Adriatic. We need not here describe the victory of Castelfilardo and the siege of Ancona, when the papal army was scattered to the winds, Lamoricière taken prisoner, Perugia avenged, and the national flag unfurled over the papal dominions. Victor Emmanuel, at the head of his troops, now entered the Neapolitan territory, and, on approaching the camp at Capua, was met by Garibaldi, who, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the two armies, saluted him King of Italy.

"The wisdom of the policy followed by Cavour on this occasion can only be questioned by those who make the principle of nationality subservient to the interests of dynasties and to the claims of despotism. By taking possession of Umbria and the Marches, and by occupying Southern Italy, he defeated the rash designs of the republicans, and put an end to the not less menacing projects of Lamoricière and Francis II. He showed also a just appreciation of the character of Garibaldi, on whose patriotism, loyalty, and generous instincts he confidently relied; and he was not mistaken; for scarcely had the king announced his intention to proceed to Naples, when the great chieftain, listening now to the voice of his heart, at once summoned the people to the ballot-box, and, the annexation being voted for by a large majority, he at once resigned his dictatorship and retired to his humble home.

"In reviewing the events of 1860 in Southern Italy, if we were

unacquainted with the actual sentiments of Garibaldi toward Cavour, and his aversion to all diplomatic artifice, we might suspect that he had purposely allowed the irregularities of his administration, and menaced Rome and Venice for the sole object of alarming the European powers, and thus of paving the way for subsequent events. As it was, it is due to Cavour that great impediments were turned into powerful means, and that the unity of Italy was secured by the co-operation of his friends, as well as by the opposition of his foes." — *Ibid.*, pp. 69, 70.

From the moment when Cavour thus anticipated Garibaldi in the States of Rome, — from the moment when Victor Emmanuel met the generous liberator, and recalled him from the pestilent plotters who had misled him, — from the moment, which followed as a consequence, when the united Parliament of Italy met and proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King of Italy, Cavour's triumph had come. Like all other triumphs, it had its thorns, and its roses would wither. He had the Roman question to settle, — he had Garibaldi as a thorn in his side, — he had the horrible imbroglio of Italian administration to simplify and harmonize. In this last task he died. Second causes of his death were such matters as ill-regulated appetite and Italian practice in medicine, terribly "heroic." But the first cause was overwork; he died because no man could live doing what he tried to do. But he died successful. Italy was one. It was one constitutional kingdom. And Victor Emmanuel was its king. To secure this end Cavour had devoted his life. And he laid down his life in securing it.

The Englishman, in his biography of Cavour, seems tempted to measure his greatness by his success. The Italian is more disposed to examine his plans and his theories. Both of them, of course, show us Cavour as a man of that eminently practical turn, that he never quarrelled with his instruments. Theorists will be disgusted with his indifference to the means he employs. But the world has lost so much at the hands of its Girondists of different generations, that it will be apt to hold to its verdict of praise to this man, who, having conceived of the union of Italy in a constitutional monarchy, actually compelled all things to work together till he had attained that high design.

Dr. Botta closes his spirited and very eloquent discourse by this view of his hero: —

"The grandeur of Cavour's character as a statesman must be estimated by the magnitude of his object, the boldness and the prudence with which he executed his designs, and the extraordinary power which he possessed of foreseeing results and of converting obstacles into means. He combined the originality and depth of a theorist with the practical genius of a true reformer; he understood the character of the age in which he lived, and made it tributary to his great purposes. He made self-government the object of legislation, political economy the source of liberty, and liberty the basis of nationality. Aware that neither revolution nor conservatism alone could produce the regeneration of his country, he opposed them in their separate action, while he grasped them both with a firm hand, yoked them together, and led them on to conquest. He saw that Italian independence could only be attained through the aid of foreign alliance; he recognized in Napoleon III. the personification of organized revolution, and the natural ally of the Italian people; and the work, which he foreshadowed in the union of the Sardinian troops with the armies of England and France in the Crimea, and for which he laid the foundation in the Congress of Paris, was achieved with the victories of Magenta and Solferino, and the recognition of the new kingdom of Italy."—pp. 92, 93.

Art. III.—HERESY AND HERETICS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

1. *Replies to "Essays and Reviews."* Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1862. 8vo. pp. 516.
2. *Aids to Faith; a Series of Theological Essays by Several Writers. Being a Reply to "Essays and Reviews."* Edited by William Thomson, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. (American Reprint.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1862. 12mo. pp. 538.

Very few writers who have published books or essays on the subjects and for the purposes had in view by the now famous contributors to the "Essays and Reviews," ever had such cause as they have for congratulating themselves upon the eminent success of their main object. When we read their book and made it the subject of an article in this journal, we

gave them full credit for sincerity, and for aiming at a purpose the nobleness of which disposed us to be tolerant of some of the defects and excesses which were justly open to criticism, perhaps to censure. We have said that they have met with eminent success in their main object. What was that object? As we understand it, it was to demand the recognition within the folds of the English Church Establishment — by its university professors, its scholars, its divines, and also by its laymen — of those advanced, even if not yet fully certified, methods of criticism and investigation which are compelling so many honest and independent minds in all other sections of Christendom to examine anew the grounds and contents of their Christian belief. It was high time that the Church of England had been roused to a sense of its duty and responsibility in this matter. Monopolizing the religious endowments of the realm, gathered mainly in the interests of a faith quite unlike that set forth in its own formulas, with the prestige and dignity of its Parliamentary relations and its connection with the peerage, holding such an amount of patronage and of exclusive influence, that Church had within the last few years exhibited a most commendable increase of energy in parochial and educational work. We recognize with all candor and respect the recent manifestations of zeal in the practical works of religion in and by that communion. But all the more were we surprised and annoyed by the reticence, or at least the tameness of the utterances, of the leading minds of that Church in reference to the most interesting matters of agitation in the higher provinces of religious thought and inquiry in other communions, and among those who stand outside of all Christian fellowships. It seemed as if the Establishment either wished it to be understood that its own formulas and the unshaken faith and loyalty of its clerical and lay members furnished it with some inviolable safeguard against the rushing tide of unbelief, or as if its pride or its timidity persuaded it that it might presume to be indifferent to all the agitations and scepticisms of the age. Under the lead of the one or the other of these comfortable self-assurances, the Church of England seemed not at all to recognize that the new thought, science, and philosophy of the age were assailing the foundations common to the

faith of all religious believers. Under the name of "German theology," — the generic title for all disagreeable novelties of speculation which concerned the authentication, the criticism, and the interpretation of Scripture, — bishops and clerical examiners were content to treat with ghostly prohibition or with sanctimonious disdain all the annoying tokens of an increasing boldness or recklessness of dealing with things accounted sacred. Few, if any, even of the more scholarly men in the Universities, seem to have been aware of the fact that Germany learned some of its first lessons in "infidelity" from the writings of English unbelievers, and that, after running the free course of rationalistic speculations and theorizings, it was furnishing some self-corrective securities for faith in the highest ranges of a spiritual philosophy, and in many works of a most conservative character and tone in Scriptural criticism. The superciliousness and self-satisfaction which are the unmistakable characteristics of Englishmen in all their political and social relations, presented themselves by no means in their least contemptuous form within the charmed sheep-fold of the national Church. "Infidelity" was a matter of concern only for outsiders. Church formulas, Church moderation, and the Church's traditional inheritances furnished a perfect protection and security against those influences of extreme individualism and sectarian restlessness to which, much to the relief of Churchmen, all religious and irreligious distractions might be referred. The contributors to the "Essays and Reviews," whatever else they did or intended to do, did this, — they made public the fact that the so-called infidelity of the age, so far from being a matter external to the Church, and unknown in her Universities, was an indigenous product, and had reached its full maturity within her own sacred enclosures. This avowal was made with all boldness by men who represented a constituency large enough and strong enough to assure them that they ran no risk in attaching their own names to it with their full academic and professional titles. Unless we are greatly in error, we are justified in our inference that the Essayists had no other leading object than this, — to demand that methods, and to some extent results, of inquiry which had fairly been reached and which might honestly be applied to the

most searching re-examination of the grounds and contents of Christian belief, should be recognized as asserting their claims for scholarly treatment within the Church, as well as outside of it. We do not believe that any other object than this furnished a bond of sympathy and an occasion for uniting their labors to the Essayists. It is because they have accomplished this object so effectually, that we have asserted for them such triumphant success in their undertaking. They have compelled the Church, of which, with one exception, they are the ordained ministers and academic teachers, to entertain discussions and debates which heretofore it had been too timid or too scornful to acknowledge as having claims upon its attention.

We have laid emphasis on this point with good reason, and for a purpose which affords us an explanation of the whole course of the many very interesting results which have followed from this publication. The writers have been misrepresented, their book as a whole has been misjudged, and they and their expressed opinions have been subjected to much ill-advised ill-treatment because some other object than that which we have defined has been attributed to them. No one can read their volume with ordinary candor, and imagine for one moment that they were influenced by any covert, still less any sinister design. They did not write in the interest of any phase of infidelity. Nor could they have proposed to themselves the bringing before any circle of readers, such as alone they expected to address, any new and definitely bounded and decided or self-consistent set of opinions. Nothing is more remarkable in their book than its simply tentative and experimental spirit. It advances no fixed conclusions positively set forth as reached by themselves, still less any exactly measured terms under which the contents of the old creeds should be modified, and an indefinite amount of speculative novelty should be introduced. The book, as a whole, asserted the liberty of free utterance, from those within the Church, and desirous of serving the Church, of the influences which had wrought on their own minds, as those minds had been open to a candid recognition of matters under discussion all around them. We insist upon it, that such avowals as these writers make, directly or by implication, indicate in them more of

honesty, in spite of their existing obligations through their subscription to the formulas of the Church and their enjoyment of emoluments from it, than would have been indicated by a suppression or concealment of their state of mind on account of their lying under such bonds.

Nor, under all the circumstances of the case, should it be with us a matter of surprise, still less a reason for moral condemnation, if some divines and university professors of the Church of England, — itself a Protestant and Parliamentary creation, — before hastily deciding upon their obligation to leave its communion, pause to debate with themselves some preliminary matters. They may be conscious of having reached some advanced heretical position; but, while it is not an extreme position, disabling their faith and zeal and power of religious service to men, they may feel stronger and abler for their Christian work as heretics, in such a generation as ours, than as pattern conformists to the terms of the old creeds. Men who know and feel that, whatever they may have been compelled to surrender, they can still make use of the essential Gospel of Jesus Christ as the material of a Divine power in pleading for God and truth and righteousness, will always have a better warranty for their ministry than a mere subscription to any number of articles and formulas will secure to them. Both the studies and the practical labors of Christian ministers tend to make them realize in their mature years that the sacred energy of their office goes not with the verbal definitions, nor yet with the doctrinal formulas under which they inherit their faith, but with the living truths and the substantial convictions of those truths with which their souls are furnished. We have neither such a veneration for the historic processes of Erastianism and compromise through which the English Church was established, nor such a confidence in its present composition and administration, as to regard the heretical Essayists adhering to its communion as its chief offenders. Besides, it is to be considered that those of its ordained and subscribing ministers who debate with themselves what precise shade and amount of heresy ought to compel them to leave its comfortable shelter, have not only to consider the possible elasticity of the bonds which bind them,

but also to dread the stringency of the penalties to which they subject themselves if they renounce their ministry. Their ordination assigns to them — by the law of the realm, not by any law of Christ — an indelible official character. A clergyman surrendering that official character becomes a disabled man, and henceforward is deprived of some of the privileges and rights attaching to common citizenship in a free country. The only occupation or means of livelihood legally remaining open to him is that of a schoolmaster. He is not eligible for Parliament, as dissenting ministers and laymen are; the courts and chambers of the law are shut against him; and if he should preach in a dissenting place of worship, — i. e. in an "unconsecrated" building, — there is an unrepealed statute which makes him liable to imprisonment. It is in view of the large number of the former ministers of the English Establishment, and of large probable additions to them who are now laboring under these disabilities, that Mr. Bouverie has introduced a bill into the House of Commons for their relief. Our last advices indicate that, when this bill reaches the House of Lords, some of the spiritual peers — the bishops — are prepared either to oppose it, or to fetter and obstruct its designed operation.

It has seemed to us that sufficient allowance has not been made, in view of these circumstances, for the possible straining of conscience practised by some heretically disposed ministers of the Church, to justify their still adhering to its communion, while they also contemplate the legal penalties awaiting them the moment they dissolve their ties. Of course, as we so plainly declared in our article on the "Essays and Reviews," such bald sophistry as that of Mr. Wilson, so far from commending his special case to us, is a manifest outrage upon principles far more essential to common honesty than they are available for casuistical discussion. But Mr. Wilson, it is understood, represented only himself in his tortuous plea.

Under these circumstances, then, we insist that what we understand to have been the main design of the Essayists and Reviewers was reasonable in itself, and has been eminently successful. They were ready honestly to proclaim that the Church itself was not unconscious of the revolutionizing and

disturbing influences, the results of the modern philosophy, scholarship, and criticism, which were known outside of the Church as threatening forms of faith identified with the creeds and traditions of earlier times. They were willing to admit that they too shared more or less of the uneasiness and restlessness incident to an unsettled state of mind on many matters of serious interest. They insisted that it became the highly privileged representatives of the learning and dignity of the Establishment to recognize the actual state of opinion in the constituency which they served. Either through their own free studies and mental experiences, or by their converse with others in a larger fellowship, they had come to know that the state of mind called "infidelity" was extending and strengthening itself with a different spirit, and on other materials than had been dealt with or addressed in the former expositions and defences of the Christian faith. This state of mind, instead of having a single point of affinity with the coarse cavilling of a reckless and rioting scepticism, presented itself to them as the result of the most mature thought and the most advanced truth of our own age, gathering up the contributions made to it from many provinces of speculative and positive inquiry; and it was speaking through force of moral convictions. It certainly was a token of their loyalty to interests of a broader sweep than those of their own communion, which disposed these seven men to make themselves fearlessly the instruments, even if they should prove to be the victims, of rousing their own Church to a sense of its responsibility under a wholly changed condition of things. It was for them, in their clerical and academic positions, to meet the simple fact that actually new materials have been contributed to the thought and knowledge of the age, which require a re-adjustment of the grounds and contents of its religious faith, especially its faith in the methods and evidences and substance of revelation. Comparative philology and more severe principles brought to the critical study of the text of Scripture; the discoveries and theories of positive science, physical and philosophical; researches and explorations all over the surface of the globe and deep into its bowels; the unearthing of ancient monuments, and the close comparison of Scriptural and secu-

lar histories, — are to be recognized as such new materials. It is hardly to be supposed that their recognition as such, with the quickened interest of thought and inquiry which they engage, should leave them to be regarded with simple indifference, as they may or do affect the principles and the tenets of the popular faith. Such new contributions to thought and knowledge have a sensible influence upon those who make them, the general tendency of them being in the direction of more liberal views in religion. And when these new elements for intellectual and spiritual digestion become popularized for more extended appropriation, they produce a sensible effect on the religious faith of the age. The Essayists and Reviewers announced that the new leaven was working in them. They might have kept to themselves every troublesome prompting. They might, at least, have availed themselves of one set of clerical scruples to repress another set of clerical scruples. Some nine thousand of their brethren have indicated, by their subscriptions, that they wish to have all the force and penalties of ecclesiastical law brought against them. We are uncharitable enough to believe that very many who have assailed them with the greatest bitterness have done so in anger with them for having disturbed the fictitious peace of the Church.

For, in addition to what we have already written as to what was the main design of the Essayists, and as to their eminent success in it, we may say that our views on these points are abundantly confirmed by the treatment which they have received, and by the development of the whole course of proceedings resulting from their publication. There was not a single idea, fancy, speculation, or alleged fact, or matter of argument, contained in the book, which was not already finding free circulation over England in one or more well-known publications. The first edition of the "Essays and Reviews" lingered on the publishers' hands, and there was no reason to suppose that even a second edition would be called for, still less that circumstances would ever be likely to insure for the book the enormous circulation which it has found. The special phenomenon in the case was the combination of seven bold pens, trained in the Church and the Universities, for a

work which compelled the Church authorities to take one or the other alternative course concerning it,—either by utter indifference to allow it to lead off a whole series of similar publications, thus acquiescing in the advance of a dangerous liberality which they dared not withstand, or to subject the writers to ecclesiastical censure. Doubtless the shrewder portion of the clergy, independent of any degrees of sympathy which they might have had with the spirit and contents of the book, would have preferred, and might have counselled, an assumed indifference about it. But such men are not apt to declare themselves under such circumstances; or if they do so, they are not heeded. It was evident that a large body of the zealots of the Church were highly enraged on finding that henceforward they were to be compelled to deal within their own communion, to deal publicly too, and amid a direful succession of scandals, with obnoxious opinions and shapeless but dreaded heresies, which it had been possible heretofore to regard as the plagues of the outside region of dissent and infidelity. The Bishop of Oxford, in his Preface to one of the books to which we are soon to refer, betrays how vengefully he has himself felt this spirit. From the moment in which the earliest readers and reviewers of the offensive volume presented it in the character of a work, by divines of the Church, containing views inconsistent with the creeds and canons, the indignation visited upon it began to be most intense; nor has it yet spent itself. Obloquy, condemnation, and punishment had a long start of any attempted answers to the book. "Convocation," one of the many shams and fictions of the English Church,—haply shorn of any power or function of mischief beyond that of giving new occasion and material for the ridicule visited upon assemblies of the clergy when they legislate upon subjects on which they have no power judicial or executive,—Convocation was proceeding bravely in its pellet warfare against the Essayists and Reviewers, when some acute divine suggested that, as the bishops might yet have to prosecute, it would not be wise for them previously to condemn. Two such prosecutions have been instigated against two of the heretical writers, and judgment is awaited from the ecclesiastical court. A third was commenced, but withdrawn. The

admirable and most searching argument made by one of the counsel for the defence in one of these prosecutions * is thus far the noblest and ablest of the whole flood of utterances and publications which the new controversy has called out. Indeed, as a contribution of a layman to the subject-matters with which it deals, it is of unsurpassed power and cogency. We have before us a list of more than a hundred pamphlets, parts of many of which we have read, dealing more or less directly with the Essayists, and their position or their opinions. Some of these, got up in the interest of the so-called Evangelical party, are dismal enough and despicable enough to present the Church, if we could regard them as fair exponents of any large portion of it, in a most lamentable light, as discredited by the common sense as well as the scholarship and the culture of the age. A few of these pamphlets, written by well-informed and Christian-minded men, indicate power, and furnish some most sensible and effective criticisms and securities against the more unguarded and erroneous incidental matters contained in the "Essays and Reviews." There are unmistakable weak points, crude fancies, and false and untenable positions in that volume. No more commendable object could be proposed to one of the more scholarly and large-minded men of a conservative and reverent spirit in the Establishment, than that of dealing with the contents of that book so far as any principle of unity in its aim and matter can be ascribed to it, and with the candid desire of admitting what it has of force and truth, and exposing its by no means infrequent or trifling errors. But such a contribution has not yet been made to our literature. It will come by and by.

Strangely enough, some of the keenest shafts and some of the most damaging blows, as well as occasionally a very cogent argument, against the Essayists and Reviewers, are found in a book by a single author, and as large as their own, which, for bitterness of spirit and almost scurrility of invective, has few worse specimens, even in theological literature. We refer to a volume entitled "Inspiration and Interpretation, by Rev.

* Defence of the Rev. Rowland Williams, D. D., in the Arches Court of Canterbury. By James Fitzjames Stephen, M. A., Barrister, &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Company.

John W. Burgon, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and Select Preacher." If he be a *select* preacher, the listeners to those *not* select are to be profoundly commiserated, unless he be selected for the purpose of trying to what extent the language of angry fishwomen and Billingsgate can be introduced into the pulpit. He calls his work an "Answer to Essays and Reviews." We have written none too strongly of some of the good points of the book; but that he should have been allowed to utter some of his foul and coarse abuse in the pulpit where those whom he calumniates and besmears are wont to preach, is to us an unexplained marvel.

"The Tracts for the Times," by members of the Church of England, of which up to this time thirteen have been published, are better contributions to the new issue. In spirit they are wholly, and in their contents substantially, in accord with the instigating cause of their publication. They grow bolder as they multiply their lively and fresh appeals to those in sympathy with them, and are calling out many new authors of talent.

We have now before us two solid volumes which have been deliberately prepared and long waited for with high-raised expectation, both of them claiming episcopal sanction as bringing the conservative spirit of competent, scholarly, and orthodox men to bear upon a shaken, if not a hopelessly damaged cause. Each of the volumes embraces a series of essays by different authors, corresponding to those which have raised such an alarm. Their publication will tend to give a more healthful and wise direction to the excitement which has so fiercely agitated the English Church. It would have been well if the editors of these volumes, realizing how the profoundly serious issues at stake transcended all the personalities and individualisms under which the controversy had been pressed upon them, had resolved to overlook every consideration not vital to the great subjects of discussion. For the most part, this desirable object has been kept in view. The majority of the pieces in both volumes prove that the writers preserved their temper, and set about their tasks in a reverent and discreet frame of mind. The result so far is, that many positions taken, if not strenuously maintained, by the Essayists

have been challenged, and some of them are shown to be untenable. The minority of the pieces in both volumes are wholly unworthy of their places in it. Two or three of them outrage good taste, common sense, and the intelligence now in possession of thousands of undergraduates. We can enter only very briefly into the details of their contents.

The volume entitled "Replies to 'Essays and Reviews'" is, in the main, a creditable performance. Some of its contents deal, in a dignified and scholarly way, with particular parts or bearings of the whole large subject which has been so boldly thrust upon the attention of those who are responsible for the defence of the foundations and formulas of the faith of the English Church. Very grave exceptions to anything like approbation may be found against two or three of the contributions within its covers. The general effect on the mind of a candid reader will be a persuasion that the book, for the most part, is a successful exhibition and exposure of very many weak points, imperfections, and exaggerations which are undoubtedly patent to critical and conservative students in the "Essays and Reviews"; while at the same time some of the blows most severely dealt in the new volume fail to harm in any way the persons or the positions which they assail. A curious fact, not without its significance, strikes us on the title-page and in the advertisement of these Replies. The first edition of the "Essays and Reviews" came forth from the distinguished Church publishers, the Messrs. Parker. As soon as the alarm was fairly raised about the book, that firm made haste to rid itself of all responsibility for any further share in a most grievous offence, by refusing to reprint the volume when a second edition was called for. The ten very large editions which have been issued since, to satisfy a demand more craving than that following the publication of Dickens's first Christmas Stories, have come from a publishing firm standing in less dread of clerical indignation. As if to make amends for their share in the original error, the Messrs. Parker not only publish these Replies, but they also charged themselves with the duty of procuring them to be written, selecting the writers, and assigning to each of them a subject. The volume has had no other editorial oversight. Its contents, like those of the book with

which they deal, are professedly written without concert or comparison among the contributors. The Bishop of Oxford contributes a Preface, which is the least creditable matter in the volume. It is jejune, superficial, and of a very low grade and tone, considering its intent, and the just expectations which might be entertained of what a prelate of the Church would at least aim to do if he essayed anything in such a cause. He intended, as he says, to have done something. But his engagements pressed him till the moment when his piece was called for, and he then furnished it at call without having read any of the articles which he thus episcopally sets forth. The most pregnant of his remarks, showing a mind of such a sort as would secure but very slight if any value to anything which he might have written, is found in the following sentence, conveying his judgment upon the first course which ought to be pursued in such a state of things as the phenomena of the "Essays and Reviews" present, viz.: "a distinct, solemn, and, if need be, severe decision of authority that assertions such as these cannot be put forward as possibly true, or even advanced as admitting of question, by honest men, who are bound by voluntary obligations to teach the Christian revelation as the truth of God." Luckily the plan of the publishers did not require anything further than a Preface from this writer. Equally aimless, and almost to the extent of being impertinent in the utter futility of any force they might be expected to have as argument or defence of imperilled beliefs, are the letters of the Radcliffe Observer, and of the Reader in Geology in the University of Oxford, which close the volume.

In the body of the work before us we have, in reply to Dr. Temple's fanciful Essay on "The Education of the World," a counter essay, under the same title, by Dr. Goulburn. This gentleman, like the author whom he challenges, has been a Head-Master of Rugby, and one of the Queen's chaplains. There is a charming courtesy and kindliness of tone in this reply, which quite persuades the reader of the ease and force of the grave objections to be urged against Dr. Temple's essay, if the latter be regarded as anything more than a pleasantly ingenious, though forced and fragmentary, device for setting forth its subject in an attractive way. Dr. Temple is

rebuked with equal justice and gentleness for confusion of thought, for incompleteness of statement in his analysis, and for a manifest failure to note or to allow for the positive, objective, and essentially similar influence under a variety of circumstances, which the Bible and the Church have had in educating the world.

The Rev. H. J. Rose, in dealing with Dr. Williams's Essay on Bunsen and the Critical School, finds matter more provocative of sharp temper. There is a strange mixture of the bad and the good, the commendable and the deplorable, in this reply. It begins by reminding us that the two chief questions of religious interest in our day relate to an "inquiry into the evidence for the truth of the Bible, and the true principles on which it ought to be interpreted." But what he means by "the truth of the Bible," one of the vaguest and most comprehensive ways of stating some hundreds of questions in one phrase, he does not inform us. He complains in general terms, and we think with reason, of the want of depth of tone in Dr. Williams's way of dealing with his subject. Bunsen, of whom personally he writes in a spirit of kindly consideration, he pronounces, as a Biblical scholar, rash, superficial, and utterly untrustworthy. He then sets himself to the task of proving that Dr. Williams has greatly misrepresented the facts which are the basis of his whole essay or argument. The specifications very ably and rather successfully relied upon are, first, the proof that Germany, instead of exhibiting in its theology a steady and consistent advance towards rationalism, and a discrediting of the old beliefs about the Bible and an historically authenticated Christianity, has been constantly retracing its steps, retracting its theories, and reconstructing the old beliefs; and, second, that Dr. Williams has most erroneously represented the views of a series of English theologians upon prophecy.

Professor Heurtley of Oxford replies to the late Professor Powell's Essay on Miracles. He addresses himself to meet what is specific from a scientific point of view in Powell's proffered argument as distinct from the philosophic argument advanced by Hume. He deals, first, with the possibility of miracles, and, secondly, with their value as evidences. We accord in the main with his positions and his reasoning. Whoever

believes in a God must, to our mind, logically and religiously believe in the possibility of miracles. Whoever believes that God may for any extraordinary purpose make a special communication to the world, will, to our mind, in the same way believe in the probability of miracles. And whoever believes that a miracle can be and has been wrought, will of course assign to them the value of doing just what they were designed to do, namely, the attesting of a revelation. The fourth of the Replies is a most masterly essay in answer to that by Mr. Wilson on a National Church. Its strength, however, does not lie in its direct answer to the allegations on which Mr. Wilson proceeds, but in showing that the objects for which Mr. Wilson aims are not to be secured by the means which he indicates. We should raise objections, however, to the unfair attempt of Dr. Irons to meet the theory of ideology in interpreting some portions of Scripture, by compelling an advocate of it to apply it to all the contents of the Bible.

The most charming and brilliant piece of composition in the volume is its fifth article, under the title of "The Creative Week," by the Rev. G. Rorison. In no respect can it be regarded as a "Reply" to Mr. Goodwin's Essay on the Mosaic Record of Creation. It far surpasses that Essay in the vigor and boldness, the insight and skill, with which it deals with its grand theme, while it makes no weak concession to the rigid literalistic interpreters, nor to the timid advocates of a cosmical science to be learned wholly from the Bible without aid from the study of nature. Next in order, the Rev. Mr. Haddan takes for his theme "Rationalism," and deals with the Essay on the Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688–1750, by Mr. Pattison, who, since he drew upon himself a full share of the obloquy visited upon his fellow-Essayists, has been made Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Mr. Haddan writes like a Christian scholar and gentleman. He traverses the course pursued by Mr. Pattison with a careful scrutiny; admits many of his positions and pleas, disputing a few of his facts, or rather the use made of them; ventures a correction here and there; and, after thus generously dealing with his subject in a way which shows him a master of his ground, he enters some very apt suggestions that essentially

qualify and reduce the more disagreeable features of the picture which Mr. Pattison had presented of a rather dismal period of English history. Dr. Wordsworth, Canon of Westminster, sets himself to match the noble Essay by Professor Jowett, on the Interpretation of Scripture. And a miserable failure does he make of it. His coarseness of taste, his temper, his manifest unfairness and incompetence to deal with his theme, more than outbalance an occasional good point which he makes seemingly by accident.

The other volume, the contribution of several pens to a defence of matters brought under question in the "Essays and Reviews," has been reprinted in this country. It bears the title of "Aids to Faith." A book whose contents should really answer to that excellent title would be a most opportune blessing to Christendom. The title itself is painfully suggestive of the deficiencies and longings, the exposed weaknesses and the unsatisfied inquiries, associated with the faith that has previously been identified, through the formulas of the Church, with the grounds and substance of Revelation; but the book contains little that will reinvigorate, and much that will even further impair what still remains of the old confidence in mere literalisms and traditions. No one of the eight writers whose nine essays are found within the covers of the volume, has availed himself of the occasion to give, what is now so earnestly needed, and would be so heartily appreciated, an able discussion of the grounds and essential contents of a religious faith, presenting its subjective and its objective elements, as they are cognizable by the human faculties independently of the fossilized or stereotyped creeds and formulas inherited from the past. Surely, men of devout and believing minds, trained by the advanced science and philosophy of this age, must have something to say on the foundation even of what they regard as the fundamentals of faith. They ought to ratify anew the believing instinct which our Creator has implanted so deep in our nature. We had a right to expect at least one essay of the most comprehensive and thorough character, dealing with general principles, with great spiritual realities, penetrating to the depths of those profound relations of their subject which must yield testimony that can after-

wards be used to far better purpose in any effective conflict with scepticism, than can even the most plausible reassertion of dogmas or traditions that have come under a wide-spread distrust.

The volume is edited by Dr. Thompson, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who himself contributes, under the title "The Death of Christ," an essay on the Atonement. He addresses his argument to those recent writers, who, instead of denying the doctrine of the Church on this point, have avowed a desire to preserve the tenet itself, while they insist upon heightening and spiritualizing it by relieving it of what they regard as unscriptural and irrational terms in its statement. How loyally Dr. Thompson stands out even for the most objectionable of these terms, may be inferred from this single sentence from his own pen,—"The clouds of God's anger gathered thick over the whole human race; they discharged themselves on Jesus only." Such reasoning as an acute and earnest believer can offer for this view is given by the writer, but his aim was hopeless at the start.

The other contents and contributors to the "Aids to Faith" are as follows: On Miracles as Evidences of Christianity, by Professor Mansel; On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity, by Bishop Fitzgerald; Prophecy, and The Mosaic Record of Creation, both by Professor McCaul; Ideology and Subscription, by Rev. F. C. Cook; On the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Pentateuch, by Professor Rawlinson; On Inspiration, by Professor Browne of Cambridge; and on Scripture and its Interpretation, by Professor Ellicott. There is real scholarship, sound learning, cogent argument, earnest and intelligent Christian piety, in most of these pieces. The circumstances which have called them forth have given them a vigor of tone and a freshness of style quite unlike those which generally characterize even the apologetic literature of the old school of Christian divines. The Essayists and Reviewers must themselves rejoice at their success in this direction, in having infused such liveliness and directness of spirit and method into some themes for which they began by demanding a "free handling." The occasional querulousness and bigotry, with here and there an appeal *in terrorem* and a denunciatory

paragraph, which we meet with, are exceptions to the general character of the contents of the book. There are concessions made in it, of by no means insignificant amount or importance, in the direction towards which the more substantial of the pleas and arguments of the Essayists and Reviewers point. Indeed, as we have carefully read the pages before us, we have been convinced that it would be quite easy to arrange in parallelisms of extracts, from this and from the heretical volume, passages of the same tenor and substance, as they demand in the earlier book, and yield in the later one, certain modifications of opinion or belief on subjects of a most vital significance in the popular creed. The reading of the two books in this way of parallelism and comparison would be a good exercise for any one who would realize the very different effects produced by two different ways of saying substantially the same thing. Many of the writers of "Aids to Faith" advance statements which must be exceedingly offensive to a portion of their constituency, and they do so in tones often more positive than came from those whom they are understood to be answering. Occasionally, too, we find that cursorily and quietly, as if by the way, in a parenthesis, or a clause, or a qualification of some general assertion, they yield the substance of a point of chief stress in the allegation of heresy against the Essayists and Reviewers. There is undoubtedly a difference between them; and we must candidly own that we approve the cautions and qualifications and guarded concessions by which flaws and errors are admitted to attach to matters of sacred belief. We love to have the truth, the positive and unharmed and undisputed remainder of truth, in such matters made all the more prominent when any abatement from the grounds or the substance of a reverent belief concerning them is to be demanded of us. It was, in our opinion, an occasion of just censure against the Essayists and Reviewers, considering their position, that two or three of them announced in an offensive, and even a defiant and reckless tone, some of the most irritating or alarming of all their supposed admissions to the discredit of the creed of their communion.

With the reservation just made, we do not hesitate to say

that the ablest and most satisfactory portions of both the collections contributed against the Essayists and Reviewers, are those which approximate most nearly to the substance of the views on test matters advanced by themselves. We must, however, make one exception, and sharply too, to any general commendation of the two volumes before us. The noblest of all the Essays in the offending book was that by Professor Jowett on the Interpretation of Scripture. Though we dissent from some of its incidental criticisms, and differ widely from him on his leading canon, — that the Bible is to be interpreted like any other book, — we must again express our exalted tribute to the writer for that matchless Essay. The very poorest of the corresponding Essays in both the books before us are those which undertake to deal with his. Their associates are brought into grievous discredit by their fellowship. It was a shame to leave so scholarly, candid, and high-souled a writer as Jowett to such unworthy and incompetent handling. The good portion of what Dr. Ellicott has given us in his article is almost identified with what is urged by Jowett; beyond that it is insipid trash and fustian. Dr. Wordsworth, besides writing in an execrably bad spirit, undertakes a task for which he is utterly incompetent.

Turning from these fair matters for fault-finding, we have better things to add, though briefly. What has Mr. Wilson said more censoriously about the Established Church, and the way in which earnest freedom of investigation and discussion is treated by it, than is urged even more forcibly by the Bishop of Cork, in the following passage? He says, that if the Church had faithfully done its duty, especially to the lower orders, "the Christian religion would then come before them as a religion manifestly subserving no interested temporal ends, — encumbered by no artifices of priestcraft, — notoriously based from the first upon the ground of rational evidence, and maintaining itself through all generations upon that ground alone, — open to all challengers, and ready at all times to give a reason of its hope to every one demanding it; and can it be said that this would not be good evidence to them of its truth, — and evidence of the same kind as that on which they must rely, from their circumstances, for the truth of almost

everything of importance at all removed beyond the sphere of their own immediate experience? It is the putting of Christianity on other grounds; it is the claim of authority to silence doubt; it is the discouragement of inquiry, the contempt of reason, the depreciation of intellect in religious matters; it is the shrinking from light and correction, the suffering pure truth to be encrusted with prejudices and mistakes for fear of unsettling men's minds; it is the borrowing of the arts and language that are the common signs of imposture by the friends of truth, and leaving its own bold speech and open ways to its enemies;—it is these unworthy methods that deprive the lower classes of the safeguards which, with such a religion, they might and ought to have for the security of their faith." It were something to the credit of the Essayists and Reviewers to have called out such an honest utterance from a prelate.

Professor Rawlinson's Essay on the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Pentateuch is one of marked ability, and though not wholly free from forced constructions and special pleadings, it is, on the whole, eminently fair and candid. It furnishes very striking evidences in illustration of what we have already referred to, as to the different effect of saying the same thing in different ways, and of the wisdom of making the positive grounds or matters of faith more prominent than one's negations or abatements from them. Two of the writers in the volumes before us have, directly or impliedly, insisted upon claims for the Pentateuch which Mr. Rawlinson discreetly yields up. These inconsistencies are not infrequent among the writers, and were of course to have been expected. Mr. Rawlinson shows his wisdom by not attempting too much. He concedes that the Book of Genesis was in part a compilation by Moses from several previously existing documents, though the existence of such documents and their digestion by Moses are strenuously denied by some of his colleagues in both volumes. He also admits that the whole Pentateuch was revised and re-edited, with alterations, by Ezra. He prefers to construct his arguments and to parry objections by relying upon the Greek and Samaritan translations, rather than upon the inspired Hebrew original; not pausing to account for the

fact that the variations of the two former, which make them, especially in their chronology and notation, more available for his purpose, depreciate them in authority below their alleged Divine standard. More than this, even, Professor Rawlinson allows that what he regards as originally the word of God has been subject to risks in its transmission and transcription, against which it has not been miraculously secured; and that Scripture may also have been corrupted, before it came to our hands, by men who sought to conform it to their own views. The writer then sets himself deliberately, and with much acuteness, to answer, under six specifications, the chief objections and damaging criticisms brought to bear against the Mosaic authorship, and the authenticity of the contents of the Pentateuch. This is a very serious and exacting task. It is enough to say that the Professor has performed it as well as any one who has undertaken it before him. We were especially gratified by the skill and coolness with which he exposes that bugbear imposition of some of the Egyptologers, who pretend to find historic records and monuments of dynasties extending over twenty, thirty, and even forty thousand years. The Pyramids are the oldest known monuments. Their age does not date back beyond twenty-five centuries before Christ.

We may speak almost in the same terms of praise, and for the same reasons, of the Essay on Inspiration, by Professor Browne. In the form of guarded concessions subordinated to positive assertions of what is yet left for faith, the Professor yields the essential abatements which the impugners of the popular belief about inspiration insist upon first, without emphasizing, as he does, the Divine credentials which criticism cannot invalidate. He admits indefinitely the human element in the record, and avows as his judgment, that the main difficulties of the subject arise from attempts to construct a theory of inspiration, which attempts he regards as unwise and unsuccessful. Here again we have illustrated the different effect of different ways of saying the same things.

The volumes, whose contents our limited space compels us to pass over without further detail, will help far more than they will hinder everything commendable in the designs of

the Essayists and Reviewers. We believe that they will be among the foremost to admit the force of any argument or rejoinder which makes most against them, and that they will regard their reviewers, so far as they are their opponents, as contributing, in a way of their own, to the common and paramount effort to readjust the faith of Christians to the fruits of new thought, science, and knowledge. Their opponents are the least successful or interesting when dealing with the Essayists and Reviewers as individuals, or with their expressed opinions and the modes of that expression. They engage our attention best, and write to a more effective purpose, when they look beyond these obnoxious individuals, and take a large, wide, free, and generous view of the shock and trial through which the traditional faith of Christendom is passing. They have, indeed, a more urgent and a far nobler task than merely that of refuting a few heretical or sceptical opinions of seven men, who have not advanced a single statement or suggestion that can claim novelty. In common with the devout and believing of the higher-educated Christian men of the age, — those who have written and those who may yet write, not as against the Essayists and Reviewers, but in defence of a revealed and historically attested religion, identified with the faithful and true Witness, the Anointed of God, — theologians of the English Church are called upon to aid in insisting that science shall not become synonymous with materialism, — that religious doctrines shall not be reduced to the category of opinions, nor the records of revelation to the quality of literature. It is observable that the abler defenders of the old theories and creeds, in answering their impugners, as in the volumes before us, do not generally repair a breach in the walls of the old citadels with the former materials, nor succeed in closing or hiding that breach. The arguments offered to meet modern logical or critical objections are seldom in the strain of the old asserting dogmatism or credulous theorizing; when they are so, they are manifestly futile. The Shorter Westminster Catechism defines God's work of creation as his "making all things out of nothing in the space of six days." Neither of the writers on the Mosaic record in the two volumes before us, conservative as was their aim, venture to

plead for that literalism. They shoot as wide of it as does the Essayist in the heretical volume.

There is one very excellent paragraph in an otherwise exceedingly meagre and most unsatisfactory volume, by the Bishop of London, published in a revised edition, with additions to meet the present emergency.* After telling us, in his Introduction, that, though "most men change or greatly modify their opinions and sentiments in fifteen years" (the interval between his two editions), he has not done so, he says: "The teaching of the Word of God is not to be looked for in obscure texts of doubtful application; not in the minor details of its history; not in the imagery with which God has willed to clothe its heavenly lessons, and adapted them to arrest the fancy or imagination of uninstructed or refined men; not certainly in its adherence to the opinions on physical science which prevailed in the age when it was written, and according to which God allowed it to be moulded, because he never meant to open a short road to the knowledge of common scientific truth through the miracle of revelation. Nothing but confusion can arise from identifying these inferior instruments with the great truths of which they are the vehicle." (p. 13.)

So Professor Browne, writing on Inspiration in "Aids to Faith," after giving us the rather tautological than profound statement, "that the divine element is ever such as to secure the infallible truth of Scripture in all things divine," is willing to entertain the supposition, that, "on mere matters of history, or of daily life, prophets and evangelists might have been suffered to write as men." He adds: "All this, of course, is applicable to questions of physical science. Scripture was not given to teach us science, but to teach us religion; it may not have been needful that the inspired writers should have been rendered infallible in matters of science, nor is it at all likely that they should have been directed to teach to the ancient world truths which would anticipate the discoveries either of Newton or of Cuvier." All this is very well,

* The Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology: containing Suggestions offered to the Theological Student under present Difficulties. By Archibald Campbell, Lord Bishop of London. London: Murray. 1861.

provided no doctrine of the creed is based upon or drawn from any statement in matters of science or history, about which the writers of Scripture were left to their own unaided human powers, and so to the risk of error. But it is undeniable that some of the contents of the old creed are based upon, and find their only support in, some of these uncertain historical and scientific elements of Scripture. What becomes of all the doctrines of the fall of man, the covenant with Adam, etc., etc., if the Scripture account of the unity of origin of our race, the serpent, etc. be invalidated? Besides, in reference to the words we have quoted from the Bishop of London, we might call upon him for a careful canon to prove that, while the opinions of the writers of the Bible on *physical* science were those which prevailed in their own age, their statements on *spiritual* science were not the same also.

We have expressed strongly our dissent from one of the leading principles advanced by Professor Jowett in his noble Essay. It is, that the Bible is to be interpreted just like any other book. We wish to say a few words on this point, for it seems to us to suggest matter almost wholly overlooked in the new controversy now in agitation, — matter, too, of paramount importance. Heartily convinced we are that the true solution of many of our present perplexities is to be found in correct views of the Scriptures, and that our faith in revealed religion will find a sufficient assurance in the unique peculiarity of the Scriptures, and in a method of receiving them and interpreting them conformed to that speciality of character and quality which distinguishes them from all other writings. To say that the Bible is to be interpreted like any other book, is to advance a statement which will recommend itself by its simplicity, its convenience, and the seeming ease with which it may at once be applied. In one sense or mode of receiving it, it will have the tone and character of an obvious truth. If the assertion means only that, in reading and interpreting the Bible, we must use our minds and eyes, and follow the rules of grammar, and regard the meaning of words and the construction of sentences, and seek for the sense in the mind of the writer, and so forth, it would be as absurd to question the rule as it would be to transgress it or set it at defiance. But

Professor Jowett does not advance the rule only in this obvious and simple sense. He means much more by it. He puts it to much more extended uses, and in so doing, we venture modestly, yet confidently, to assert, he begs a question of vital importance, assumes a point not proved, commits himself to a position which prejudices his whole inquiry, and yields up one of the most precious and tenable of the grounds of faith. For it is not true, in any other sense than the simple and easy one we have allowed, that the Bible is to be interpreted like any other book. It is not true, indeed, that any one book is to be interpreted like any other book. On the contrary, the rules of interpretation are to be adjusted to each particular volume to which they are applied, because, when they go beyond the mere province of grammar, they are affected and decided by the character and design of the book. Each class of literature has its own special and peculiar method of interpretation, and the reader or interpreter must adapt its own to each. We might almost say, — indeed, we will say, — that each single work in each department must be interpreted by special rules adapted to each such work. It would not do to apply the same rules of interpretation to Æsop's Fables, Paradise Lost, The Pilgrim's Progress, and Newton's Principia. No skilled reader interprets by the same rules, beyond those of grammar, the Letters of Oliver Cromwell and those of Horace Walpole. We apply to a book in each class of literature, and to some extent to each different volume in the same class, some specific and appropriate canons, and comments, and modes of construction and of apprehension, adjusted to the peculiar subject-matter, the *animus* of the writer, and any distinctive quality of the composition. Now the large and pregnant questions with which theologians and religious teachers have to deal, are, among many other fundamental ones, such as these: — Has the Bible as a whole a character which isolates it from all other written compositions, — a peculiar and distinctive quality, intent, origin, sanction, element, or purpose, — making it a book *sui generis?* If so, then what is the nature of this peculiarity of the Bible? And next, what are the specific rules of interpretation to be adapted or applied to it? We deal with these questions in a way most satisfactory

to our own minds, by opening the New Testament, and marking there how peculiarly Jesus Christ used the Old Testament, and with what wonderful effect, too, on the minds of his own disciples; and how, in their turn, and with precisely the same wonderful effect, they used the same Scriptures in addressing and converting others. The way in which Jesus Christ used them is frequently and most significantly defined as "opening the Scriptures." He certainly made his hearers to see in them, and to feel from them, what they had not seen or felt before. He found in them significations, suggestions, and lessons which those who had read them in temple and synagogue for scores of years had not dreamed that they contained. Through those inner significations and those veiled meanings and those capacities of higher use which he found in the Hebrew Scriptures, he unmistakably won disciples whom his miracles and his own direct lessons would not have won. We are dealing here with simple facts, which lie patent on the historical record. We refer to the same facts when we add that these first Christian disciples, after their master's removal from them, did, all over Judæa, Samaria, and Asia Minor, make use succesfully of the same method in winning the most prejudiced and obstinate of hearers to the same discipleship. They made the Old-Testament Scriptures, then received with reverence, furnish reasons and arguments for the acceptance of Jesus as the Messiah. How did he and they do this? We answer by repeating the phrase, they "opened the Scriptures." The ground on which they proceeded — whether an assumption or a truth to which Heaven offers many sufficient testimonies — was, that the Holy Spirit, a divine illumination, with prescience and prediction and a spiritual insight, had had an agency in the composition of the Old Scriptures, and had buried under their mysterious hidings lessons which would afterwards be of high avail; and that the same Holy Spirit — communicated under the Gospel to those who officially corresponded to the subjects of it under the old dispensation — opened and unburied these hidden things. The simple inference, then, is, that when Christ and his Apostles *opened* the Holy Scriptures, the Holy Spirit, through them, disclosed the full meaning of some of its own former oracular utterances.

This is unmistakably the account which the Bible gives of itself, the account which some of its contents give of other of its contents. Of no other book may we say the same. By no other book may we do the same. What is the conclusion, but that the Bible requires and opens to only strictly peculiar rules of interpretation,— rules adapted to its own peculiar and unique method of composition, quality, and character? The canon of criticism thus reached directly reverses that offered by Professor Jowett. The Bible must be interpreted in a way wholly different from those applied to other books, because it is wholly unlike them in the peculiarity of its composition and authorship.

Scattered over the pages of both the volumes we have noticed, especially in those written by the feebler and less manly of the contributors, as in many other works emanating from the Episcopal communion on both sides of the water, we find tokens of a weak and deceptive plea, to which we feel bound to make a closing reference. It is undeniable that the spirit of Protestantism has fairly and naturally brought that portion of Christendom through which it prevails to its present unsettled and agitated condition in matters of faith. Influences which could not have been healthfully or safely withstood have wrought to results some of which sober men of all parties will admit are to be deplored. Those convictions which we call "tenets of faith" are doubly entitled to that significant name; for they are convictions which we hold, and which also hold us, sustaining and cheering our hearts and controlling our lives for good. It is lamentable to feel and know that what we and others have believed, seemingly to our edification and comfort, may have to surrender its hold upon us as we face the light, and accept new truth ratified to our understandings. If the alternative lay between clinging to a discredited belief and parting with all faith in things divine, holy, and spiritual, it might seem practically wiser to commit ourselves to the former. But it does not yet appear, it certainly has not yet been proved, that we are shut up to such hard conditions. Whoever, then, in the interest or the defence of the old creed, so represents the case, to oppose free inquiry and to intimidate honest seekers after truth, commits a griev-

ous wrong, and provides for many a worse calamity than they would encounter in any ordinary experiences of scepticism. We have quoted what the Bishop of Cork has so fairly and boldly written on this point. We hope it will be heeded by preachers in his communion, as we have said, on both sides of the ocean. We know of but few clerical artifices more offensive to those who see through them, than the deceiving plea which many Episcopal ministers are so ready to address to the more confiding of their disciples, that something which they vaguely call "the Church" has provided for them assurances and guaranties, as well as creeds and canons, to which they may safely commit their confidence amid all the discussions which reach down to the fundamentals of faith. This plea is used as a covert by some weak men to relieve themselves of their own duties, professional and personal, in examining questions with which they dread to engage; and it is used by the same persons as a blind to such of their disciples as are willing to be put off by so shallow a pretence. Such hearers are told by such ministers that "the Church has taken care for them in matters about which those not in the Church are all adrift"; "the Church has preserved in her creeds the essential Christian faith"; "the Church offers a concurrent witness for Christian truth such as no logical exhibition of the evidences can present"; "the Church has put an authoritative interpretation upon Scripture, and given us an authoritative digest of doctrines, superseding the necessity of all attempts by individuals to do the same things," etc., etc. Now, few of those who are willing to listen to such facile and pretentious assertions will yield to, even if they feel, a prompting to search them that they may understand exactly what is meant by them, and how they would be explained or supported if they were challenged. Compliant and credulous hearers undoubtedly infer that their minister means to say that what is understood as the Church of Christ — the true, living institution, the actual fellowship of his real disciples beginning with his Apostles — has in some satisfactory way wrought out, assured, and transmitted to them, the tenets, the usages, the forms, the ecclesiastical arrangements, thus commended to their confidence. If they thus understand their

minister, they are egregiously misled by him. The Church, in this sense of it, is a pure fiction. The real thing, answering not to the true Church of Christ, but to the simple sectarian institution on which the minister really relies, is one thing in America, another thing in England, and still another in Rome. In America, in the United States, "the Church" thus pretentiously and often so arrogantly referred to is the entirely human institution organized by a convention of worthy Episcopalian gentlemen in Philadelphia, after the Revolutionary war, and periodically administered by triennial conventions, which revised for use here the English Prayer-Book, and from time to time establishes canons for its own government. A very excellent institution in the main, — providing for its disciples prayers, articles of religion, etc., — but not to be confounded or identified with "the Church of the living God." When English Episcopal clergymen, in the same pretentious way, tell their disciples that the Church has provided so and so for them, the Church which they refer to is the Cranmerian-Elizabethan-Parliamentary creation, whose history from its origin to the present day is quite a sublunary affair. Something, then, in fact, quite unlike the true thing which we may in good faith call "the Church," is thus pretentiously and deceivingly offered as a refuge from the exacting tasks of thorough inquiry, and from the limited satisfaction to be derived from testing controverted points by texts of Scripture. "The Church" comes in as a co-ordinate and complementary authority. If she can justly claim as much as this, why not demand for her a paramount authority? Many ministers who use this plea, if they do not intend that their hearers should infer, do at least leave them to infer, that such documents as the Nicene Creed, and such doctrinal digests as the Thirty-nine Articles, have an organic sanction in the exposition of the Christian faith derived from a divinely directed ecclesiastical constitution and tradition. The fiction which underlies all these pretensions is a most shallow one. Not a single distinguishing test-mark can Episcopalians define for any such sanction claimed by them for any peculiarity of their own Church, or even for anything which it has in common with other prelatical churches, which may not be claimed specifi-

cally for the Church of Rome through the Council of Trent, or by a party of the English Dissenters through the Westminster Assembly of Divines. There is no reason for believing that any synod or council subsequent to that described in Acts xv. ever had divine authority or commission for deciding any matter of faith, or digesting any scheme of doctrine, or establishing any form of church institution. There is a legend preserved in the Alexandrian Church, which, if it could be verified as positive history, would go some ways towards verifying the fictitious plea with which we are dealing. The legend is to the effect, that, though only 318 bishops, occupying just as many thrones when they were seated, were convened at the Council of Nice, yet, when they rose to be called over to confirm the decrees of the Council, they counted 319. Though the trial was repeatedly made, this additional figure always mysteriously appeared in the count. The last of the grave men standing up to be enumerated turned into the likeness of his neighbor. The legend was explained satisfactorily to generations before our own, by regarding that mysterious but welcome intruder as the Holy Ghost, present to sanction the results of the Council. This element of fact, as fact, is just what "the Church" supplies from imagination.

The appeal to an available Church authority, co-ordinate with, and complementary to, the materials furnished in the Scriptures, involves a very abstruse and puzzling argument, even as advanced by the Church of Rome. But the argument is managed with comparative ease by that Church, because it may be rounded and made complete and thorough in its application, instead of being fragmentary, and because it is consistent with other parts of the theory and history of that Church. But the argument for such an appeal made by the English Church, and by any affiliated daughter of hers, is tortuous and embarrassing in the extreme, requiring the most forced special pleading; it is deceptive, and of course disappointing to any one who sharply tests it, as has been proved by hundreds of its own divines, who have within our generation gone over to the Church of Rome. For an origin independent of a Roman derivation, the English Church leans upon legends. Midway in its history it was revolutionary, schismatic, and

put under the ban of excommunication as regards an authority which it had previously recognized. Its present tenure is Parliamentary. For such an institution to lay claim to any special divine prerogative, is to demand what we cannot admit without better proof than is offered us. Of course, we allow, and in other connections should earnestly insist and rely upon, a sense in which very moderately for dogmatical purposes, but largely and richly for ends and uses of edification and Christian guidance, an appeal is to be made to "the Church of Christ" as a traditional, a perpetual institution. But our definition would not cover the prelatical meaning or use of the word Church. Professed Christians have really no common ground or material beyond and outside of the New Testament. Our arguments, pleas, controversies, must lie within its covers. Our faith in Christianity, our doctrinal beliefs, our authoritative ordinances and institutions, must derive their original, if not their sole, sanction from those sacred pages. If we extend our ground or material beyond that volume, into patristic, or traditional, or ecclesiastical confines, we involve ourselves in perplexities which greatly outbalance any helps which we receive.

Accepting, as we must, the conditions under which we receive as an inheritance the faith of a past age, subject to all the questionings and tests which are to ratify it for the present age, we need above all other things a thorough loyalty to truth, and a hearty confidence that no harm can come to us from anything which it has yet to disclose. There is undoubtedly an additional sanction and charm in a creed, or in any portion of a creed which has for us the power of household attachments and of ancestral ties. To believe as our fathers believed, and as the good and faithful of all Christian ages have believed, will make our belief stronger and holier for our hearts. But when, by the healthful and progressive reachings of the mind toward high truth, any of the old grounds or tenets of faith come under question, there is but one course open to us consistent with Christian discipleship. One of the experimental evidences of new truth is that it adds to the testimony for old truth. If our fathers had good grounds for the tenets which they introduced into their creeds, the subject-

matter of those creeds is happily of such a nature as will allow us, in putting the question to a test, to establish our own faith by the same and by additional reasons. But the weak frights and the strong prejudices entertained about all the free questionings of the bolder minds of our time, indicate not only a dread of new truth, but also a determination that what claims to be such shall not have either a fair hearing or an opportunity to assure itself. Under such a state of things, the risk is that the old faith will decay without leaving any substitute for itself digested from the rich and abundant materials for it within the reach of our own generation. The clerical ban which forbids free inquiry fosters ignorance in one generation, and prepares the hardest and dreariest form of unbelief for the next.

ART. IV. — THE ART OF AMERICA AND THE "OLD MASTERS."

1. *Le Vite de' piu eccellenti Pittori, Scultori e Architetti, di* GIORGIO VASARI, pubblicate per cura di una Società di Amatori delle Arti Belle. Vols. 13. Firenze: Felice Le Monnier. 1846 – 62.
2. "*Two Hundred and Forty Years Ago.*" *A Lecture by* HENRY WARD BEECHER, *before the Society of the Sons of New England, December*, 21, 1860.

Do we, the composite people now forming on this continent, possess taste? At this juncture, when old things are being made new, and fresh and novel forms of thought and action are developing among us, the question has a practical bearing.

Surely we have taste, decided and positive. Do we not give evidence of it in our likes and dislikes, the houses we build and furnish, the clothes we wear, the art we condemn or approve, the people we detest or admire? In fine, in what does not taste display itself every hour of our lives?

It is true that every one has instinctive loves and hates, — enjoys one object and is repelled by another. In its common acceptation, taste is the individual like or dislike. Sometimes it is capricious, partial, and prejudiced, often arbitrarily ruled

by crude fancy, erratic imagination, or mere force of local or personal association, independent of intellectual analysis and judgment. Hence its manifestations are frequently one-sided, ignorant, and intolerant. In these instances, satisfied with its limited pleasures, like the Chinese with their limited knowledge, it esteems all judgments different from its own isolated preference as barbarous or foolish. If pressed for a reason for its dogmatism and its bizarre displays in dress, in building, in whatever it conceives as adornment, it evades all reference to law, and replies, "It is handsome, superb, splendid, — I like it," — drawing snail-like within its shell of unenlightened instincts, as if outside of them there were no appeal, and beyond them no progress.

True taste, however, has a broader and deeper significance. It is a riper judgment than this. Primarily it is based upon feeling, but is improved and strengthened by reason. Certain preferences, born with the individual man, manifest themselves spontaneously, and often give, as it were, a local coloring to an entire life. But there is also in him a capacity for intellectual progress and spiritual insight. The right aim of education is the gradual unfolding of this capacity. And the result of this unfolding, in manners, fashion, art, in all that makes up the refined enjoyment of life, is termed good taste.

The external aspects of things, form and color, are what we at first chiefly take note of. But as our faculties are cultivated, objects which at first gave only a superficial satisfaction address us in a more spiritual language. The difference in degree and quality of enjoyment in the one case and in the other is the measure of the distance that divides a cultivated from an uncultivated taste. The latter in its instincts may be purer than the former; but cultivation expands and strengthens its powers, separating still more widely the finely attuned soul from the heavier nature whose light comes through a denser medium. Hence, although the first requisite for a refined and enlightened taste is a keen native susceptibility to the true and beautiful, to be freely and spontaneously indulged, undeterred by fear of pedantry or criticism, still its possessor should bring it to the test of reason. Impressions are an excellent barometer of our moral and intel-

lectual growth. But we cannot accurately note its precise rise or fall without some sort of gauge. Undisciplined taste, like untrained manners, may become very unlovely. But rightly educated, it is the winsome adornment of character and circumstance. There need be no monotony of expression or barren conformity of rule. For the inexhaustible delight of nature and art lies in their infinite variety, whereby every soul is fed according to its peculiar power of appreciation. The taste one displays is his public confession of the quality and cultivation of his mind. It helps to make up that aggregate expression of character in a community or nation which we call the public taste. America as yet cannot be said to possess taste, because our civilization recognizes no universal demand for beauty. The American mind, however, possesses much æsthetic feeling. It is expansive, inquiring, impressible, and sympathetic, prone to investigation, and, if honestly and courteously approached, gladly welcomes truth under multifarious forms. Thus far our circumstances have been adverse to the development of those faculties which culminate in a high standard of taste. But hopeful signs of growth are beginning to manifest themselves.

In saying this, we are not unmindful of the fact that there are many whose ideas and feelings have never been awakened to a consciousness that there is anything in life more enjoyable than physical well-being and thrift. Such see no joy in the landscape, view art as an idle pastime, and scorn beauty in any guise, unless it pays tribute to the purse. They are of the spirit of the farmer, who, when congratulated upon the beautiful scenery about him, replied, that for his part he did not see anything beautiful in it, for it had never been worth a dollar to him anyway. The finest countries are peopled by those as unconscious of the mental and spiritual wealth at their doors as if they were moles burrowing in the earth. Neither the sublimity of Switzerland, the gorgeous, burning beauty of the tropics, nor the celestial symphonies of color of the Italian skies, are appreciated by the peasantry whose birthright they are. And until they have discovered that they have faculties superior to the gratification of mere material wants, they will not enjoy them. Our intellectually quick-

ened population is more alive to the beauty of nature, and in this there is a solid foundation for the growth of good taste. A perfect appreciation of nature is as much the result of an acquired taste as is that of art. A natural ear for music is simply a delicately attuned organ for the reception of harmonies and modulations which convey meaning and enjoyment to the mind within. So, too, one vision is more acute than another in noting the forms of things, and, as it were, telegraphing their sense to the soul. This distinction, however, is mainly one of degree only, and diminishes by cultivation. All have a capacity for progress in matters of taste in proportion to the attention they give to their æsthetic faculties. The universe pays infinite tribute to cultivated taste. As we increase our sympathy with art and nature, so do we invest them with an incalculable enrichment of suggestion. Each is a niggard to the dull, uncritical eye, but prodigal of gift to those who comprehend the "King's language." And the key that opens to us His treasure-house is not far off, to be reached only by overmuch toil and sacrifice, but hangs up within reach in every human heart. Once grasped, its occult power has no limit of charm and promise. Nature and art greet us with unceasing revelation. In them we discover the incarnation of our vague longings and undefined consciousness of things not seen. The power of interpretation comes from within. Art and nature reflect their interpreters, giving only to those to whom much is already given. This discovery made, we have added a cubit to our spiritual stature. It is by the light of these general views, and partially to illustrate them, that we propose to consider the American school of painting, and its influence on the public taste, as compared with the motives that inspired the old Italian painters.

The Italian schools of painting previous to the seventeenth century, represented by the works of the old masters, differ widely in motives and execution from the phase of modern art most esteemed in America. These are indeed the two extremes of artistic feeling and taste. Any comparison which may aid the public in correctly appreciating their relative merits cannot fail of being useful, particularly as in several of our cities measures are taking to found public galleries,

both of ancient and modern paintings. Our own artists have securely established themselves in the public favor, and in some degree control or direct its taste. When, therefore, a foreign school of art appeals for appreciation, it is indispensable that its character should be properly presented. In one sense art is a universal language. But to entirely comprehend a speaker, the hearer must put himself in sympathy with him. This cannot be unless he informs himself of the orator's aims. So too in painting. Its special inspiration and object must be understood, before we are qualified to judge of its quality and success.

Italian art is born of a highly imaginative and intellectual race, whose faith and passions glow with æsthetic desire. They were a cultivated people, inheriting the Greek love of the human figure as the noblest ambition of art, at a period when almost every other European nation was in a semi-barbarous condition. The landscape had no special attraction for them. They sought their motives almost exclusively in elevated sentiment, poetical, historical, or religious, carefully avoiding the common or vulgar, seldom even finding subjects for their pencil in ordinary domestic life. Their art requires, for thorough appreciation, a degree of knowledge and a quality of feeling quite distinct from what is requisite for the enjoyment of American art. Greek and Italian art are as much exotics with us as the palm or the lotos, and must always be viewed here under the disadvantage of a transfer to an uncongenial atmosphere and incongruous associations. Age, too, has greatly dimmed their splendor. Literally they are voices from the dead; to the many, unfitted by faith, training, and temperament, to understand and enjoy them, speaking only a dead tongue. Our habits, instincts, and modes of thought tend to the exact reverse of the kind of civilization from which they sprang. The domestic, homely, practical, and common are what we are most familiar with in art and in life. No wonder, then, that the first impressions of any art wholly foreign to our feelings and experience are unfavorable. And if it gains steadily upon us, in contrast with what we have hitherto known, it must be owing to an inherent superiority of motive and execution. Italian art rises

above American art, inasmuch as it appeals to the imagination and the loftiest intellectual and emotional faculties.

Our indigenous art, on the contrary, contents itself simply with imitating the familiar features of the landscape, or with recording the ordinary aspects of life, in compositions intelligible at first view to the most ordinary capacity. It is not suggestive or inspiring. Representation, and not invention, is its chief characteristic. Its cleverness lies in its dexterous deception; it wants the faculty of interpretation. Failing to penetrate the hidden springs of even the prosaic and material life it aspires to illustrate, it is barren of sentiment and feeling. The hand, and not the heart, goes with its pencil. Matter-of-fact is its motto, poetry its aversion. Chilling, pragmatical, and dogmatic in spirit, it arrests attention but finally to disappoint. To it a tree is simply certain solid quantities of wood, bark, and leaf. A tear would be only so many parts of phosphate of lime, chloride of soda, and water. It recognizes no inner life. Seemingly, the artist's highest ambition is to free his work from all sense of attractive mystery, by absence of subtile gradations and shadows. He floods his pictures, as our builders do their houses, with cold or glaring light, so that every object can be distinctly seen, and almost every stroke of the pencil counted across the room. One look suffices, because it stakes all upon surface-value. Even in the chosen field of landscape, there is little sympathy with humanity. Instead, a prosaic opaque repetition of cloud, earth, vegetation, or water, for the most part devoid of animal life, and strangely destitute of associations dear to the mind or heart. American artists seldom favor us with anything better in way of artistic choice than semi-cultivated land or semi-picturesque scenery, which, monotonously reproduced as they are, not only become wearisome in themselves, but chill one's love of the natural landscape itself. Where composition is unideal, invention meagre, and expression vapid, the interest or curiosity excited speedily dies out. Some schools of painting, like the Bolognese and the modern Dusseldorf, attain celebrity on account of their scientific eclecticism and intellectual vigor. But even these fail of permanent influence, because of their slight hold upon the best qualities of the heart or understanding.

In America, with a few bright exceptions, — sufficient however to show that more hopeful things are in store for us, — our artists confine the public taste to a treatment of landscape which is superficial and void of sentiment. We might quote many examples of their want of tender sympathy and comprehension of their themes, of their impatience of study and labor, of their artifices to attract and deceive the undisciplined eye. But, having suggested the prominent faults of the school at large, we leave our readers to discover for themselves the individual applications. Church is the representative artist of the American school of landscape, partaking largely of its spirit, but by his uncommon skill raising it to the level of a great popular success, though not to the level of the success which the highest landscape art aspires to, as seen in the imaginative compositions, vigorous effectiveness, and magical, varied suggestiveness of Turner. The Englishman was endowed with genius, which is independent of all nationality. The American typifies the peculiar gift of practical success through a commanding will and facile talent; a gift, perhaps, more highly esteemed here than genius. Church's paintings attract, because of their scenic force, the accurate knowledge they display of nature's forms, wonderful memory of things, taste in composition, variety of detail, and effective execution in color. We doubt if any greater success in these respects will ever be attained in this school. Indeed, it is not to be desired. This art is useful in preparing the way for higher motives. But to stop here would be like taking Verdi's works to be the Ultima Thule in music.

There is, however, more hopeful work from our school. We will not now speak of Allston, Greenough, or Cole, men of imagination, fertile in invention, strong, tender or graceful, overflowing with æsthetic feeling, and of keen artistic sensibilities; but of a few names favorably known among our living landscapists, whose works display qualities above the common range. In portraiture, *genre*, and historical art there are clever artists, though not of sufficient force to establish distinct schools in these branches. American landscape art, however, is creating for itself a national position at home and abroad. On that account we cordially greet artists like Innes

and Kensett, as tending to uplift the public taste above the prosaic and mechanical, into the region of sentiment and feeling. Such men perceive that there is something more valuable than soulless accuracy of lines or opaque masses of bright colors. Inness infuses noontide light into his pictures, glowing with summer's heat, yet full of dreamy stillness and repose. He has an Oriental delight and instinct of color, and has emancipated himself from the art whose end is mere popular sensation, and reached a point in deep, tender feeling and poetical composition, whose promise fulfilled will aid greatly in elevating American art above the dull level of materialism. In gradation, luxuriance, and mellowness of color, few approach him. He is not always in harmony with himself or his subject, and his moods affect his works; but he has the inborn spirit of an artist. His large picture of Rome is a decided success, not only as a composition, but in its rare atmospherical qualities, luminousness, and combined vigor, breadth, and delicacy. There are in it certain qualities of air, distance, light, and shadow, united with a vitality of vegetation and human associations, which few artists have ever equally attained, and which Inness himself may never excel. Occasionally in cloud-forms we find him careless, making them opaque, tough, and smoke-tinted, so that the eye cannot penetrate them, and we know at once that such an atmosphere was never made for human lungs or sight. In one of his pictures we noted that smoke, steam, and cloud were all of the same consistency, color, and shapes. But these are mere technical oversights, not at all affecting his fine artistic feeling and invention. Some of the India-ink and colored sea-side studies of the Quaker artist, Bradford, have proved to us also a revelation in American art. The former, in their picturesque variety, freedom of treatment, and poetical conception, recall Turner's English compositions of similar scenes. To a rare accuracy in his studies of rock and wave forms he unites an active sympathy with his entire theme. Pebble and sea-weed glisten with the brine of the receding wave; the beach-sand is wet and springy; sunlight pierces the heavy masses of clouds, and dances and sparkles over water and shore, which alternate in varied glow and gloom. There are freshness and salt-

ness, gust and pause, a true ocean sentiment and lifelikeness, in Bradford's sketches; — especially, in his colored studies of shingle, a truthfulness of form and hue, a delicate play of shadow and sunlight, which surprised us, and convinced us that Nature, even in her lowest forms, is alive with beauty and meaning, if the artist but knows how to evoke them. Bierstadt's "Sunlight and Shadow," in the New York Academy of Design, this year, is remarkable for its poetical treatment and sterling qualities of execution. We quote these examples of what we mean by the promise of art here, in contrast with its general forbidding literalness, because they occurred first to our memory. Space does not permit us to give others.

Art stimulates taste, taste reacts upon art, so that one rises or falls with the other. An elevated, exacting taste is a true friend of art. But it is of slow growth, especially in America, which has no standard of appeal in the past, and must create or borrow examples of excellence. Sympathy and appreciation are the solar light of art. But neither can exist unless the public informs itself of the right meaning and purposes of art, creating for itself an independent standard of criticism, based upon a catholic taste for what is true and beautiful. We need means of comparison, not simply of one sort of art with its fellow, but of one school with another. If we confine ourselves within our own national proclivities, condemning all foreign influences or examples, we repeat the error of the Eastern races in their isolated civilizations. Much of American art criticism is sheer intellectual emasculation. It is apt to be either selfishly interested, or personally amiable. The critic who gravely puts, as we have lately read, any American artist on a level with Titian or Turner in the higher aspects of art, injures his friend, and wrongs those great names. The painter of the "Venus" of the Athenæum compared with the "Venus" of the Tribune! "Moses" with "Peter Martyr"! "The Flight into Egypt" with "Polyphemus"! the portrait of Collector Barney with the "Unknown" of the Pitti! Criticism of this character confuses stay-at-home folk, for they have not the opportunity to detect its absurdity. Genius, too, loses its proper significance, if little or eccentric things are confounded with great, while the American stand-

ard of greatness is made ridiculous abroad. Worse than this is the too common practice of obtaining an ephemeral notoriety through interested or uninformed writers. The majority can never comprehend the exact importance to be attached to the common criticisms of the press, because they must be but superficially acquainted with the subjects themselves, and not at all with the personal promptings of the writers. Neither are they familiar enough with the art of composition always to detect the nothingness of the sonorous phrases with which such critics seek to cover up their incapacity. We have been asked by a writer of this calibre the technical meaning of certain words which he had been accustomed to use at hazard, expressing a hope that in his next critique on art-matters he should use them in their proper connection. These blind leaders of the blind are the pest of our progress. Their vocation leaves them as fast as the public learns to discriminate. Soon, let us hope, there will be no cause for the hesitation once expressed to us by a lover of the old masters, as well as the new, about bringing to this country a Titian, from fear of being made unhappy by the ridicule and scepticism the picture would have to encounter.

We freely confess a predilection for the old masters of Italy, for the same reason that Dante or Shakespeare gives a higher satisfaction than our modern poets. We repeat, that appreciation of them is derived from a higher degree of cultivation than that which is demanded by landscape or *genre* art. The loftier the theme, the greater must be the effort of the artist to render it, and of the spectator to comprehend it. Hence, while failure in degree is less blameworthy than in lower art, success is infinitely more precious. Nature is indeed unspeakably lovely or wonderful in all her works, and the skill that faithfully transfers to canvas the very least of them deserves our praise. But of how much greater account is that art which, rising above the mere material expression of things, infuses the breath of life into its forms, and gives us glimpses of living souls! It is comparatively easy to copy from Nature's book the lessons she has set so plainly, that he who opens his eyes must see them; but high art incarnates human faculties and feelings, and so is inventive and creative. In some sense,

art is more than nature; for, while the one is a material organization given to our use and benefit, the other is the product of God's spiritual gift to him whom he made to rule over the earth. Nature is inferior and subject to art, just as the material is subordinate to the objects fashioned out of it.

In our remarks upon the old masters, we refer to their predominant characteristics, aware that exceptions exist, as in modern art examples are found of the motives and aspirations which constitute the superiority of its predecessor. The taste which delights in our American school is to be encouraged as an incentive to more faithful work and loftier ambition in our artists. But it should likewise be prompted to see the true and beautiful from other points of view. Every such expansion of mind is an exceeding great gain. Each new joy is a fresh development of life. When, therefore, a man of persuasive eloquence, like Henry Ward Beecher, misapplies history and excites groundless prejudice against forms of art new to himself, it is due to the public to correct his statements. If our people were familiar with the art and history of the period he attacks, it would be superfluous to recall them in defence of artists like Giotto, Fra Angelico, Michel Angelo, and their compeers. In his lecture before the Sons of New England, December 21, 1860, Mr. Beecher says: —

"I doubt if in Cromwell's day there was a picture on the globe that had in it anything for the common people. The world's victories had all been kings' victories, warriors' victories. Art was busy crowning monarchs, robing priests, or giving to the passions a garment of light in which to walk forth for mischief. Will any man point me to the picture, of the wonderful number that Raphael painted or designed, that had in it a sympathy for the common people? They are all hierarchic or monarchic. But Michel Angelo was at heart a republican. He loved the people's liberty and hated oppression. Yet what single work records these sentiments? The gentle Correggio filled church, convent, and cathedral dome with wondrous riches of graceful forms. But common life found no signs of love, no help, no champion in him. The Venetian school, illustrious and marvellous, has left in art few signs of liberty, and yet where might we expect some recognition of the simple dignity of human life, if not in this republic? But her rich men had artists, her priests had artists, her common people had none.

"In all the Italian schools, not a picture had ever probably been painted that carried a welcome to the common people. To be sure, there were angels endless, and Madonnas and Holy Families without number; there were monkish legends turned into color. Then there were heathen divinities enough to bring back the court of Olympia, and put Jupiter again in place of Jehovah. But in this immense fertility, — in this prodigious wealth of pictures, statues, canvas, and fresco, — I know of nothing that served the common people. In art, as in literature, government, *government*, GOVERNMENT, was all, and *people* nothing! I know not that the Romanic world of art ever produced a democratic picture."

This is a sample of that professional and national cant by which the prejudices of the sect or people are fostered at the expense of charity and truth. We understand this declamation to mean, that before the seventeenth century there was no art the common people cared for; that up to that period, as he states elsewhere on the same occasion, art was "silently fascinating and poisoning the soul through its most potent faculty, the imagination," and that it was wholly an instrument of pride, superstition, and oppression on the part of the rulers, lay and clerical. At the same time, he asserts his predilection for the Germanic schools, because their pictures teem "with natural objects, with birds and cattle, with husbandry, with domestic scenes and interiors." We make no issue with those whose tastes prefer a boor's pipe or gin-flagon to a martyr's palm or saint's nimbus, a Flemish villager's carousal to an Italian tournament, a kitchen scrub to a Madonna, the ditch and dike to the valley or mountain. Such taste is as free to enjoy after its kind as any other. But it is not free to condemn on unsound premises, and to jumble historical truth and personal liking into a medley of falsity and injustice.

It is quite true that the Italians never did have that taste in art which seems to make Mr. Beecher's highest æsthetic enjoyment. Neither did the Greeks. They preferred the more dignified, heroic, refined, and ideal aspects of humanity. As he rightly observes, "Art is a language," and in their conversations they took more satisfaction in the poetical and imaginative, than in the familiar and common. Teniers *vs.* Ra-

phael, — the sabot-footed, beer-swilling boor to the angels that Abraham entertained.

Besides, democratic institutions had the upper hand in Italy, especially in Tuscany, at the epoch which Mr. Beecher denounces. Art decayed as soon as its patronage fell into aristocratic keeping. To be a noble in Florence in the days of the Giotteschi was as uncomfortable as to be a Secessionist at the North now. The art of Italy, from its revival in the twelfth century to its prime in the sixteenth, was emphatically the offspring of the feeling and taste of all classes of the people. They created the demand for it, and paid for it most liberally out of their profits in trade. Giotto's Campanile, the shrine of Or San Michele, Ghiberti's "Gates of Paradise," and miles of large-hearted frescos, all came from the people. They carried Cimabue's noble picture in triumph to its final resting-place, — Duccio's, too, with songs and music and banners; they crowded to the opening of the Carmine chapel to see Masaccio's work, and took as lively and intelligent an interest in the rivalry between Leonardo's and Michel Angelo's cartoons, as we now do in the question of iron-clad ships. We ask Mr. Beecher to point out a single great work of one of the great masters which he anathematizes, which is, as he asserts of the entire art of this period, "the minion of monarchy, the servant of corrupted religion, or the mistress of lust." Protestants and Catholics, who are privileged to see the works of Fra Angelico and his school, have but one opinion of their purity and spirituality. Do not the Scriptures of Raphael in the Vatican furnish the very designs used by Protestants to illustrate their Bibles and religious works? Do we not daily recognize Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, and their contemporaries, in manifold ways, in our illustrated books? Do not the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa tell the entire story of revealed religion, from the creation to the crucifixion? Have not Orgagna, Martini, Gozzoli, and a hundred others, scattered far and wide throughout Italy, in church, chapel, council-hall, and private dwelling, on the streets and by the road-side, the Scriptural story of the fall and redemption? Are these nothing to the common people? Does the identical religious fact or dogma, which is "poison" to the soul if put into a pictorial form

before printing was invented, become a means of grace, in the shape of a tract or sermon, in the year 1860? Was it "nothing" that the hope of immortality, the lessons of faith, the fear of hell, and the bliss of heaven, were brought vividly home to the feelings of an imaginative, demonstrative people, in a more efficacious way than by the Puritan machinery of lectures and colporteurs? Their taste demanded instruction and entertainment in this way, and it continues to do so to this day. They find refreshment and sympathy in the pictured and sculptured representations of maternal and filial love and sacrifice, in the pure sentiments and holy aspirations and self-denials set forth in those sacred pictures at which Mr. Beecher sneers. They touch their hearts, and we have had occasion to know that they are quite as potent an influence for good as are the spoken appeals of Puritan preachers. Italian artists of the best periods, with but few exceptions, sprang from the people, were trained among them, were democratic in principle; but they also had elevated tastes and aims, and much devout feeling, and they embodied in their works that which the people, apart from and independent of the government, most desired. Emphatically we pronounce their art to have been the art of the common people. It is a cause of thankfulness that the Italian schools kept alive the highest instincts of art, elevating its mission above the sordid, sensual, common, or material aspects of humanity. Not that we value the motives which inspire the better efforts of the Northern schools the less, for each is excellent and enjoyable in its way, but because we believe, the higher the motive, the more it elevates the taste. Italian art was chiefly devoted to religion. Mr. Beecher says "every altar-piece was a golden lie, every carved statue beckoned the superstitious soul to some pernicious error." Surely it is not uncharitable to retort, that every word which he has uttered in this connection is a "pernicious error"; for altar-piece, statue, and truth alike refute his statement. We censure that Oriental egotism which holds all but the flowery land to be only as the dust of the earth. How much better is it in one of us, with the means of information almost at our door, to pass such wholesale condemnation, unjustified by any adequate study? If there be no element or

phase of humanity wholly good, so there is none wholly bad. We have had a long experience in the study of altar-pieces and sacred sculpture, and, although not a Roman Catholic, have discovered in them quite as much Scriptural truth, as pure motive, as exciting incentive to holiness, and as convincing arguments for a spiritual life, as we have found in the prolific productions of tract societies, and the average quality of Protestant discourses. Let us be just even to the "scarlet lady." There is no gain to humanity in falsifying the record of history. The Bible is as much the common inspiration of Catholic religious art, as it is the basis of Protestant religious literature; and wherever art borrowed its motives from the traditions of the Church, the men and women it glorified were those who have honored humanity by self-denying lives and unflinching martyrdoms, — men and women whose counterparts in good deeds we Protestants find in the Howards, Frys, and Nightingales of to-day. Because the æsthetic Italian chooses to perpetuate the memories of his martyrs and saints in stained glass, stainless marble, and luminous canvas, is a preacher of the Gospel common to all Christians, though he be of a different temperament and ritual, authorized to assert, that "every window suborned the sun, and sent history to bear on a painted lie or a legendary superstition"?

But "legendary superstition" did not monopolize Italian art. The pre-Raphaelite period affords some of the purest examples of certain qualities of landscape-art which we know. Correggio and Titian, later, are as truly great in that as in other departments. In every instance it is secondary, as it should be, to higher motives, but none the less informed with its true spirit. There is also in early Italian art much spirited and affectionate treatment of animal life, always subservient, indeed, to some loftier purpose. The people indulged themselves in pictures to an extent which we Northern utilitarians would consider as luxurious extravagance. But they loved allegories, poetical fancies, historical pieces, rich and animated spectacles, — they do now, — and they largely patronized that art that gratified their taste. This was "the life of the common people." Fierce and turbulent democrats they were, most of them, though Mr. Beecher will have it that their art

was the "minion of monarchy," and that the Italian citizen has "no thanks to render to the art of the past." He does, however, render homage to it, and prizes its remains as a glorious memorial of his ancient liberties. When Mr. Beecher says of it, "I know of nothing that served the common people," he could not have been aware that the most remarkable historical painting of the new kingdom of Italy, Ussi's "Expulsion of the Duke of Athens from Florence" by the people in A. D. 1342, is but a new version of a fresco of that time by Giottino, representing the same scene, with the addition that the people are represented as acknowledging their victory as due to Divine aid, — a sentiment, we trust, as creditable to them in his eyes as was the thanksgiving of our Puritan fathers upon their victories over the Indian Philip and George III.

It is an artistic anachronism which several of our critics have fallen into, upon a superficial glance at the few and minor specimens of the old masters to be seen in this country, to consider their works as comparable only to the efforts of children in their first lessons in writing. What! the designs of a Giotto, Orgagna, Fra Angelico, or a Luca Signorelli of no more beauty or value than the pot-hooks of a six-year old girl! By parity of reasoning, the architect who designed the best of our new meeting-houses ought to have displayed astonishing genius in comparison with the designers of the Loggia and Campanile at Florence. Six centuries have but served to stamp the Florentine monuments as marvels of beauty and skill, original and lofty conceptions, in harmony with their purposes and burning with intellectual life. Certain works of man are a perpetual joy, — the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, — because they are a revelation from the unseen, and an assertion of the eternal supremacy of spirit over matter. Genius creates, talent constructs. The power of the one is instinctive, a gift from above; of the other, receptive, accumulating by example and training. Hence genius alone gives birth to great, new, or noble work; while simple talent, however clever in execution, often fails from want of intuitive discernment and original thought.

In viewing art new to him, one should not abandon him-

self to first impressions without investigating their soundness. If he does so too hastily, he often finds upon further experience that his wisdom was foolishness. Art may seem obscure or unintelligible, and the fault lie not in it, but in us. We can comprehend no work until we have raised ourselves to the level of the author's meaning and feeling. All partial or one-sided comprehension is a mutual loss. Yet the best beginning of any intercourse is frank expression; for the basis of misconception being exposed, an understanding is more than half accomplished. We sympathize with the visitor who said before us, of some early Italian paintings, "I should as soon think of enjoying bad health or bruises as them," because it needs a few hints only entirely to change the point of view. There is, indeed, a wide gulf between the extremes of cultivation and sympathy, and stolid apathy or ignorance. Each can be sincere and genuine. The visitor who exclaimed on seeing for the first time gold-background pictures, as she passed from one room into another, "More of these ridiculous Chinese paintings!" was as much a representative of one class of critics among us, — such an exclamation would not have occurred in Europe out of England, — as the person whom we saw seated, moved to tears, before one of the very works thus contemptuously condemned, was a representative of another.

The rough, uncultivated class is a more hopeful one to cultivate to higher perceptions in art than that which looks upon the work of the hands that designed the "Spina" Church at Pisa, adorned the Cathedral of Orvieto, or wrote Bible-stories in fresco at Assisi, covering the walls of its Duomo with spiritual allegory, as but the scrawls of children in comparison with the portfolio of the modern drawing-master. The latter class seeks results not sought by the old master. It overlooks the fact, that the men whose works it superciliously condemns have received for centuries the unanimous suffrage of the cultivated judges of all nations. There is much technical failure in their work. But it often serves to make more conspicuous their spiritual feeling and depth of earnestness. Chaucer and Shakespeare do not spell as we do; but do these differences of form between the literature of our ancestors and our own, prove theirs to be the scrawls and ideas of children? Why

should it be held different with art?. Giotto was worthy in all respects to be the friend of Dante, and Martini of Petrarch, so the poets themselves tell us. Painting and poetry are but different phases of speech. It becomes us to throw off all conceit of actual superiority in intellect over our predecessors, and, before judging them, to inquire in what circumstances they differed from us, and whether what we do is as well done, and from as exalted inspiration, as what they did. Any other course puts us farther apart, and leads to wrong conclusions. "I do not believe in them" is the doctrine of conceited judgment, effectually darkening the mind to light. Some critics misjudge the early Italian art from choosing a wrong point of view. We have seen a professor of drawing go hastily up to one of Lorenzetti's angels, and turn as hastily away, with the curt remark, "That man did not know what bones were." Perhaps not. The teacher had been doing nothing else except trying to draw anatomically well. Lorenzetti's imagination had striven to rise to the vision of ethereal beings, and to the symbolizing of spiritual ideas. To us his success seemed wonderful, which might not have been the case had he practised more on "bones." The scientific knowledge of design of the old eclectic school exceeded that of our own. Yet, as Blackwood justly states, "learned" as it was "in all the tricks of composition, and declamatory in startling effect, it has in great measure given place to those earlier works where thought and deep emotion are content to be simple and truthful." We are to enjoy both the material and spiritual aspects of art, but each at its relative value. It is an error to suppose there can be no attractiveness in painting without perfect design. Supernal beings can only be suggested by art, just as they are to our imagination. That artist is most successful in this who best impresses the spectator with the *idea* of a spiritual being, avoiding all intrusion of technical artifice, or display of anatomical dexterity. Fra Angelico is excelled by many a schoolboy now in the science of design, but no artist of any age equals him in the spirituality of his angels and Madonnas, or gives more elevated types of heavenly beings. But were a committee of drawing-masters to report upon his scientific knowledge, we fear their list of defects would be as long as

would be the list of misspelt words taken by some modern grammar-master from the Faerie Queene, or the letters of Abélard. Give, however, to either an angel to conceive, or a poem to compose, and the result would plainly show the absolute difference between inherent genius and acquired knowledge. What should we think of one who could find no loveliness in a sunset because unable to analyze its colors, and get the exact proportions of the orange, violet, gold, or emerald hues which form its glory? Yet of such a disposition are those who approach art solely through science. Art is an occult power. If the eye is trained to see only a bush, it sees nothing more; but if the inner vision is opened, he sees, with Moses, the angel of the Lord "in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush."

There is another obstacle beside the want of imagination to prevent enjoyment of art. None find joy in natural scenery whose minds are captious or irritable. Both art and nature demand a receptive mood. Heart and mind should overflow towards them, with the desire of Christ's little children to know about the kingdom of heaven. The conceit of pseudo-amateurship spoils much pleasure from its want of faith. The fear of being deceived, and the vanity of affected knowledge, are stumbling-blocks to progress in any direction. In art they often look ludicrous or stupid. The word "original" is a strange mystery to many. They attach to the word vague ideas of super-excellence. We have heard a critic of this sort pronounce the very pictures in a gallery, about which there might be discussion, perfectly genuine, and those of which, from their very character and material, there could not be the slightest doubt, fabrications. Although wholly ignorant of that form of art, he thought it incumbent upon him to pronounce judgment upon it. A distaste for foreign art on first view is to be expected. And with us, beside the antagonisms of novelty and strangeness, it has to encounter professional opposition as unwise as it is ungenerous. One of our journals, much given to art criticism, calls the Jarves Collection of Paintings a "mass of antique rubbish." Another asserts that these works are so much beneath the productions of comparatively obscure living painters in color,

drawing, conception, as to be unworthy of a position beside them." If the coloring of Giorgione, Bellini, or Rubens, the conceptions of Sano di Pietro, Gentile di Fabriano, or Benozzo Gozzoli, the drawing of Luca Signorelli, Bazzi, Leonardo, or Domenichino, are unworthy to be named beside even the works of obscure American artists, of what rank are our recognized men, like Church, Inness, Hunt, Kensett, Leutze, Thompson, and their compeers? Or is the ratio of genius in America in proportion to its obscurity, and have we all the while been honoring the wrong artists? The people are not long misled by such unfounded assertions. Art has not yet risen in America to the level of genius. Any exaggeration of the present at the expense of the past is mischievous in many ways. American art has special need of the competitive and stimulating influences of other schools. Much of its recent progress is owing to its being forced into a comparison with the English, French, and German schools by periodical exhibitions of their works. The true artist delights in every fresh means of artistic comparison and knowledge. An enlightened public taste is his best friend, and sound criticism the ordeal he most covets. Any shrinking from or jealous abuse of what helps to form them is felt by him to be mean and unworthy. A patriot welcomes the infusion into our younger blood of the riper intellectuality of older civilization, because it raises our standard of excellence, and supplies means of more rapid progress. For each new nation to begin to create afresh every institution, art, or science, out of conceit of its original talents, would be as foolish as for every man to refuse to profit by his neighbor's or his progenitor's learning or skill. Much of the progress of any nationality lies in its power of assimilation. Let us therefore welcome foreign art as we welcome foreign science or toil, for its tendency is to create and exalt taste. It remains to our artists to satisfy it by proving their ability to compete with foreign schools with all the advantages of a chosen field and national sympathy.

"Indian Summer" is familiar to our readers, as one of the latest types of the American landscape school. The spirit of the composition is wildly picturesque, savage even; in details, much truth of form, and considerable mechanical dexterity;

in color, dry, spotty, and harsh, with no subtilty or softness; as a whole, scenic and startling, lacking repose, and bewildering from want of purpose or soul. Salvator Rosa knew far less of tree and rock forms than does Ginoux, but the old master rivets us to his wild scenery by the potent spell of imagination and feeling. We overlook his technical short-coming in our sympathy with his motive, which, weird or natural, comes directly home to us at first glance. The modern master gives us ample details of earth, water, and vegetation, but written all over with "No admittance" for the spirit of man. Bigness amounts to a passion in our art. A landscape no larger than the hand, if infused with the right spirit of nature and man, is far more effective than acres of what a friend wittily calls "full-length landscapes." Giotto's O has more soul, — his few simple lines on the walls of the Bargello at Florence, bringing to our eyes the youthful Dante, have more of real genius in them, — than the "Heart of the Andes." The distance between the two is that of Hamlet from one of Sheridan's heroes. It is unfortunate for the progress of art here that our artists seldom venture into its higher walks. Until they do, there can be no real grounds of competitive comparison between them and the old masters.

The chief power of these old masters lies in their suggestiveness, and the firm hold they take of the imagination and the sympathies. We know of pictures in the collection before referred to that have changed the entire tone of feeling in people; that have awakened new emotions, ideas, and ambitions; that have consoled the bereaved, have subdued levity and scoffing, awakened fancy and imagination, and aroused the intellectual and sympathetic faculties to new issues in life. We have seen the earnest gratitude of young and old for their presence, because they took them out of the homely and realistic life of New England into an atmosphere of elevated thought and spiritual repose. Merchants, filled with the spirit of trade, have confessed that among them they forgot business, even Secession. Others, slower in their perceptions, but sound in their sympathies, have said, "They touch us, — we must find out what they have to say." Hearts rebellious to the world's discipline have told us that they had come to rejoice in their

presence, because they made them feel better, morally and spiritually. Art that has this occult power is not to be lightly cast aside, though many may see in it only the curious, archaic, or ludicrous. Sceptics are prone to sneer where believers pray. But which of the two leaves the temple justified? On two persons visiting the same picture, the effect has been exactly opposite. The heart of one was moved to a sort of spiritual ecstasy; the other viewed the emotion with pitying contempt, stubbornly denying there was any merit whatever in the school of Giotto, or that it had any special religious feeling. The heavens were opened, and angels ascended and descended in the eyes of the believer; the sceptic saw only incorrect anatomy, and attempts at composition inferior to the Chinese.

Did our space permit, we should gladly indulge in an analysis of these old masters, demonstrating their intense religious idealism, showing why they win our love and respect, and what is the character of those intellectual qualities in which they rank above our American school. Sincere, earnest, and faithful in work, inspired by elevated ideas, and moved by deep emotion, they deserve patient and loving consideration. We may then follow their marvellous progress to their culmination of genius in such artists as Signorelli, Ghirlandajo, Bazzi, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michel Angelo, not to copy or imitate them, for their art was of and for their times, but to understand its principles of growth, taste, and composition, which are true for all times. Happily the study and appreciation of the old masters in literature and art are extending among us, and in the degree of their cultivation our taste improves, the standard of criticism is raised, and the capacity of æsthetic enjoyment is increased. We are sanguine enough to believe that American taste will speedily enjoy them as they are enjoyed in the Old World, where their virtues have outlived time and approved their claim to immortality.

Art. V.—"COPPET ET WEIMAR."—MADAME DE STAËL.

Coppet et Weimar. Madame de Staël et la Grande Duchesse Louise. Par l'Auteur des Souvenirs de Madame Récamier. Paris. 1862.

A STANDARD biography of Madame de Staël is yet to be written. Her own account of her political career in *Les Dix Années d'Exil*, and what she has revealed of her inner life in *Corinne*, are in some respects more satisfactory than any memoir heretofore published.

Chateaubriand, Sainte Beuve, Benjamin Constant, Goethe, and indeed almost all her literary contemporaries, have recorded their impressions of her; but though these records are of value in forming an estimate of her character, they cannot meet the want of a connected and able biography. The memoir most widely known, and regarded as the best authority, is by Madame Necker de Saussure, and is affixed to the complete edition of Madame de Staël's writings. But this sketch is simply what the French style *un éloge*. Madame de Saussure herself disclaimed all idea of writing a biography. The niece of Monsieur Necker, with whom she was on terms of the closest intimacy, the friend and correspondent of Madame de Staël, she had ample materials at her command for the compilation of a complete, authentic, and highly interesting work. It is much to be regretted that she made so little use of her large advantages. Her sketch provokes curiosity without satisfying it. She passes over in silence, or with cursory mention, those episodes in Madame de Staël's life in which the world is most interested. In place of explanations and details, she strives to content the reader with tedious criticisms of the writings, and enthusiastic eulogiums on the character, of her relative.

Madame de Staël et la Grande Duchesse Louise, by Madame Lenormant, supplies in part some of Madame de Saussure's deficiencies. Though, like her predecessor, not professing to write a biography, she corrects misstatements in regard to Madame de Staël's political career, contributes some new facts in relation to her private life, and by inference, as well as by direct praise, gives a favorable view of her character. The

book abounds in pleasant and piquant anecdotes of the distinguished circle of which Madame de Staël was the centre, and is especially valuable as containing the first published series of her letters. In deference to her wishes, Madame de Staël's executors have heretofore withheld her private correspondence. It is true that a few of her letters are to be found in the memoirs of her contemporaries. Chateaubriand published several in his Autobiography; so also did Madame Lenormant in her Souvenirs of Madame Récamier; but no attempt has been made to collect and issue them in a volume by themselves. It was only from the conviction that the letters in possession of Madame Lenormant would be instrumental in refuting some erroneous statements in relation to Madame de Staël, and also in increasing the esteem entertained for her, that her executors consented to their appearance.

The originals of the letters addressed to the Grand-duchess Louise are still carefully preserved among the archives of Weimar. When the present Duke, a grandson of the Duchess, visited Paris, in 1845, he sought an introduction to Madame Récamier, and promised her a copy of her friend's letters to the Duchess. Upon his return to Weimar he had them copied under his own supervision, and sent to her, with a complimentary letter. These letters were bequeathed by Madame Récamier to her niece, Madame Lenormant.

It was at Weimar, in December, 1803, that the friendship out of which this correspondence grew was first formed. The wife of Karl August, the friend and patron of Goethe and Schiller, Louise was herself a remarkable person. Lewes says of her: "She was one of those rare beings who through circumstances the most trying, as well as through the ordinary details of life, manifest a noble character." The Duchess is famous in history for her personal courage. After the battle of Jena, when the French troops were pillaging Weimar, and the houses close to the ducal palace were in flames, she calmly awaited Napoleon at the top of the grand stairway. "Who are you, Madam?" he asked; she told him. "I pity you, then, for I shall crush your husband," was his reply. "That is a woman whom our two hundred cannon have

not frightened," he said, after another interview with her; and he repeatedly taunted the Duke with the fact, that he had spared him solely out of respect to his Duchess.

Madame de Staël was at Coppet when the news of the sacking of Weimar reached her. "Your conduct in passing events has become historical," she wrote in a letter to the Duchess, expressive of her esteem and admiration.

This correspondence would be more interesting if it included some of Louise's own letters. Madame de Staël's are generally formal. She never forgot for a moment that she was addressing royalty. The editor calls attention to the fact that no allusion is made to the Dowager Duchess Amelia in these letters. As Amelia occupied an important position at the Weimar court, and Madame de Staël constantly sends her respects to other friends, this omission is the more marked. To account for this neglect, Madame Lenormant gives us the choice of two reasons, — either that Madame de Staël did not like the Dowager, or that Louise did not. The latter seems the most probable. Lewes, in his Life of Goethe, describing Madame de Staël's sojourn at Weimar, says that the Dowager was enchanted with her, and it seems impossible that she could have disliked so warm-hearted and cordial a person. The mother and daughter-in-law were very different. Amelia was informal, impulsive, and fond of pleasure and gayety, while Louise is described as "being of a cold temperament, somewhat rigid in her enforcement of etiquette, and wearing to the last the old costume which had been the fashion in her youth." But if reserved in her manners, the Duchess was constant in her affections; and the friendship between her and Madame de Staël only terminated with the death of the latter.

It was during this visit to Weimar that Madame de Staël first met Goethe and Schiller. The impression she made upon the poets, though lively, was not so favorable as that upon the court. Schiller was shy of her.

"The Devil has sent here a French she-philosopher," he wrote to Korner, "who is of all living creatures I ever met the most vivacious, the most inclined to argue, the most ready with words. But she is also the most cultivated, the most *spirituelle* of women, and if she were not really interesting I would not disturb myself about her.

"You can, however, imagine how such an apparition and such a wit, who is at the head of French culture (which is entirely opposed to ours), and who comes suddenly upon us from the abyss of another world, must contrast with the German nature; and how much she differs from me. She frightens away all my poetry, and I am at a loss for words. I see her often, and, furthermore, as I cannot express myself readily in French, I really pass terrible hours. One is obliged, however, to esteem and honor highly this woman, for her beautiful intelligence, and for her spirit, which is broad and liberal on many sides." — p. 37.

Goethe was at Jena when Madame de Staël arrived at Weimar. Though he sent her an invitation to visit him at his own house, promising a cordial welcome, he resisted all entreaties to come to Weimar till a message from the Duke summoned him. But he was cold and formal to her, — as he was to all to whom he was not specially attracted, — and only at intervals brilliant and talkative. Madame de Staël said of him: "When I saw Goethe, he had no longer that winning ardor which inspired him in Werther; but the heat of his thoughts sufficed to excite him. One might say that life had no longer power to move him. He portrays it only as an artist, and attaches more value to the pictures he paints than the emotions which he feels. Time has converted him into a spectator."

Of Schiller she spoke more warmly. But it is evident that she liked both the friends better than they liked her. Lewes states that they were delighted when she left Weimar after a visit of three months. De Quincey, accounting for this non-appreciation, says that Baron William von Humboldt attributed it to the fact that neither Goethe nor Schiller was familiar with "the fluencies of oral French," and supposed "that mere spite at the trouble they found in limping after the lady, so as to catch one thought that she uttered, had been the true cause of their unfavorable sentence upon her."*

From Weimar Madame de Staël went to Berlin, where she met Augustus Schlegel, who was afterward domesticated in her family for eight years, as tutor to her sons. Constant association with a man of Schlegel's learning and taste must

* Essay on Conversation.

have been a source of enjoyment, and have somewhat sweetened the bitterness of exile. According to Madame Lenormant there were, however, drawbacks to this pleasure. Schlegel had his weaknesses. He was vain and irritable, and it required all the tact of Madame de Staël to avoid wounding his self-love. He spoke to her in private with the utmost deference, but he was so fearful that his position in her household might be considered subordinate, that he constantly addressed her in the presence of strangers as "*Chère amie.*" This want of taste annoyed Madame de Staël excessively, but she never allowed him to perceive her chagrin. Schlegel accompanied her in that tour through Italy of which *Corinne* was the fruit. Madame Lenormant thus describes his influence: —

"Schlegel was a precious guide in Italy. He had studied thoroughly the arts, and loved and appreciated them. He succeeded in interesting Madame de Staël in them by ingenious comparisons between the beauties of plastic art and the *chef-d'œuvres* of literature. She was one of those who learn to enjoy art by means of reasoning, analogy, and reflection, but who do not feel at first sight a rapid and instinctive emotion."

The most curious and interesting of all the letters in Madame Lenormant's collection is one of Schlegel's, which has never before been edited. It was found among Madame de Staël's correspondence, and is addressed to Matthieu, Duke of Montmorency, a zealous Romanist. As it is too long to be given in full, we make a few extracts.

"I owe much to literary occupations, which I have regarded for a long time as my natural vocation. At an early hour these pursuits have turned me from vulgar pleasures; they have made me less eager after worldly interests, by opening to me sources of enjoyment which are innocent, and independent of fortune." — p. 195.

"I respect infinitely the works of Madame Guyon. They are a living well-spring of love and faith. I read many extracts of hers last winter, and I have several of her writings. But it must be borne in mind, in reading them, as in reading everything else, that it is necessary to hold to the spirit, and not to the letter. What is essential and difficult in the works of Madame Guyon is, not to stamp her words on the memory, but to apply to one's self the experiences that she commu-

nicates; to turn the soul towards God; to unite one's self with him, and to hear his voice in the silence of contemplation." — p. 201.

"I have taken no decided resolution in respect to my old project of returning into the bosom of the Church. In the mean while, I have such strong and reiterated calls that I almost reproach myself with purely worldly motives for resisting them. Some geniuses, who have devoted themselves, by their poems and works of art, to the glorification of the Church, first made me perceive the divine splendor of this majestic edifice. A young person whom I cherished with all my soul has been through her obsequies received into the bosom of this Church, to which she did not belong during her life. In grief for her loss, the most heart-rending that I have ever felt, I have found the first consolation in Catholic temples. In prostrating myself before the chapel of 'Notre Dame des Ermites,' where so many poor pilgrims seek refuge, I have felt distinctly an inward voice which called me to her. My brother and several honored friends have cleared the way, and I shall unite myself to them more closely in following their example. In fact, I cannot witness any ceremony, nor enter even into temples sacred to this worship, without being touched with this religious *Magianism*, as a profound writer calls it. I am very far from confounding exterior worship with that of the soul, of which it is the type; but I consider the first as a powerful means of exerting those holy inclinations which the inward worship requires. The interior of a sacred place is the best barrier between us and earthly passions. The bended knee is the emblem of humility and of contrition, but it contributes also to create in us these sentiments. The holy water with which we sprinkle ourselves cannot, by its own virtue, purify us, but it recalls to us our stains, and the sign of the cross, so to speak, is the visible compass of our salvation." — pp. 197, 198.

Augustus Schlegel never joined the Romish Church; still this letter proves without a doubt that he had, at one time at least, a strong bias in that direction.

Madame de Staël's expostulatory letter to the First Consul is also published here at length for the first time.

"October, 1803.

"I was living quietly at Maffliers, under the assurance that you were pleased to give me that I might remain there, when I was told of the arrival of the officers to take me away with my two children. Citizen Consul, I cannot believe it! you would be treating me cruelly. I should have a page in your history. You would break the heart of my venerable father, who would, I am sure, notwithstanding his age, seek

you to demand what crime I had committed, what crime his family had committed, to merit so barbarous a treatment. If you wish me to leave France, give me a passport for Germany, and the privilege of eight days at Paris, to procure the necessary funds, and to see a physician for my daughter, six years old, whom the journey has fatigued. In any other country such a request would not be refused. Citizen Consul, the persecution of a woman and two children is not worthy of you. A hero should be the protector of the weak. I beseech you once more, grant me a full pardon. Let me live in peace in my father's house at Saint Ouen. It is near enough to Paris to allow my son to go to the Polytechnic School when he is of the proper age, and yet so far off that I cannot be considered a resident.

"I will go away in the spring, when it will be prudent to travel with children.

"Finally, Citizen Consul, reflect a moment before causing so great a grief to one so defenceless. A great many favors bestowed may not, perhaps, inspire a gratitude so true and lasting as I shall feel for an act of simple justice.

"I am with respect, Citizen Consul, your very humble and obedient servant,

"NECKER STAEL DE HOLSTEIN."

Madame de Staël was willing to supplicate, but she was too honest and consistent to make concessions, and concessions alone could mollify her powerful enemy. Shortly after the *coup d'état*, the First Consul made an effort, through Joseph Bonaparte, to conciliate his feminine opponent. "Why does not Madame de Staël," he said, "attach herself to my government? What does she want? The payment of her father's claim? She shall have it. Permission to remain in Paris? I will grant it. In short, what is it she wants?" "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Madame de Staël, when Joseph reported this to her; "the question is not what I want, but what I think."

In *Les Dix Années d'Exil* she describes the anxious months preceding her exile, and her despair when the sentence which she had been dreading was actually passed. Her reply to the officer in charge, who complimented her upon her writings, is amusing from its petulance. "You see, sir," she said, "the consequences of being a woman of intellect. If any of your family are so inclined, I beseech you to discourage

them." She adds, "I tried to fortify myself by my pride, but I felt the arrow at my heart." There is probably but little exaggeration in her constant lamentations over her exile. Paris was her world. "Show me La Rue du Bac," she once said, when begged to admire Lake Leman. She often declared that she would be content to live in Paris upon a hundred louis a year, and lodge in a fourth story. Her attachment seems to have been in some degree local. In 1806, when she visited Paris secretly, her greatest delight was to steal out at night to see the streets by the light of the moon.

In her second letter to Napoleon, accompanying a copy of *L'Allemagne*, she enters into quite an elaborate defence of her love for Paris, and paints the misery of her exile in glowing colors. Her eloquence was wasted. One word of published commendation from her pen would have had more effect than any number of letters. Napoleon showed his appreciation of the compliment of her book by the seizure and suppression of the whole edition. Madame de Staël was in despair. "I counted so much on the help my book would give in maintaining me, and now here are ten years of labor and study and travel almost lost." Madame Lenormant inserts Madame de Broglie's account of an interview at Chambery between the Emperor and Madame de Staël's eldest son, Augustus, which shows Napoleon's peculiarities in a strong light.

"'Where do you come from?' asked the Emperor.

"'Sire, from Geneva.'

"'Where is your mother?'

"'She is at Vienna, or has nearly reached that city.'

"'Ah! she is well, then; she ought to be contented; she will learn German. Your mother is not mischievous; she has wit, plenty of wit; but she is unaccustomed to any kind of subordination.'

"The young man entreated that his mother might be allowed to come to Paris. He spoke with much warmth.

"'Your mother,' answered the Emperor, 'would not be six months in Paris before I should be obliged to send her to the Bicêtre or the Temple; and I should be sorry, because it would cause some excitement, and perhaps injure me a little in public opinion.

"'So you may tell her that, as long as I live, she shall not return to Paris. She would do foolish things; she would receive society; she

would make jokes. To all this she attaches no importance; but I think differently. I take everything seriously.

"'Once more, why should your mother wish to put herself within reach of my *tyranny*? for you see I speak plainly. Let her go to Rome, Naples, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, Lyons; if she wants to publish libels, let her go to London. I should think of her with pleasure in any of these cities; but Paris, you see, is where I live myself, and I want none but those who love me there. If I should let her come to Paris, she would do absurd things; she would cause me to lose all the people about me; she would cause me to lose Garat. Was it not through her that I lost the Tribunate? She could not help talking politics.

"'If your mother were at Paris, they would always be bringing me stories about her. Once more, Paris is where I live; I will not have her there.'

"Upon renewed solicitations, the Emperor continued: —

"'You are very young; if you were at my age, your judgment upon such matters would be better; but I like to hear a son plead the cause of his mother.

"'Your mother has given you a very difficult commission, and you have acquitted yourself well. I am pleased to have had this conversation with you; but you will obtain nothing. The king of Naples has petitioned me often upon the subject, but without success. If I had put her in prison, I would retract the sentence; but exile, no.

"'Everybody understands that to be a prisoner is a misfortune, but your mother cannot be unhappy when I leave her all Europe.'" — pp. 124, 125.

The time came, however, when the despotic Emperor would have been glad to welcome to Paris the woman he had persecuted. Upon his escape from Elba, he found it an easy matter to conciliate Benjamin Constant, one of the most violent of his opponents; and he anticipated the same success with Madame de Staël. He sent for her, on the plea that her presence was needed in Paris for the encouragement of constitutional ideas. She was at Coppet when she received this message. She refused to return. "He has done without either a constitution or me for the last twelve years," she said; "and even now he is not much fonder of one than of the other."

But, much as Madame de Staël rejoiced in the downfall of Napoleon, she was too devoted a patriot to relish the occupation of France by foreign troops. She was in England in

1814, when Paris was taken by the allies. "Why do you felicitate me upon an event which fills me with despair," she said, when her friends congratulated her. She returned to Paris, but it was not the Paris for which she had been pining for ten long years. The sight of the foreign soldiery was a constant mortification; and, before Napoleon escaped from Elba, she talked of going to Greece, to write there a poem upon Richard Cœur de Lion. This project was never accomplished. After the hundred days, a trip to Italy for the benefit of M. de Rocca's health, and negotiations relating to her daughter's marriage, prevented her return to Paris.

Madame Lenormant gives us no further information concerning M. de Rocca, the young officer whom Madame de Staël privately married in 1811. We simply know that she met him first at Geneva, where he was suffering from the wounds he had received in the Peninsular War. She was kind to him, and he fell in love with her. Madame de Saussure and Madame Lenormant state that she was happy in this connection. But we can hardly imagine a woman being happy in a marriage of which she was ashamed. Madame de Staël was not accustomed to concealments, and her endeavors to keep this connection from the knowledge of the world must have been a perpetual trial to one of her temperament. Not even to Madame Récamier, her tried and confidential friend, did she confide her secret. M. de Rocca's wretched health was another source of anxiety. She watched over him with the greatest solicitude; and he survived her one year. Chateaubriand, who saw Madame de Staël several times during her last illness, thus describes his first and last meeting with M. de Rocca.

"I approached, and, when my eye grew a little accustomed to the darkness, I distinguished the invalid. Her cheeks were flushed with fever; her expression was bright; she knew me, in spite of the obscurity, and said, 'Bon jour, *my dear* Francis.* I am suffering, but that does not prevent me loving you.' She extended her hand, which I pressed and kissed. Raising my head, I perceived something on the opposite side of the couch, in the space between the bed and the wall,

* Madame de Staël always adopted the English rendering of "Mon cher" when addressing Chateaubriand.

which rose white and meagre. It was M. de Rocca. His face was haggard, his cheeks were hollow, his eyes bloodshot, and his complexion undefinable. He was dying; and I had never seen him before, and I have never seen him since. He said nothing, but inclined his head as he passed me. I could not hear his footfall; he glided away like a shade. Pausing a moment at the door, the shadowy idol turned toward the bed, making a sign with his fingers, as though summoning Madame de Staël. These two spectres, looking at each other in silence, — the one upright and pale, the other seated, and flushed by the blood ready to flow down and freeze at her heart, — made me shudder."

Madame de Staël died in July, 1817, at the age of fifty-one. She had returned to Paris the preceding January, when her altered appearance struck her friends with dismay. But, though miserably weak, and only able to sleep by means of opiates, she was not aware of her situation. She received her friends as usual, and invited them to dinner, though not able to be present herself. Shortly before her death, she said to Chateaubriand: "Happy or sorrowful, I have always been the same. I have loved God, my father, and liberty." She ejaculated repeatedly, "My father is waiting for me on the other shore." In a conversation with Augustus Schlegel, she remarked: "I think I know what the passage is from life to death, and I am sure that the goodness of God will soften it. Our brain is confused, and the suffering is not very acute." Her anticipations were realized. She passed away quietly in sleep. Her death was a great blow to her friends, and Madame Récamier was especially inconsolable. The friendship between these women redounds to the honor of both. Between the greatest beauty and the most gifted woman of their day there existed the most perfect sympathy and affection. Madame de Staël enjoyed the successes of her lovely friend in society, and, though she coveted her beauty, was never jealous of her popularity. Her remark, that she would barter all her talents for the boon of beauty, has often been cited as a proof of her overweening vanity. It proceeded more probably from a desire to be loved. She had seen in the universal adoration of Madame Récamier the power of beauty, and she longed for something better and sweeter than intellectual incense. No one can read Madame de Staël's writings without recognizing her immense

capacity for loving. It is true, she sought and challenged homage of the intellect; but it was only because her heart was restless and unsatisfied. "I will force my daughter," she says, "to make a marriage of inclination"; and she does not compliment Madame Récamier so much upon her beauty as upon her power of inspiring affection. "I have told you a thousand times," she writes, "that you are the happiest of human beings, and you will not believe me. I see, however, the impression you make. I know that it is at the same time magical and engaging, and such power seems to me to be the most sublime earthly happiness."

Her letters to this friend outnumber those to the Duchess, and are decidedly more interesting. They are confidential, and breathe the tenderest affection. Madame Lenormant's comments and explanations, forming a sort of running biography in connection with the correspondence, are always pleasant. Her refutations of M. Thiers's mistake in regard to Madame de Staël's course during the hundred days are able and satisfactory, while her extracts from contemporary writers are judicious and timely. For these as well as other reasons *Coppet et Weimar* will be regarded as a valuable contribution to literature, and must commend itself to all interested in the author of *L'Allemagne* and *Corinne*.

Art. VI. — AFRICANS IN AMERICA, AND THEIR NEW GUARDIANS.

1. *The True Story of the Barons of the South.* By E. W. Reynolds. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.
2. *The Cotton Kingdom.* By Frederic Law Olmsted. New York: Mason Brothers.
3. *Correspondence of the Educational Commission.* (Unpublished.)

The Compromise of 1850 was a boundary very clearly marked in our political history. It was an epoch from which to date a new phase in the great controversy that has so perplexed the life of our nation. It was a moment of artificial

and unstable equilibrium, — an armistice which the stage of the campaign compelled, which the stress of the campaign would certainly invade before long. Eight months of deadlock in the machinery of government satisfied each party that it was in no condition to push any immediate conquests, and must accept a truce. No well-informed person doubts now that the programme of Secession was pretty thoroughly matured as early as then; and no thoughtful person then, who had watched the course of the debate, could fail to see that a conflict had been deferred, perhaps averted, for which the North was certainly unprepared, whatever the South might be. The phases of it since, or its magnitude, no one could anticipate then with any clearness; yet it is within our personal knowledge that President Fillmore, in assenting to the terms of compromise, did it under the conviction that the controversy was sure to issue in blood eventually; that the best wisdom of a statesman, and his official duty at any rate, was to put it off as long as possible.

At the bottom of the controversy lay the dark fact of an enslaved race in one section of the republic, — a race increasing rapidly in numbers, to some extent in intelligence and power, and attracting to an extraordinary degree the attention and sympathy of the civilized world, — a race making the basis of the system of industry, the social structure, and the political power of a large community. Philanthropy had, in a sense, assumed the special guardianship of this race, — a guardianship which had been resented with the most violent pride and indignation. The pride and indignation were natural and sincere. We need not assume that the claim made by many of the masters, in the name of humanity and intelligence, was not sincere also. No doubt whatever exists in our own mind, that humane men, enlightened and thoughtful men, in the South, believed as fully in the tutelage of the blacks committed providentially to their hands, as most men believe in anything. They believed that the legal tutelage of that race, involving to some degree property in their persons and the labor of their sinews, was the only way of saving them from vagabondage, and the whole structure of society from ruin. And they wished sincerely that this "involuntary

responsibility," as they termed it, might be exercised in humanity and good faith. They believed that the improving and Christianizing of that race, even its rescue from actual Bushman savagery, could be effected only by such guardianship, and, substantially and for the present, in no other way. The settlement of 1850 was an agreement to leave that guardianship undisturbed.

The truce, from the nature of things, was treacherous and unstable. There was conviction on one side, and passion on the other. Conviction was stifled, not subdued; passion was checked, not overawed. State pride, irritable and fierce, smouldered, ready to blaze out in the war of sections. On the morning of Mr. Webster's speech of March 7th, 1850, we happened to hear at the Capitol a conversation between a Northern man of the conservative and compromising sort and a Marylander. Said this latter, "I have no interest of my own in slavery; I do not hold a single slave, and in case of a war my own State will be the first to suffer; but if you will give us no other rights, *we will have the rights of belligerents.*" It was very hard for most of us in the North to believe that the question had come to that so soon; and no little cavil was encountered by those who considered the threat of disunion to be anything more than a card in the game, which had been played so often that it must be pretty nearly played out. We had ten years yet to wait.

Certainly it was a tremendous problem presented to one living in the midst of a slave community, — the existence of an institution at bay against all the moral and political forces of Christendom; an institution making the very foundation of their society, their laws, their system of industry, and their political strength, with the perishing of which all the great prizes of men's ambition — wealth, power, office, that rude, semi-feudal nobility which comes of the ownership of townships stocked with men — must be swept away. The alternative lay between holding out in an attitude of defiance against the civilized world, fortifying, spreading, defending that condition of society against all odds; and the painful, patient, hazardous, doubtful task of meeting the case with radical remedies, — the reconstruction of the whole fabric of society

on a pattern in harmony with the ideas and the conscience of the age. It is not wise or right in us to disguise the difficulty. It is not in the least a matter of wonder that fallible men chose the former way.

Whether the other way was possible, with the actually existing elements of Southern society, it is not for us to say. Assuming it to be possible, we endeavored, early in this interval of peace, to suggest in outline what course of policy might probably be followed; to sketch, in other words, the normal method by which a community might outgrow so deeply rooted a malady.* What we said then in substance had been strongly impressed upon our mind ten years before, in Virginia, in conversation with intelligent travelling companions belonging to that State; and we still think the course of events likely to take the direction then anticipated. Only, we doubt whether the history of mankind hitherto has shown the nation gifted with the wisdom, the courage, and the high tone of public morality which would perhaps have been required to carry through the processes of so vast a solution voluntarily. An autocrat, of great intellect and noble heart, may possibly have the vantage-ground to enable him to inaugurate the task; and never was autocratic power so august a thing as at this hour in the hands of Alexander of Russia. Generally, the solution must come bloodily, from the collision of hostile ideas that have put on armor and learned to handle bayonets. The steps of progress in human things are steps of conquest. The victorious idea builds its trophy out of materials shattered with strong blows, and cements it with the blood spilt from hostile veins. Certainly there was nothing in slavery, as such, to shield it from the usual fatality; and nothing in the system of society resting on it to make it peculiarly vulnerable to spiritual weapons, or plastic to Christian ideas.

So, while the future is still the realm of liberty and hope, the past is seen in the grasp of a hard necessity. Not vindictively now, in wrath or hate, as when we withstood them, but as inevitable steps in a conflict which, humanly speaking,

* See Christian Examiner for September, 1854.

could not have been averted, we look back on the courses of policy that have brought us where we are. The overthrow of the Missouri Compromise, in 1854, was the logical corollary of the earlier settlement. The struggle for Kansas followed, shaped by the dire conditions of frantic life into which that element of strife had been deliberately invited. And, without the passions of that struggle, — bringing the hostile powers face to face in a limited field, just far enough away for us to see it safely while we felt the keenness and the terror of it, — the nation would never be where it is now, — North and West pulsing with one great life, nerved by one great hate of treason, stirred by one grand loyalty, and pledged to defend one free republic, bounded by lake, gulf, and ocean. It is not with merely a shout of triumph, but with a sense of awe and a certain pathos, that we see the passing away of a great, proud fabric of society amid the clash of arms. In the story of the fall of dynasties, history will record among its scenes not least solemn and imposing the destruction of the slave empire of the South, in a conflict invited by its own madness, and inaugurated by its own deliberate crime.

Since the first act of war, initiated fourteen months ago, it has been very clear that the rebellious States had forfeited whatever political right they might claim for the defence and upholding of their "peculiar institution." If slavery is to be tolerated henceforth, it will not be by merit of any compromises of the past, but because no immediate issue out of it is apparent. As a dominant power in the state, its day is done. The freedom of the capital and the freedom of the Territories takes away the fulcrum and the long end of the lever by which it had so powerful a purchase. In losing these, we fully believe what the defenders of slavery have said all along, — that it has lost its lease of authority and its lease of life. It is impossible for us to share the fears which some express, lest the slave power should ever regain its political predominance, or slavery itself have anything more than a lingering, perilous, and despised estate in the future. A treacherous, vicious, undermining element it will no doubt remain in our politics, so long as it remains at all. But we believe that, when this war is over, its last great battle is fought; and that it will

die as the snake dies whose fangs are out and whose back is broken. So desperate a thing as this rebellion would not have been undertaken except for the conviction of its desperate need, combined with two things which can never be again, — the preparation that came from long possession of power directed towards this end, and the sense of security that came from a great monopoly of trade. Both are forfeited in the very act of rebellion. The dream of a grand tropical empire, resting on the enslavement of the African race on a vast scale, and controlling from its imperial centre the industry of the globe, is sped. The ports of the South have not been more effectually shut up against foreign trade by our blockading squadrons, than the vagrant ambition of the South is blocked from its career of dominion by the forewarned rivalries of European states. Besides, all power rests in great part on imagination and prestige. It is the card held in the hand that commands the possibilities of the game. When that is played, and lost, the gambler cannot retrieve his fortune. The spectre of Disunion, so potent twelve years ago, has been met and laid. The fair blazons that glozed the nature of the thing have been stripped off, torn and stained, in the dusty fight. Since Manassas, and its shocking revival of mediæval relic-hunting, chivalry is no longer a word to fascinate our cheated fancy. The aristocracy built up on human ownership lost its spell when we saw how it could steal and lie and kill. As a political power, we trust the end of the war will find it thoroughly disarmed by the loss of its three-fifths representation, and as a social power, by the forfeit of its fugitive-rendition law. If not, these will be but a poor crutch at best. The moral eminence and prestige of the slaveholding aristocracy, such as they were, are irremediably gone; while its military strength, its last resort and its loudest boast, has been fairly met and thoroughly beaten in the field of its own selection. From this time forth, the slave power in our republic, if it exists at all, does so as a subordinate thing, baffled and whipped.

We dismiss, then, from our consideration at present, any thought of the future political fortunes of the system of slavery. Such thoughts are crowded out by that spectacle which

we are witnessing, — the commencement of one of those grand migrations which alter the character of vast populations and inaugurate new eras of history. The territory of the South is already occupied by more than half a million of Northern men in the flush of victory and the pride of strength. We need by no means assume that the vast landed estates of the South are going to be the prize of conquest, or the forfeit of rebellion. This would only hasten a process, which needs no such forcing to make it sure. The war will inevitably throw open a great land market. The tides of emigration will follow the track of arms. And we leave out of the account the fascination of pine-barrens, rice-swamps, cane-brakes, and bayous. A district of a thousand square miles, within a half-day's reach of Washington, lies unplanted this summer, inviting the toil of free colonists. Regiments of New England boys encamp close by the Blue Ridge, ready at a day's notice to hold the sumptuous valley below, which we remember, of a fair May afternoon, fragrant for miles with blossoming clover breast-deep. The three grand harbors of the Southern coast are occupied — as the others are controlled — by the most hardy and resolute of Northern men, who dictate the terms on which business shall flourish and commerce be restored. Florida, sometimes called the Italy of this continent, — in which phrase the compliment to the Everglades is possibly a little overdone, — is abandoned, with all its charm of climate and its strategic coast-line, to the peaceable possession of the government that bought, cleared, and fortified it. The great Northwest has undertaken and fulfilled the contract to open the highway of the Mississippi to the sea; and so not only redeems to the nation the territory purchased and maintained for great national uses, but establishes the dominance of a free population throughout the fertile regions of the Valley and the Gulf. Nor is the grand drama wanting in its two tragic passions of terror and pity. The women and children who fled, sobbing and crying, from Beaufort, as Dupont's thunders ceased echoing off Hilton Head, were as real and as pitiful exiles as the Protestant refugees who first occupied the shores of Port Royal; while the forsaken negroes of the Sea-Island plantations have invited the fairest and ripest

culture of our New England cities to win them from their barbarism, and consecrate the transfer of the African race in America to its new guardians.

It is quite too early to speculate with much confidence on the results of a movement so vast, so sure to leave deepening traces in the coming generations. We are not among those who condemn our government for not hastening the movement by an act of immediate emancipation. For this, we are sure, the country was unprepared. In the North, it would have invited the most furious strife of parties, instead of that magnificent uprising of a nation's loyalty which we have witnessed. In the South, it would have forced on an internecine war of section and race, which hardly any imaginable benefits of mere freedom would have been sufficient to set off. We admire the caution, full as much as we do the strong and courageous grasp, with which the helm has been governed, as we shot those perilous rapids we are fast leaving behind. To restore the dominion of constitutional law, in the midst of dangers that the world was almost agreed to pronounce fatal, seems to us a grander triumph than to inaugurate a revolution so convulsive as that must have been. But we should be sorry not to believe that the victory and security of freedom have been the end held steadily in view by the administration, or that it has not taken advantage of events, as far as seemed right and safe, to secure those noblest objects of human government, which, to all right minds, are hardly less sacred than the very existence of government itself.

A very slight review of the points at which slavery has been touched in the progress of the war will serve to bring us back to the immediate topic of our discussion.

Among the alleged motives of secession, we find expressed alarm at the increase of the slave population, with apprehensions (as in the Mobile "Declaration of Causes") of "negro equality" to result from the Republican triumph; and among its earliest steps we find the forming of "vigilance associations" to repress the liberties of negroes, and the enrolling of "minute men" to enforce the *law of the suspect*, with a ferocity worthy of the palmiest days of the Reign of Terror.

In April, 1861, during the famous march of the Massachu-

setts Eighth to the relief of Washington, General Butler offered the service of his troops to suppress a threatened insurrection in Maryland, taking the ground, in his correspondence with Governor Andrew, that his duty was, everywhere alike and simply, the defence of law.

In May, at Fortress Monroe, General Butler refused to surrender, to the claim of masters in rebellion, slaves liable to be employed in the service of the enemy, as contraband of war, which phrase has nearly supplanted every other in familiar talk, where refugee slaves are spoken of. From this time the fortress has been the resort of a population of several thousand fugitives.

In August, this decision was sanctioned by an act of Congress, confiscating such property of the rebels, slaves included, as had actually been employed for hostile uses.

In September, General Fremont, hard pressed by the difficulties of his department, declared by proclamation all slaves of rebel masters in Missouri free. This act was limited in its operation by the President to the cases covered by the confiscation act of Congress; but its principle has been adopted in a bill just passed by the House of Representatives.

In November, after the conquest of Port Royal, a large district, including the celebrated Sea Islands, was forsaken by its white inhabitants, who took with them many of the ablerbodied and more intelligent of the slaves, leaving ten or twelve thousand more to the protection of the United States.

Early in the present year, an article of war was enacted to remedy the scandal and cruelty of repeated surrender of fugitive slaves by army officers, forbidding any one in the military service of the United States to deliver up any such fugitive.

In March, on the recommendation of the President, a resolution was passed by Congress, offering the aid of the national treasury to such States as shall determine on a policy of emancipation. This measure was presented on purely political grounds, to detach the interests of the Border States from those of the Slave States.

By the act of April 16, emancipation was decreed by Congress in the District of Columbia, a million dollars being appropriated for compensation to loyal owners.

By an act approved June 20, slavery was forever prohibited in Territories of the United States; and a treaty has within a month passed its final stage of ratification, by which America concedes to England the right of visitation and search, for the more effectual suppression of the African slave-trade.

On the 9th of May, General Hunter, commanding at Hilton Head, issued a proclamation declaring emancipation, as the necessary result of martial law, throughout his military district, including the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. This act has been since disowned by the President, who, however, in doing it, intimates that this extreme measure, emancipation by authority of the war-power, may yet be held in reserve, and entreats attention to the resolution passed by Congress in March.

Still later, Mr. Stanley, Military Governor of North Carolina, has attempted to put in force the Black Code of that State, by the rendition of fugitives, the suppression of colored schools, and the expulsion of free citizens who remonstrated against his course, — a perversion of arbitrary power which, it is understood, has been promptly rebuked by the President.

These are the phases of progress hitherto, marked by brief steps in these crowded months, which serve to measure the advance we are making towards a practical resolution of this hard matter. A task of practical statesmanship more perplexed and delicate, and surrounded by more conflicting circumstances, could hardly have been given to any government. It will no doubt prove to have been wise, on the whole, not to hurry or anticipate matters, to leave as much as possible to the solution of events, and not to dictate in advance any line of policy which a few days more might show to be mischievous or needless. Besides, one must consider not only what materials he has to work on, but what tools he has to work with. Slaves have been "delivered up" by our regiments under circumstances of great barbarity and infamy, — even, it is said, slaves who have hazarded their lives to bring important information to the camp. Their presence within the lines has been forbidden by military rule by some of our commanding generals; while in other cases, as in the great victories of Roanoke Island and Fort Donelson, they have brought the

precise information, at the critical time, on which the success turned; and their service has been of infinite value as guides in the forests of Virginia, and as pilots in the waters of the Carolinas. By constant testimony, slaves have been freely employed by the rebel armies, not only in fortifications, but in the ranks; while the story is told of a free negro, who, for the mere suggestion that the blacks would "love to fight" on the side of the Union, was brutally knocked down by a Northern officer. And while these outrages, or many of them, as well as the clumsy game of cross-purposes in issuing proclamations only to be nullified and disowned, might have been checked by a few plain rules laid down at starting, yet the very temper they evince, even among some of our best officers and men, shows the immense difficulties that beset the government at every stage in dealing with any matter that rouses that most irritable instinct, the prejudice of race. So we blunder on, and feel our way by groping as in the dark. Meanwhile, steps have been already taken for enlisting negro regiments in some departments of the service, — probably for pioneer as well as garrison duty; and it seems to be well understood that the President stands prepared, should the military situation absolutely demand, to declare immediate and unconditional emancipation. By no fallacy, and under no pretext, shall slavery be allowed to destroy the government, or divide the territory of the republic.

A double process is denoted in the record we have just given, which it is very interesting to observe. On the one hand, the interest of the dominant race, the welfare of the republic at large, is consulted in those measures which impress one type more distinctly on its policy, — such as the freedom of the District, the freedom of the Territories (including the homestead act), and the steps taken towards general emancipation. On the other hand, the government accepts more and more frankly the position which the year's history illustrates so clearly, — that the guardianship of the colored race is forfeited by its former masters, and is now in the keeping of the Union at large, and of the North, which more and more represents the Union. To some of the questions raised by this new posture of affairs we shall direct the rest of what we have to say.

First, the direct effects of the war on the institution of slavery. In the cruelly suggestive language of the market, the Southern country has been divided in two portions, — the slave-producing and the slave-consuming States. And the conditions of demand and supply had got so far adjusted as to make that population much more stationary than our theories would have taught. As long ago as September, 1848, we pointed out in this journal that tendency or drift of the colored race which indicates the great Southwest as its future home. Statistics still justify the theory, but by a rate of progress almost imperceptible, and quite baffling to our anticipations. The natural law of emigration was held in check by two things, — the political advantage given to slavery, which made it next to impossible to get the leverage to displace it where once established, and the systematizing of that detestable "branch of industry" which fed the enormous consumption of the cotton and sugar plantations. So that, up to the very outset of the war, our prophecies have been confounded by finding the Border States apparently as far from emancipation as thirty years ago. The efforts to restore the African slave-trade at the South, and the war of attack and defence waged along the northern frontier of slavery, were mere incidents in the struggle by which the equilibrium was violently maintained. Against a structure already strained and undermined, war strikes a shattering blow. The conciliatory proposal of the President only anticipates what time would have rudely and violently compelled, — emancipation in the Border States, resulting from the conflict into which they were fatally dragged. It found Delaware on the very verge of adopting the policy it suggests. In Maryland, it has led to a resolute expression of the need to make that State independent of the interests and the dictation of the South. Kentucky has suffered too much from the war to be tender towards the rebellion, its authors, or its cause; and is in the mood to welcome, we should think, so hopeful an offer of relief. In Missouri, — a great peninsula of bondage thrust out into the free Northwest, — the slave population has dwindled, we are told, from the figures of the last census (114,965) as low as to fifty thousand; and the Legislature there have just

opened the question of emancipation as a point of State policy to be met hereafter at the polls, by a courteous response to the resolutions of Congress. Western Virginia, by astonishing majorities, has virtually decided that question in the affirmative; while in Eastern Virginia, where the name "contraband" itself had origin, the shock of war is likely to leave very little standing of what the government policy may spare.* A year of war has had the effect, apparently, of pushing back the frontier line of slavery an average of some two hundred miles.

But this superficial and visible effect shown in the policy of States is of less account than the wholesale process of disintegration that accompanies the steps of revolution. For every batch of slaves hurried southward to a market already overstocked and stagnant, an equal number have herded within the shelter of camps or under the guns of forts, or have improved the confusion of the time for flight to the bleak lands of promise in the North. Every acre that is forsaken, every cotton-bale that is burnt, every field-hand that is turned from the raising of the great staples of the market to the planting of corn, or twisting of hemp, or heaping up of earthworks, every body-servant lost, strayed, or stolen by the accidents of war, — does something to weaken the system for whose sake the blow was struck. Slavery, as we have known and understood it, has been a thing depending for its very life-breath on access to foreign markets, — on the world's demand for the raw produce of its fields. What it shall become smothered under a blockade, with its vital currents turned back upon itself, changing its system of industry, destroying its costly

* Since this paragraph was written, we have met the following testimony of a newspaper correspondent: "If the rebels are now driven out of Virginia, and still persist in this rebellion, in the course of a few weeks the institution of slavery in Virginia will be turned upside down and inside out by this contraband movement. First, the extortions of the rebel army, and secondly, the spoliations and destructive work of the Vandals in our own army, have literally reduced hundreds of Virginia families, who were wealthy one year ago, to downright beggary." Governor Letcher says, in a recent message: "The loss to the citizens of Virginia in the item of slave property alone far exceeds the loss from the destruction of cotton or any other species of property during the war. Counties in Virginia have been overrun, containing an aggregate slave population of 80,728 by the late census, and which, at a moderate valuation, is worth, in round numbers, $45,000,000."

products in despair, demoralized by the presence of hostile camps, crowded into a narrowing area by a vast armed emigration, it may not be easy to guess; certainly it will be something very different from the domineering system whose political loyalty and industrial creed were summed up in the phrase "Cotton is king."

Some of these effects may seem far off, speculative, and unreal. But one result is tangible to the most callous touch, intelligible to the meanest capacity. War only precipitates the crisis which other processes would have brought on more slowly. The time is fast coming when slavery, as a system of industry, *will not pay*. Pride and the habit of dominion may hold out long against this result, just as a strong swimmer will struggle in the current of a deep river; but it must succumb at length. Commercially speaking, the chief end of man is to succeed. The first duty of a system or an enterprise which seeks to maintain itself before the world is to show a balance in hand. The laws of political economy are inexorable. They may be propitiated, as Carthage propitiated her idols, by the blood of human victims; by the sacrifice of a race, as the Africans, or of a class, as the Sand-hillers and mean whites generally. But the time will come when the expiatory virtue ceases, and the law must have its way. The loss in the market valuation of slave property is a gauge of the advance already made towards a crisis that will engulf the whole system of slavery itself. That loss, in the present war, by a mild estimate, is set down at a thousand millions of dollars.

The economics of slavery require that the responsibility and cost of the laborer's maintenance should be thrown upon the master. This may be said in extenuation of it, that it includes the two great social functions of a poor-law and a municipal police. Slavery excludes pauperism, but it includes the drawback and burden which we cover with the name of pauperism. As soon as the peculiar system of industry which it supports ceases to pay commercially, the whole problem of pauperism rushes back in an aggravated form. Not out of pure humanity, and not out of a love of power in the abstract, will the masters endure the burden long. They must

forsake the ruined plantations and the half-barbaric populations out of which they once made their wealth. The desertion of Port Royal, with its surrounding territory of sea-island estates, — the glory and the paradise of slavery as a system of productive industry, — is only a single case, convulsive in its suddenness, and conspicuous on the tragic stage where it was exhibited, of what must take place hereafter, on an infinitely larger scale, in the long, lingering, chronic decay that is already preying upon it.

The disintegrating shock of war, as of galvanism in an imperfectly organized substance, thus delivers the system over to the more rapid operation of natural forces, which had been in some measure kept at bay. As in a decaying organism we are at liberty to watch the free play of those chemical affinities which rule brute matter, so in the dissolving framework of society we view unchecked the working out of those natural laws of climate and race which make the study of mankind one of the natural sciences. Just as we descend in the scale from a more highly organized form of society to a lower, human liberty disappears, and we are reduced to the conditions of elemental life; and results which might take generations to accomplish are crowded into the narrow space of years and decades.

In a state of slavery, the relations of the races are prescribed, rudely, but energetically, by political and municipal law. So long as the governing race maintains its absolute dominance, in virtue of superior civilization, or favoring circumstances, or nobler blood, it can safely modify that law, mitigate its injustice, and forestall by wise provisions the perils that menace the future. When that control is lost, we must fall back on wild nature. It is not a cheering view to take, but it is one which we must take, if we would deal honestly and wisely with the problem before us at all. The laws and characteristics of race must be studied scientifically, — not in the light of political theories or philanthropic sentiments or moral maxims, but in the dry light of facts. We conceive that our moralists and reformers have done much mischief, oftentimes, by failing to see facts and tendencies, which are as clear to the ethnologist as the laws of growth in

plants, or the classification of animals. In all our speculations on the subject, we have got to deal with the existence on our soil of very large numbers of a race widely alien from our own in many features which most sharply discriminate the families of mankind. The theory which some have held, of an intermediate race, to grow out of the blending of black and white, a theory which greatly damages the otherwise admirable argument of Mr. Helps, is instantly set aside, in our view, by three considerations: — 1. The great numbers and widely separate characteristics of the two races respectively; 2. The tendency, of which all naturalists are aware, of races to revert to the purity of the original type, rather than permanently adopt varieties introduced by cross-breeding; 3. The fact that in a state of freedom this tendency is hastened and confirmed, not abolished. The phenomenon of "amalgamation" is an evidence of constraint, not a token of liberty.

We consider, therefore, that we are justified in assuming a more distinct and uncontrolled operation of the natural laws of climate and race in the future than in the past. Certainly it is so when we are tracing the results of the dissolution or decay of any given order of society. We think, then, that a time is rapidly approaching, and is greatly hastened by the outbreak of this war, when the population of the South will be distributed, and its relations *inter se* established, in nearer accordance with ethnological laws than heretofore. With a physical map of the continent before him, which should mark the lines of heat and moisture, the elevation of the surface and the qualities of the soil, a skilful ethnologist would be able to shade off, with tolerably accuracy, the locality of the colored population of the country, as it will be say fifty years hence. This has already been done in fact, empirically, in maps shaded according to the figures of the census; but we have no question that Professor Agassiz could prepare one, prospectively, far more delicate and true in its indications. The general fact we state has been illustrated in various ways, both in politics and in hygiene. That promontory of high land, reaching from Maryland as far as Alabama, traced broadly by the Alleghany range, is a region providentially and incorrigibly loyal, sundering like a wedge the lowland

belts of Secessiondom.* In other words, its elevation is above the *habitat* of the negro race. Again, while a valiant and venturous population of refugees crowds northward, to reach a land of secure freedom, and while many of them have maintained a very honorable position in the higher latitudes, many of them, we are told, — especially women, more liable to climatic influences, — are compelled to return southward; and in New England the colored population is barely kept stationary by a slow constant immigration. We do not wish to insist too much upon these facts; but they certainly seem to point to a distribution of races on our soil, in closer harmony with the laws of climate and race than now. And, if the tendency should be followed out, there would result what some of our ablest statesmen have long foreseen, — a belt of population of purely African type, fringing the gulf-coasts, the low, hot valleys, and semi-tropical marsh-lands of the South, — a race dominant in those localities, and verging, by shaded boundaries, toward the uplands and the North.

Some such vision as this is the terror of some, the stern, scientific belief of many others. To avert it, as if it were a calamity of the darkest dye, the specifics are two, — a tropical slave-empire, such as the South has struck for in the present war, which should dictate the social subjugation of the blacks as imperiously as England dictates that of the native races in Australia and Bengal; and the wholesale colonization of the African race, beyond the limits of the American republic.

As to the first, we think it far the more plausible; and we are inclined to give Southern statesmen credit for considerable sagacity and ability, as well as boldness, in making so desperate a stroke for it. But it was a scheme born of the most ruthless tyranny, full of mischief and terror to humanity at large, as well as to the victim-race; and we are justified in considering that the events of this war have put it quite beyond the range of possibility.

As to the scheme of colonization, — the panacea of so many

* See the valuable pamphlet on "The Effect of Secession upon the Commercial Relations between the North and South," already noticed in our pages.

halting and half-way minds, — the sooner we cease dabbling in it the better. Colonization as a voluntary thing, — as a measure of relief in special cases, — as opening the door of manumission here and there, — as an experiment to show and to train the capacity of the blacks in self-government, — as the means of keeping a gleam of divine fire burning on the dark shore of African barbarism, — has always had our hearty honor and our warm good word. As pretending to meet the problem of slavery in this country in its length and breadth, or the deeper underlying problem of race which we have endeavored to state, it is quite futile and helpless. As to likelihood of fact, we hardly think the most ardent statistician would hope to do more than expatriate the natural increase of the black population, — say a hundred thousand a year. As to physical possibility, surely no advocate of it has ever looked in the face the enormous task of hunting these four millions, ignorant, bewildered, frightened, desperate as they would be, through forest, swamp, and brake, and hauling them bodily into unwilling exile. As to financial feasibility, when we remember that to drive out a few wild Indians from the Everglades of Florida was reckoned to cost no less than eighty million dollars, — twenty thousand dollars, if we remember right, for each wild Indian, — we may well stand aghast at the proportions of the sum. As a question of humanity, we may well enough justify opening ever so wide a door of voluntary emigration, to Hayti, to Liberia, to Guatemala; but the forcible expulsion of so great a population would be a crime by the side of which all the tales that history tells of the miseries of exile are little and tame.*

Finally, as an expedient for meeting the problem which actually lies before us, we hold the scheme of Colonization (if indeed seriously entertained by any one) to be both cowardly

* The succinct platform of the colored people of Boston is worth quoting here: —

"*Resolved*, That when we wish to leave the United States, we can find and pay for that territory that shall suit us best.

"*Resolved*, That when we are ready to leave, we shall be able to pay our own expenses of travel.

"*Resolved*, That we don't want to go now.

"*Resolved*, That if anybody else wants us to go, they must compel us."

and unwise. Cowardly, because it evades the difficulty with misleading names, and shirks the duty which God lays as a burden upon this great free and powerful nation. Unwise, because, if we could once imagine it successful, it would take away the very foundation on which we have to build, in any possible reconstruction of society at the South. No purity of breed, and no imaginary political advantage, can compensate for the loss of an entire laboring population. In all our discussions of this question, we must not lose sight of the fact, that the blacks are the only considerable part of the Southern population drilled and inured to productive industry. Lazy, clumsy, stupid, unambitious, we hear them called. Probably a good many of them are. It is a great pity if it is so; but we cannot alter the fact. These clumsy fingers have, at any rate, the cunning which picks wealth from its hiding-places in that rich soil. These sluggish brains have, at any rate, learned the mystery of season and plant, of forest and shore, and are in far more subtile relations than ours can be with all that boundless prodigality of nature. These dark skins and ungainly shapes are proof against tropic heats and lurking pestilences, which would sweep away whole generations of white colonists that should invade the luxuriance of these fertile marshes and fragrant shores.

Besides, it is not a wild and ferocious breed of men, but a race that takes kindly to domestication, and receives its crumbs of a higher culture with grateful submissiveness. To our imagination it is a fresh wonder still, their dumb quiet through the turmoil of this year of war, — by never a threat or blow menacing the security of their masters, with stolid patience building the ramparts and charging the cannon planted to confirm their bondage, only accepting deliverance when it came actually in sight, and then with no violence or fury, but with a certain devout ecstasy, and zeal to undertake the lowliest tasks in service of their new protectors.

Some of us have felt no little vexed and contemptuous towards this signal display of non-resistance. We had been taught that the system of slavery rests on a slumbering volcano; that the structure of Southern society was built over a magazine, which must explode with the first kindling of the

torch of war. And many persons looked with confidence — perhaps it would not be false to say, with hope and satisfaction — for insurrections and the terrors of servile war. For ourselves, we are devoutly grateful that both the white and the black race have been spared the horror of such a complication. And we desire to recognize the element of hope which it gives in approaching the dark problem before us. The orderly submission of so vast a population, so tempted every way to embark in that most frightful "civil war, in which the skin is taken for cockade," is due in part, no doubt, to the precaution of the masters, to the military police suddenly augmented, and the presence everywhere of trained regiments in arms. But in larger measure, we think, it is due to one of those characteristics of race, on the right understanding of which our whole solution rests. Not the mere habit of subjection, and not the mere display of armed force, is enough to account for it. No one would have looked for it, and no one, we presume, deems that it would have been possible, if the slaves had been Circassians, or Moors, or Seminoles. The simple fact is, that we are dealing with a population of another type.

In our conversations with intelligent slaveholders, we have been most struck with their absolute reliance on the instinct of submission among the blacks. This reliance, we know, is not always a safe thing to trust. It is apt to be fatally betrayed at unawares. It is no bar to intermittent terrors of insurrection. It does not prevent the curdling fear which women often feel, left unguarded among the dark horde, whose barbaric passions may flash out without warning. It does not exempt a slave community from those horrors of a merciless police, got up on purpose to keep the blacks in awe, — as they might fear the wrath of some infernal deity, — at which all Christendom stands aghast. Still, when we represent to ourselves the vast territory and numbers included in our view of slavery, and give their fair weight, especially, to the facts of the past year, we judge that the masters' confidence was better grounded than our astonishment at it; and we incline to regard it as one very valuable indication of character and temperament in that race, which offers this greatest perplexity and difficulty to our future. It by no means removes the dif-

ficulty, but it does show that the task of dealing with it will be comparatively easy and safe.

In our further considerations of this subject, we shall assume two things. First, that the Africans in America will continue to be under the guardianship of the whites, that guardianship being only transferred to other hands; in other words, that it will be, not an independent, but a subordinate and subject population, as far, at least, as our present vision can extend. And secondly, that it will continue to make the bulk of the laboring population, and the basis of the system of productive industry, in the Southern States, — that is to say, within the bounds of its future habitation, as already explained.

As to the first, very few words of exposition are required. In stating it, we should be sorry to imply any contempt or disparagement of a people who have been so long, so cruelly debarred from the fair field of opportunity. We disclaim all sympathy with that numerous class who think to despatch the whole matter by "spelling negro with two g's." Neither do we commit ourselves in advance to any ethnological doctrine, touching the origin of species, primordial differences, limits of capacity, and the like, as setting a barrier not to be passed between the attainments of the white man and the black. With such speculations our present argument has nothing whatever to do. It is enough to refer to the actual condition of those people, in a state of bondage that goes back as far as their history goes; to characteristics stamped on them through a series of generations running back into twilight; or to the physiognomical instinct of any one who has ever seen negro slaves at work on a plantation. Nor are we curious to inquire how much of that intelligence and nobility of character which we are never more forward and glad to recognize than in many individuals of the colored race, may be due to admixture of white blood; or how great varieties of intellectual level there may be in the numerous native stocks which go to make up the loose aggregate of our four million blacks. If we could, we would avoid any suggestion of their natural inferiority, whether moral or mental. But it would be a false philanthropy to overlook the fact that they are at the mercy

of their white protectors; that they must look to us not only for instruction, but for government and guidance; that, for an indefinite time to come, they will be our subjects, and not our equals in the body politic.*

Nor, in the light of history, is this fact attended with the difficulties and alarms which many apprehend. The two tests of equality are intermarriage and political power. As to the first, — the bugbear of every caviller who tries to stigmatize the argument for natural justice, — we have already hinted our reasons for believing that in a state of liberty there is less likelihood of it than before, for Nature then vindicates her own lines of demarcation. As to the other, we imagine that men's fears are mostly gratuitous. When we remember for how many centuries subject populations have remained distinct within their own boundaries, in perhaps every nation of Europe,† — enjoying certain municipal or tribal liberties of their own, yet never trespassing on and rarely invaded by the dominant race or class, with language utterly distinct, and with purity of blood almost absolutely unmingled at the edges where they touch, — we find very little to alarm us. The question of right morality and political justice is one thing; the question of order and security is quite another thing. It is important, we think, that this last should be settled in our minds first. Let us feel sure that the political question is one which we may approach at our leisure hereafter without fear. Then we need not suffer it to intrude, while we frankly accept the responsibility of our new guardianship, and inquire what are the duties it demands of us.

In meeting the latter question, we touch the point decisive of the right and ability of the African race to maintain a foothold on our soil. No great population can be allowed to drag out an eleemosynary existence. A race or a tribe cannot live on sufferance and by charity. Every people must prove its

* In the touching phrase often heard from the negroes at Port Royal, "The white man do what he pleases with us; we are yours now, massa." See Mr. Pierce's Report to Secretary Chase.

† For example, the Welsh in Britain, the Basques in Spain, and the Greeks in Turkey. The ancient example of the Pelasgi in Italy and Greece would be still more apt to our present argument.

claim to live by winning its livelihood from the soil. "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." The slave system has shown us its charter, hitherto, ratified by its two hundred million dollars of annual exports. And it challenges the system of free labor, dealing with the same materials, to make good its place. We are told, in every variety of dialect, that the negro is shiftless and lazy, incapable of steady work; that his soul will satisfy itself with "pumpkins," letting cotton and sugar perish; that he will content himself with cane-thatch for habitation, and rags or nakedness instead of decent raiment; that the imperious need, the higher civilization, and the plantation discipline of his white master have been necessary to redeem him from savage sloth, and raise him to the industrial dignity of an ox or ass. The challenge is made in entire good faith. It claims to rest on fact and experience. It is made continually by those who ought to know best. And it deserves that we should meet it fairly.

First of all, in meeting it, we may dismiss any anxiety lest the blacks should not be able to "take care of themselves." Certainly it would be an appalling prospect, — four millions of pauper population thrown suddenly upon the resources of a nation, however willing and strong. But the statement is its own refutation. In a free struggle for existence, — if it should ever come to that, — it is not the working population of a country that is going to the wall. On the richest soil in the world, and plenty of it, starvation is certainly not the thing to apprehend, — not for several centuries at least; and not at all for a population accustomed to have their wants supplied at the rate of six cents a day. Their "hog and hominy," their pone, poultry, and potatoes, are in no instant danger of failing them. In 1848,* it was reckoned that the unoccupied territory in the slave States was equal to the entire area of the free States, and a hundred thousand acres besides. No outlook of starvation here! A very small proportion indeed of the industry and skill that have made the masters rich will keep the laborers out of beggary. An inde-

* Before the admission of the four great States, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota, and Kansas.

pendent colony of refugees has subsisted, even flourished, in the Dismal Swamp. There is not the slightest reason, from any experiments or any observations hitherto made, to fear that liberated blacks will not amply meet their own necessities, or the slightest pretence for making the question regarding their subsistence a question of alms-giving in any shape. If there are going to be any objects of charity in consequence of emancipation, they will be from quite another class than these.

The point which we have thus briefly set aside entirely misstates the difficulty. And that — we had best not disguise it — is a real difficulty. It is, the shock which may be given to the system of productive industry on so vast an area, and, through that, to the commerce and civilization of the globe. Mankind at large has a vested interest in the great fertile belts of the earth's surface. Humanity has a right to exact that no considerable portion of its domain, once won from the wilderness, shall be allowed to run to waste. No powerful nation will endure to have a thriftless and beggarly horde on its frontier, spreading wantonly over its productive acres. The very existence of the black race among us is staked on its ability not merely to keep itself alive, but to do its share of the world's work.

The territory of the slave States has hitherto made no unimportant feature in the industrial map of the world. The figures in which the South has paraded its commercial consequence — its two hundred million dollars of annual exports — only feebly suggest the magnitude of that river of industry and wealth, in which Southern products have hitherto made an essential part. The alarm of cotton famine in Manchester, the distress invading the manufactories of Lyons and Lille, the stopping of spindles and checking of looms in Massachusetts, with anxious calculation how long the embargo can be endured, are painfully suggestive of the solidarity of the business-world; so that charity, comfort, civilization, the life itself of multitudes of human beings, are part of the stake involved in the question touching plantation industry. For a year, the accumulated resources of mankind have sustained this check, yet with dread and misgiving and much misery. Another year will doubtless find new sources of production open, to

make good the loss in part. India, Australia, Africa, Peru, may possibly fill up the channels that have run so low. But if it is true that the actual amount of human labor spent upon the Southern soil — that is, the actual production of wealth there — is going to fall off, say one half, we need not affect to deny that the consequences will be very serious, perhaps to the world at large, certainly to ourselves. So enormous a void as that, made suddenly in a nation's resources, implies a great shock somewhere, and a loss against which a government cannot guard too vigilantly.

And we do not see that the blacks could be either blamed or wondered at, if there should be so great a falling off as that. No human creature, from motives of general benevolence, or the interests of civilization at large, will condemn himself to a steady round of plantation work in unwholesome damps and torrid heats. Even the experience of England, with the best-trained working population on the globe, and the best working climate, does not go far to convince us that most men can be relied on for the strain of labor, beyond the meeting of a very few plain wants. In a hot country, these wants are very cheaply met. The enfranchised slaves of Jamaica, if we remember right, objected to working for their old masters at a shilling a day, and struck for one and sixpence. Certainly we do not blame them for it. But it put the world to the inconvenience, and emancipation to the obloquy, of waiting these five and twenty years for the slow development of industry in a squatter life in the Jamaica highlands, and the slow acquisition of those more civilized wants which are gradually bringing West Indian exports up to the old standard. Far be it from us to censure, or even to regret, a process which has built up homesteads in place of mansions flanked by barracoons, and created a people to some extent intelligent and free, in place of mere barbarian hordes sweating in the service of Creole luxury. But the temporary inconvenience of it, it would be useless to deny; and what was a temporary inconvenience on a little island may become a public calamity when expanded to the proportions of half a continent.

To meet this grave and real difficulty, we have, first, the

fresh colonizing of that soil by free settlers. As emancipation works itself out, the slow but inevitable result of the present convulsion, new and more vigorous blood will be thrown into the veins of the white population of the South. Probably half the territory of the seaboard States offers greater attractions to colonists than the average of prairie lands, — certainly, to such as cannot easily forget the mountains and the sea and the familiar forest-growths of the East. The belt of highland, near a hundred miles in width, which we call the Alleghany range, with its picturesque outline and slopes of exquisite verdure, affords already the nucleus of a free population, with many sympathies and affinities binding them to the civilization of the North. Forfeited estates will be occupied as bounty-lands, or by purchase, by men who temper the hardihood of frontier life with the training of Northern schools and the curious skill of Northern workshops. The frightful barbarism which this war has exhibited, even among many who boast gentler blood and the refinements of social life, must be extirpated, — if not by the red hand of conquest, at least by a tide of emigration strong enough to defend its own rights, and granting no truce to the insolence of the former lords of the soil. We look very confidently, as one of the results of this contest, to the regeneration of Southern society, which at so many points has shown itself both brutal and effete. A wholesome deluge is to be poured over that field, by this opening the wide flood-gates of war. The new civilization of those regions will inevitably be built up, like that of the North and West, on the foundation of free industry and general intelligence. And as these flourish and are strong, they will push back the frontier of ignorant barbarism, whatever there is of it to apprehend; and adopt into their own system the emancipated laborers of the South, exactly as we have adopted the foreign populations that thronged upon us in the guise of paupers and refugees. We can hardly set limits to the capacity, in this regard, of the powerful and healthy civilization which will soon control that large domain. Just in proportion as the blacks are already fit to participate in it, or so fast as they become fit hereafter, they will find their legitimate place in it.

But, after making all possible allowance for this, the original problem still remains. We have reduced its magnitude somewhat, but not its reality or its character. Suppose that, by the means we have indicated, we have left undisposed of only half the present slave population, — say two millions, — occupying the hot and fertile lowlands of the extreme South. A single generation will carry their number up to the old limit; and a wild, half-nomadic life, such as *mere* emancipation would lead to, would make them infinitely more difficult subjects than now. With the inimitable strategy of the ostrich, some persons succeed in not seeing this difficulty. They seem to imagine that the word Emancipation has some cabalistic power, — that it removes this prodigious population out of the range of our concern, — that it as it were cancels its existence as one of the elements in our body politic. Or else they believe, weakly but sincerely, that a free population are by the very fact an industrious, orderly, contented, useful, intelligent population; or that they will become so spontaneously, under the ordinary disciplines and influences which we may safely enough take for granted. We do not allow ourselves to be so beguiled. And, instead of feeling particularly confident or triumphant in prospect of the mere fact of the overthrow of slavery, we frankly avow our conviction that it will substitute for the old problem one scarce inferior to it in perplexity, and coming a good deal closer home to our own conscience and responsibility.

Still, we think that something is done when we have reduced the problem to its lowest terms. And, on a fair consideration of the various elements involved, we think this has now been done. A very large population of the African race will continue to exist upon our soil. It will have its characteristics as a race, and its loosely defined limits of habitation. No circumstances that we can possibly foresee will either abolish it, or absorb it, or transmute it into something else. Meanwhile, a powerful and effective constraint, which has heretofore compelled them into the service of civilization, — though in a blind and rude way, as mere slaves and drudges, — will be taken off, or very greatly lightened. And for the welfare of mankind, for the security of the nation, for the

higher interests of civilization and humanity, it is for us to provide a substitute. A few months' experience with a few thousand "contrabands" suggests the enormous difficulties that may be met, when it comes to dealing with millions.

We do not pretend, by any gift of prophecy, or by the faith which removes mountains, to see through those difficulties. We know nothing of any conditions of meeting them, except the conditions under which all the great tasks of humanity must be done, — courage, wisdom, patience love. It is never worth while to disguise a difficulty, but it is never right to be frightened at it. There is only one way to make difficulties disappear; and that is, to deal with them one by one, always taking the nearest first. We consider that a great debt of gratitude is due from the nation at large to the President and Cabinet, for not thrusting on us all at once this problem, in the proportions it may have one of these days. We have the precise opportunity we could have wished, of trying our hand at it on a modest scale, and training ourselves by little tasks for the great task in which we shall presently want a hundred thousand helpers. Let us consider then, briefly, in what spirit and with what success the guardianship of these *enfans perdus* of our civilization has been undertaken. Let us see, if we can, how hopefully they are getting initiated into the duties of their new position, as acolytes of a new and higher stage of being.

We make no account, for the present, of those many fugitives from slavery who trust themselves to their own courage and shifts, and only care to be out of the reach of Southern law. Neither do we stop now to consider tasks of simple charity, such as that undertaken by the "Freedmen's Relief Association of the District of Columbia," whose task is done when it has aided in transferring liberated slaves to new fields of self-supporting industry, or has relieved the temporary distress they must encounter on the way. There is a work, partly of instruction, partly of discipline, which must be undertaken on a larger scale. To quote the admirable Address of the Educational Commission: —

"The people of the North owe at least thus much to the subject-people of the South, — that their condition shall not be the *worse* for

our invasion. The care and control formerly exercised by masters, (and sometimes conscientiously and benevolently exercised,) *we* must, therefore, assume, not simply as a charity, but as a matter of the plainest obligation. And if we would not fall below those of whose disregard of human rights many of us are accustomed to speak in strong terms, if we would not stand convicted before them and before God of that spurious philanthropy of which we have been accused, we must see to it that these slaves *gain* something by exchanging servitude for liberty. We must actually receive these black men into the great human family, to which we allow they belong; we must teach them how to live in that freedom which, up to this time, we have not been willing to concede, or, if willing to concede, not able to secure them. Their right to property, both in their persons and in the products of their labor, and also the rights of family, may be considered as already recognized. We are now called upon to provide for their education, and that in the widest sense; not such an education as makes them safe and profitable servants, but such as is required by other moral beings living in human society; an education which shall make them industrious, thrifty, self-supporting, orderly, temperate, self-respecting; which shall excite the unquenchable thirst for improvement, and unfold their now almost undeveloped mental and spiritual faculties. Proceeding thus, with due regard to their circumstances and capacities, not ignoring their present unfitness, but honestly striving to remove their disabilities, we must do our best to prepare them or their posterity to enter into all the privileges and blessings of an advanced civilization."

We may assume, by a rough estimate, that at least thirty thousand refugees have sought the shelter of our camps and forts; and that not far from twenty thousand are at this time receiving systematic discipline and instruction under the authority and protection of the United States. They not only crave that protection; they require it. To use the language of General Sherman's Order (No. 9), which well enough expresses the average feeling about them, "hordes of totally ignorant and improvident blacks have been abandoned by their constitutional guardians, not only to all the future chances of anarchy and starvation, but in such a state of abject ignorance and mental stolidity as to preclude all possibility of self-government and self-maintenance in their present condition."

To meet the exigency so presented, the "Educational Com-

mission" was organized, last winter, in Boston, and shortly after, the "Relief Associations" of New York and Philadelphia. The task they assumed was wholly an experiment. The right way must be felt out, as it were, in the dark, step by step. Under the circumstances, we should have no right to be surprised at very serious mistakes at starting. As sometimes in our military hospitals, the charge was likely to be undertaken from sentimental impulse, and by incompetent persons. It was likely to be embarrassed by ignorance of the population it had to deal with; still more, perhaps, by the vague and extravagant hopes with which they would welcome their new-gotten liberty; by passions suddenly set loose; by the dazzle and glare of a light so suddenly let in on their darkness; by differences of judgment, feeling, and prejudice among those volunteering to the work; possibly by mean and bad motives in a few of them. We have read with attention a good deal of the private correspondence on this subject, as well as the Reports of the Special Agent, and consider ourselves justified in saying that, with a narrow margin of allowance for the circumstances we have named, the enterprise has been conducted with singular good sense and judgment, as well as from the most generous and disinterested motive in most of those who have undertaken it. We do not think it at all worth while to notice the sneers and petty scandals which have been aimed at the agents in this good work. As long as bad men haunt camps, and correspondents reckless of truth will turn a point to spice the columns of a newspaper, those sneers and petty scandals must be looked for. Besides, as Mr. Forbes says, in his interesting letter on this subject: —

"When the agents of the commission came down to take charge of the plantations, they were looked upon as interlopers, and in most cases every obstacle short of absolute disobedience to the orders of the commanding generals was thrown in their way. All the little mistakes of the new-comers were magnified; all the good they did ignored; and a local public opinion thus created against them, which many of our own people who ought to have known better gave in to." — *Boston Daily Advertiser of June* 10.

What we think very noticeable is the sober and thoughtful appreciation we find, from the very outset, both of the magni-

tude of the work, and of the double condition on which its success must rest, as "a system of free labor, combined with instruction." Its founders have fully comprehended that practical training and the discipline of labor must come first; school-training, even of the simplest sort, can only follow. A population self-supporting, industrious, and useful must be had, at any rate; any higher and finer culture must come of their honest earning. First the duties, then the privileges, of freedom. The chief duty of the teachers, say the Commission, "is to direct and organize the regular labor of the negroes on the plantations, and to look after their general welfare. Instruction (excepting to young children) is given chiefly on Sundays, and in the intervals of labor." And so we have the principal danger met in advance, — that of making liberty a synonyme of idleness, or vanity, or self-indulgence. These pupils of ours are invited to an industrious, sober, self-supporting freedom.

As long ago as July of last year, a considerable number of contrabands at Hampton, near Fortress Monroe, were drilled in industrial regiments, and made to work systematically for wages in service of the camp, under the direction of one of our Massachusetts volunteers in the ranks, a lawyer by profession. The very encouraging results of this experiment were related in the "Atlantic Monthly" for November. Newbern, in North Carolina, has been in like manner the headquarters of a large free colored population, whose schools were so abruptly dispersed by the late action of Governor Stanley. But much the largest and most interesting experiment has been that on the island-plantations near Port Royal. A considerable territory, including about two hundred estates, was left vacant by the flight of the proprietors, and has been held in undisturbed possession by the forces of the United States since last November. The number of freed negroes thus thrown upon our military protection was reckoned, in February, at twelve thousand, including many refugees from the mainland. Those belonging to the estates were, in round numbers, ten thousand, and made a working population equivalent to four thousand "full hands." Three thousand, in all, have received some degree of school instruction. These fig-

ures represent, as nearly as possible, the scale on which the experiment of free labor has been made.

The first care of the government was to send agents to gather the cotton-crop, which was perishing in the fields. A considerable amount of it was saved, at a profit to the treasury of some three hundred thousand dollars. This sum, we trust, may be reserved as a fund to guarantee the successful following up of the experiment. It would have been very easy to continue it by simply renting the grounds to tenants who should farm them to their own advantage. But it quickly appeared that such a system would prove more cruel and ruinous than slavery itself to the negroes, — harder service, with scantier and more uncertain pay. The four months' trial of it made one of the worst difficulties with which the Commission had to deal. The oversight of the negroes belonged to nobody in particular. Their work was claimed as wanted, irregularly paid, in some cases not paid at all. Some of them were hangers-on of the camp, spending their "forty dollars a day" on sutlers. Some herded in their cabins, — where they had thriftily secreted their stores of corn, instead of burning it as ordered, — adding to their scanty comforts a little from the spoils of their masters' forsaken habitations. Then the harvest-work, done so at hazard, dragged on far into the seed-time. There was danger, not only of a vagrant and lawless population to harbor there; but of letting the season of early planting pass, and so incurring great risks and losses in the plantation-year. Nearly two months, in fact, were lost. Meanwhile, "all the ploughing-mules and horses had been stripped from the plantations, either by the rebels or our own quartermaster"; and the spring work must be "done with old worn-out hoes, with bare feet," by such of the slaves as might volunteer to the task. These were a few of the difficulties with which the experiment had to contend at starting.

Happily, the action of the Treasury Department, to which the responsibility was intrusted, was both enlightened and humane. Early in the year it commissioned Mr. Edward L. Pierce, — the same gentleman who had conducted and reported the earlier experiment near Fortress Monroe, — as Special Agent, to superintend the cultivation of the estates, and co-

operate with such charitable persons and associations as might undertake the instruction of the laborers. His full report to the Secretary, of February 3d, is the most valuable source of information we have on the general subject. The results of his labors and observations, up to the first of June, are contained in his second report, just received, made on occasion of the transfer of the charge from the Treasury to the War Departmet, and the appointment of General Saxton, who has just succeeded (June 23) to the administration of the district of Port Royal. Between ninety and a hundred teachers or superintendents (seventy-four men and nineteen women) have been sent out by the benevolent associations before mentioned, most of them receiving from twenty-five to fifty dollars a month, with rations from the government. Some of them, it is right to say, have contributed liberally in money, besides giving their own invaluable services. All the correspondence that we have seen testifies to the high tone of religious earnestness and conviction of Christian duty which have been their animating motive, as well as to the great patience, good sense, and good temper which they have brought to the work. Under their direction, nearly fourteen thousand acres have been planted in provisions and cotton, and "the forces of the plantations have been organized to reasonably steady labor." Much more than the usual area of food (8,315 acres) has been planted, and about one third the usual amount of cotton (5,480 acres). If sure and regular wages could have been offered, a much larger amount could have been done. To sum up in the words of the Report: —

"Confidence in the government has been inspired, the laborers are working cheerfully, and they now present to the world the example of a well-behaved and self-supporting peasantry, of which their country has no reason to be ashamed. Ideas and habits have been planted under the growth of which these people are to be fitted for the responsibilities of citizenship, and in equal degree unfitted for any restoration to what they have been. Modes of administration have been commenced, not indeed adapted to an advanced community, but just, paternal, and developing in their character. Industrial results have been reached which put at rest the often reiterated assumption that this territory and its products can only be cultivated by slaves, — a social problem which has vexed the wisest approaches a solution. The capacity

of a race, and the possibility of lifting it to civilization without danger or disorder, even without throwing away the present generation as refuse, is being determined. And thus the way is preparing by which the peace to follow this war shall be made perpetual."

It certainly tells well both for the disposition of the negroes and for the disciplinary results of slavery (which philosophical economists tell us of) as the hard apprenticeship of the race in civilization, that the needful preliminary work was so well done as now appears; — and that in spite of the four months' idleness and confusion, the baneful presence of the camp, the mischievous talk of soldiers, who also "killed their cattle every day," the rude notions of liberty, the irregular earnings by petty services to the troops, the lack of time, tools, funds, provisions, and domestic animals, the annoyance of military drafting of the able-bodied,* and obstacles deliberately thrown in the way of the Commission by the superseded cotton-agents. Concerning these things, more is known than it is well should meet the public ear. The general testimony in favor of the liberated blacks is unequivocal, and, under all the circumstances, quite striking. "Think of their having organized and gone deliberately to work here, without a white man near them, preparing hundreds of acres for the new crop." This, of course, was their own private patches of corn. It was one of the hardest tasks, at first, to break through their strong dislike to work on cotton, — a vestige of their old bondage. This prejudice was skilfully got over in time to secure, with a reasonably good season, an ample return for the outlay. Money enough could have been had as an investment to insure much larger returns; but it was thought best not to allow the intrusion of private speculation. Hence, a very great temporary inconvenience, as wages could be paid only scantily and at hazard; and it was hard to keep up the belief of the blacks in the good faith of their employers. The schools for children, appeals to religious feeling, and the gift of a little bacon, or salt, or cloth, now and then, saved this critical point, and kept the enterprise alive.

Some use has been made of the former plan of plantation

* In one report we read, "The women did three quarters of the field-work."

industry. The gangs of slaves had been wonted to work under the immediate direction of "drivers" of their own color, — which outline of discipline, under the humaner title of foremen or helpers, the same men often retain. With due allowance for some cruelties and some jealousies begotten by it, the system proves to have been of great service as an introduction to free labor. It has educated a class of men, trained to the exercise of trust, and of a much higher order of intelligence than most who serve under them, — men who "still hold the keys of the granary, and deal out the rations of food, with the same sense of responsibility as before." The emphatic refutation of facts is brought against half the fallacies by which the system of slave labor has been sustained. Whatever it may have been once, it seems no longer doubtful that regular pay, mild and firm restraint, and the winning of confidence by a few simple charities and a kindly care for souls, are abundantly sufficient to bridge that chasm at which we have so long stood aghast; — the more, because this experiment was begun under great embarrassments, and conducted by stranger hands. There seems no reason to question, as Mr. Pierce has stated his own belief, "that under the guidance and with the help of the fugitive masters, had they been so disposed, these people might have made their way from bondage and its enforced labor to freedom and its voluntary and compensated labor without any essential diminution of products or any appreciable derangement of social order." A striking confirmation of it is the promptitude with which labor has been organized and conducted under the new dispensation. The negroes, we are told, assent heartily to the appeals made to them on this point, "uniformly answering, Yes, massa, we must work to live, that's the law; and expressing an anxiety that the work of the plantations was not going on." We have the unequivocal testimony of Mr. Pierce, that indolence is *not* a conspicuous trait among them; and that, "with proper motives set before them, they will, as freemen, be as industrious as any race of men are likely to be in this climate." In three months there were not, among them all, more than forty cases of discipline for idleness. We subjoin, from the same source, the following very interesting summary of the impres-

sion made by several weeks' constant intercourse and observation: —

"It will appear that these people are naturally religious and simple-hearted, — attached to the places where they have lived, still adhering to them, both from a feeling of local attachment and self-interest in securing the means of subsistence; that they have the knowledge and experience requisite to do all the labor, from the preparation of the ground for planting until the cotton is baled, ready to be exported; that they, or the great mass of them, are disposed to labor, with proper inducements thereto; that they lean upon white men and desire their protection, and could, therefore, under a wise system, be easily brought under subordination; that they are susceptible to the higher considerations, as duty, and the love of offspring, and are not in any way inherently vicious, their defects coming from their peculiar condition in the past or present, and not from constitutional proneness to evil beyond what may be attributed to human nature; that they have among them natural chiefs, either by virtue of religious leadership or superior intelligence, who, being first addressed, may exert a healthful influence on the rest; — in a word, that in spite of their condition, reputed to be worse here than in many other parts of the rebellious region, there are such features in their life and character, that the opportunity is now offered to us to make of them — partially in this generation and fully in the next — a happy, industrious, law-abiding, free, and Christian people, if we have but the courage and patience to accept it."

Several other points deserve to be added, from the general testimony of those who have undertaken the duties of this new guardianship. No one but must be touched with the great eagerness of those untaught blacks to learn, — to bridge that mysterious gulf which the knowledge of letters interposes between the barbarian and the man. Children have attended school "half naked and shivering with cold," or walking for miles in the hot sand. Old men, gray and bent with long toil, bend themselves to the child's task of mastering the alphabet, and are children again in glee, "when they make out a sentence of short monosyllables." And when the able-bodied of the plantations were summoned to Hilton Head for military drill, each man's care was to take his spelling-book by the way, and con his lesson at odd hours. Not that just the same phrase will apply to them all. The record of a colored school shows us as provoking varieties of temper and intellect as

we look for among white children. But the result is promising in the main, and full as much so with pure Africans as with those of mixed blood. Their general courtesy and respectful language; their local attachments, and utter confidence in their new guardians; their freedom from profaneness and indecency of talk; their ingenuity in many little household arts; their piety, warm and sincere if often extravagant and grotesque in its expression, — all seem to give promise of admirable qualities, and hope of a genuine native civilization among them, to grow from seed wafted on the north-wind, and to fit itself to their characteristics as a race, and to their destined mode of life. "Their faults are those of children." Their teachers are "struck, constantly, with the *childhood* of this race." "To sum up, we have, then," says Mr. Forbes, "for some of the results, the confidence of the blacks in us, our discovery that they will work, the education conferred, so far as it goes, the encouragement of industry, and the material advantage of planting food and cotton crops, instead of letting the negroes alone to run into vice and pauperism, or turning them over to the tender mercies of hard speculators."

For the sake of completeness, we add a few practical suggestions, which we have gathered here and there from the papers of the Commission. The estates should not be rented to tenants, who would be under every temptation to sacrifice permanent good to present profit, but worked by government agents, — protectors as well as overseers of the enfranchised laborers. The blacks should have assigned them patches of ground for their own cultivation, as under the *régime* of slavery, and should be led by all means to adopt civilized manners, such as eating their meals in families, not by solitary and chance devouring, as of old. They should be faithfully paid day-wages, and what they receive should be sold them, not given as alms; cloth, rather than garments, should be sent them, that their own ingenuity and industry may be developed. "Doubtless, hereafter," says the eminent merchant already quoted, "the selfish element must be appealed to more than it could be by the agents of the Commission, who had to improve their short planting season by continuing the established system of labor in gangs; of course, a permanent

system must have less work in common, and more for the particular benefit of each laborer." No insurrectionary appeals against their former masters are allowed; "such a course might increase the trouble of organizing them into a peaceful and improving system, under a just and healthful temporary discipline; and besides that, it is a dangerous experiment to attempt the improvement of a class of men by appealing to their coarser nature."

We have preferred to collect these single points of testimony, showing what hope we may entertain for the African race under these new influences, rather than give in any detail the history or the results of the Port Royal mission, for which the time seems hardly come. We have said enough to show our strong conviction of the importance of this experiment. It is impossible to overstate the consequences to our nation — nay, to civilization at large — which may flow from a wise and successful handling of this matter. The question it opens is as wide as that touching the spiritual unity of mankind, the fitness of the inferior races of man to share in a Christian civilization, the meaning and the breadth of the phrase, Kingdom of God on earth.

Nor should we withhold a word of honor for those who have volunteered to this difficult service. It was no holiday task. It might be undertaken from a sentimental impulse; it could not be persevered in without courage and patient faith. "I have never known what self-denial and self-sacrifice were," is the testimony of one, "until I met a negro in South Carolina, and tried to associate with and teach him." Besides, the perils of waters and perils of the wilderness (ranging "from fleas to small-pox"), there are the mischiefs of camp-life, the pain of seeing one's best work undone, the conviction that one is laboring for a harvest that cannot be gathered till another generation. "The regeneration of the blacks will date from the time the last soldier leaves the island." Under such present discouragements, we take leave of those who have voluntarily embarked in this humane and noble task; fervently hoping that they may have had a share in laying that corner-stone, broad and deep, on which the grander structure of our future liberties shall rest.

Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

It is some compensation for the disgrace which the prosecution of Dr. Rowland Williams has brought upon the English Church, that it has produced the noble plea of James Fitz-James Stephen for freedom of inquiry and the rights of the clergy.* The whole argument is masterly, in its grasp of principles, in its handling of details, in its clearness of statement, in its candor of admission, in its union of freedom, reverence, and courtesy, and its choice, terse, and vigorous diction. Nothing is strained; nothing is pressed unfairly; there is no appeal to the prejudice or to the fear of the court or the larger public outside, to whom, not less than to the court, the argument is addressed. There are even no rhetorical attempts, unless we reckon as such the magnificent closing paragraphs, which ring with the tone of protest, warning, and prophecy. Dr. Williams has no cause to be ashamed of his advocate, and can find nothing in this "Defence" to explain away anything that he has avowed, or to deny anything that he has affirmed. He is not put upon the stool of penitence by his counsel, nor is he made to appear in the high ecclesiastical court as a supplicant, wishing to retain the emoluments of his place. All that the advocate asks for his client is justice. He does not think it necessary to disclaim sympathy with the heretic, or to apologize for any idea or expression of his client.

This thick duodecimo, of nearly 400 pages, gives the whole case, with nothing omitted, and yet nothing that could be spared. We have, first, an abstract of the *sixteen* counts of the indictment, with the references to passages in the Essay of Dr. Williams on which the charges were based; then, an abstract of the argument, of its general principles and their application to the specific charges; and lastly, the plea itself, arranged in four sections, according to the points treated and the days of delivery. The argument is a legal argument, yet it involves incidentally not a little theological discussion. And if this lawyer represents the thought and feeling of the English bar, the cause of sound learning has not much to fear from the malice and folly of frightened bigots. Whatever may be the verdict of his Lordship the Dean of the Arches, there can be no doubt that every reader of this plea will instantly acquit the brave culprit from the charges trumped up by his enemies. The reviewer of Bunsen has violated no oath of his consecration and no canon of the Church of England by his exposition of the opinions of the learned German. Mr. Stephen proves, by very numerous citations, that he has said no more than the great authorities of the English Church, dead and living, Chillingworth and Hooker and Tay-

* Defence of the Rev. Rowland Williams, D. D., in the Arches Court of Canterbury. By James Fitz-James Stephen, M. A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, Recorder of Newark-on-Trent. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1862. 12mo. pp. xlviii., 335.

lor and Warburton and Watson and Whately, and a host of others, have said, even with more emphasis, again and again. He shows that a verdict against Dr. Williams is a verdict against those lights of the Church of which England makes such boast. Denying that there is heresy in any statement which Dr. Williams has made, he affirms that, if he is a heretic, his heresy is not new, that it was known at his consecration, and that he is a heretic in common with teachers whose orthodoxy has not been questioned. We might praise the ingenuity of this part of the plea, were not the spirit of the whole so broad and noble.

Will not the American publishers, who have favored us with the bulky volumes of "Replies" to the "Essays and Reviews," give us in a cheap form this splendid defence of that one of the Essays which gathers the greatest number of new views of theology into its compass? There are few books which the lovers of good logic would read with more delight.

FEW writers have such persistence in writing unpopular and unsatisfactory books as Isaac Taylor. Of the two dozen volumes, more or less, that he has published, only the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" has really any permanent worth or interest. The provoking looseness and the studied obscurity of his style repel readers who would sympathize with his opinions, and the narrowness of his religious horizon hinders his lucubrations in theology from a large range or influence. Professing to be catholic in his toleration, he is really one of the most exclusive of dogmatists, and under the cloudiness of his words there is the ground-tone of positive bigotry. His scholarship, which is considerable, is everywhere hampered and hedged in by his prejudice; and his main skill as a writer seems to be in twisting, by a subtle sophistry, the facts which he discusses to his foregone conclusions. He leaves us at the end of his treatises uncertain of the meaning of his argument, but not by any means uncertain of his intention or of his real opinion.

These characteristics are signally exemplified in the volume entitled "Logic in Theology, and other Essays,"* which has recently appeared in an American edition. The first of these Essays we need not particularly notice. It appeared some years since as an Introduction to an edition of Edwards on the Will. It is at once the ablest and the most sophistical piece in the volume. The second Essay is that cool and self-sufficient manifesto against Unitarianism which made such a stir at the time of its appearance in the Eclectic Review, about thirty years ago, in which the writer pretends to sketch the actual position of the Unitarian body, and to advise all wise men to forsake the falling house, and leave it to its sure destruction. The article, professedly kind and compassionate, was in reality malignant, and was justly regarded as a mean caricature; and its conclusion of the falsehood of Unitarian

* Logic in Theology, and other Essays. By ISAAC TAYLOR. With a Sketch of the Life of the Author and a Catalogue of his Writings. New York: William Gowans.

theology, because Unitarian chapels were not generally thronged or fully attended, was a conclusion utterly unworthy either of a philosophic or a charitable mind. His republication of that libel, after an interval of thirty years, in which his prophecy of the downfall of Unitarianism in England has been so completely falsified, and his promise of another essay in the same vein, showing the present condition of the Unitarian sect, are evidence clear enough of the real spirit of the man. He is neither competent as a critic nor fair as a judge; and all through his exposition of the state of Unitarianism there runs a lordly contempt which is very disagreeable.

The other five Essays of the volume have not before appeared in print. Four of these are on texts from early Church history, but really treat of matters in the present age and nearer home. They are without point, and are dull enough reading. The closing Essay, of sixty-eight pages, in seven sections, is in some respects a remarkable production. It is entitled, "Without Controversy," and its purpose is to show what truths may be considered as so absolutely established that they cannot be disputed by any reasonable mind. Commencing by a statement that every leading theological dogma has been, and is, matter of controversy, and that it is not easy in the midst of this wide and various debate to find anything sure and fundamental, he goes on by a course of misty and circuitous logic to assert the very doctrines most controverted as those which are to be received as beyond dispute, — the original sin of man, the literal interpretation of Scripture, the Trinity, the Vicarious Atonement, and the rest. The incontrovertible things are the things which have been most controverted. The obscurity in which the reasoning of the Essay is involved prevents its contradictions and assumptions from appearing in relief, but the last impression is of a writer trying to deceive himself by his own dialectics.

We have already spoken of the very handsome and complete "Book of Worship" prepared by our friends in New York. The "Book of Vespers" * is a portion of it, — about half the volume, including the Hymns, — and is published to meet a frequent call for it in a separate form. It is not easy to invade the traditions of a church, even one with so short a history as that for which these volumes have been prepared. But many who might not consent to alter the brief simplicity of Congregational forms have yet found a charm in what we have begun to know pretty familiarly now as "Vespers." In some places, it has been tried and found wanting, — perhaps from some infelicity in method. To some persons it has seemed to belong more to the æsthetics of worship than to its spirituality, and to be a lame substitute for the sobriety of the service it superseded. Some may have fancied the title to be perilously Papistical. But those who have used it under favorable circumstances speak warmly and confidently of its success; and we are glad to find the result of their experience in this volume, rich both in material and suggestion for the sacred purpose it intends.

* Book of Vespers; an Order of Evening Worship. With Select Psalms and Hymns. New York: James Miller. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

YEAR by year there is added something to that collection of material, already great, which is to serve in explaining the progress and illustrating the results of that sudden development in thought and style, with which, now nearly a century ago, Germany began to vindicate its existence and its language; — leaping thus at once and forever into the front rank of the nations which now direct, and are at last to consummate, this new career of civilization. The work undernoted,* not yet completed, — to the general reader mere rubbish, a waste of money and a trial of patience, — is one of the last contributions, pious and meagre, to the illustration of a remarkable age, to a nearer acquaintance with some remarkable men. The first volume contains only Herder's correspondence with Nicolai, author of romances, editor of periodicals, publisher of books, — a vigorous campaigner in his day in the world of literature, who has left some marks of his existence, to be sure, for the curious, but is for the most of us a mere phantom now; and that, extending through thirty years, with "Father Gleim," or the "Prussian Grenadier," as they called him, — simple, hale old man, running over with delight in the comforts of this world, greedy of praise and productive of poetry, such as it was, — very good often, because so exceedingly natural and breezy, — who early recognized the great genius and long enjoyed the tender friendship of Herder. The second volume introduces us to Hartknoch, almost the earliest known to us of Herder's friends, who at the latter's suggestion established himself as a bookseller at Riga, and seems to have been kept always busy in publishing Herder's books, — living long enough to see him whose struggles he had encouraged and shared emerge from the obscurity of a teacher in a barbarous province of Russia, to become one of the most illustrious men in Germany, and one of the greatest writers of his age. Herder's correspondence with Heyne, and with J. G. Eichhorn (father of the celebrated Karl Friedrich Eichhorn), some letters to Johannes Müller and from F. L. W. Meyer and August von Einsiedel, with a few trifles, make up the rest of the volume. Heyne's life has been best written by his son-in-law Heeren, and best stated and commented upon by Carlyle; — but the familiar letters thrown off in the busy hours of that long and crowded career show, better than the historian can describe or the philosopher analyze them, the honest, genial nature, the kindness which had ceased to be a habit of duty in becoming a quality of the heart, the strong affections, not chilled by the years or many books and many crosses, but fresh and fervent to the end; — thus adding to other proofs, sometimes called for in history, this example also that the great scholar may likewise be a kindly man.

But it was of another person we meant chiefly to speak. Among the figures which walked the little Weimar stage, in the background, for the most part, with an identity unmistakable, — yet a mere shadow

* Von und an HERDER. Ungedruckte Briefe aus Herders Nachlass. Herausgegeben von HEINRICH DÜNTZER und FERDINAND GOTTFRIED VON HERDER. Leipzig: Dyk'sche Buchhandlung. 1861.

now, for his earthly work, of little moment in his own day, is of none at all in ours, — was a grim-looking yet genial man, the Bergrath August von Einsiedel. His elder brother, Hildebrand von Einsiedel, at first a page, was in 1776, the year in which Herder came to Weimar, made a chamberlain to the Dowager-Duchess Amalia; and August, who had chosen the army for his career, and was by this time hating it heartily, having got a furlough, came to Weimar in the autumn of that year or the winter of the next, to visit his brother. Hildebrand — as Lewes writes in that Life of Goethe (I. 344, Am. ed.) which, in spite of its many blunders, will never cease to charm us — was "a jovial, careless Epicurean; .... his name meets us on every page of the Weimar chronicles. Among his follies may be mentioned the characteristeric adventure" which we shall presently relate. There were never two men more distinct in character, in aim, in the events of their lives, than Hildebrand and August von Einsiedel. Hildebrand was a clever, courtly gentleman, whose life, after the first flushes of youth had faded, was well enough — to be forgotten. August was a keen, bold thinker, with a great yearning for knowledge, of an original mind, in profound sympathy with those violent revolutions which were threatening to shake the world to its foundations. His inquiring spirit, his lofty thought, could not but arrest the attention and command the respect of a man like Herder, — however different his own religious views, however much he despised that philosophy which could only teach men contempt of their race and of the world. August von Einsiedel believed in nothing, — neither in the mercies of God, nor in the ways of men; but he uttered his negations with such perfect good-humor, and with such a lively wit, that you pitied even the honesty of the man. "Above all things he hated charlatans in science," says Caroline Herder, in her brief and clear and inaccurate description of him, "who stood most in the way of all real progress"; and he and Herder, always inclined to be rebellious, while never ceasing to be reverent, would sit half the night through, cheerfully smoking their pipes and discussing the verities of the world; and while Herder could not but look with compassion upon the man, so richly endowed, going to waste and lost to all noble service, he could not also fail to be instructed by the wide range of thought of the philosopher, — of so obstinate a turn, withal, as to refuse always to believe what he could not understand.

Quitting the army presently, of course, Einsiedel went to Göttingen to study, and there developed that craving to peer into the origin of things which he had caught, it may be, from Herder. The primeval history of the human races led him to long to see the primeval lands; and he was well fitted for that silent and watchful wandering by which the great traveller enriches always the world he has forsaken; for there was hardly any branch of knowledge of which he did not know at least the deficiences. Meanwhile, he went to the Mining Academy in Freiberg in Saxony, to learn of the celebrated Werner, and accepted afterwards a post in the government administration of the mines. But life to such a man as Einsiedel meant freedom to follow his own

path, to whatever end it should lead. In vain Herder admonished him, since he could not control fortune, to bow cheerfully to the yoke. But, like the rest of us, Einsiedel had the problem of his own life to solve, and thought he could do this best for himself. At the Christmas time, and often in the summers, in these years, we find him at Weimar on a visit; but, however delightful Herder's society may have been, and however flattering the distinction of being so well received by so eminent a man, there was another attraction, of a different sort, never suspected in so erudite a philosopher and so keen a wit; he was in love with the wife of a chamberlain of the court, a friend of the Herders, and she with him. And when, in May, 1785, after having succeeded in obtaining assistance enough from the French government to set out upon his long-wished-for journey to Africa, he bade his friends in Weimar a long farewell and left them, the wife of our chamberlain suddenly died in the absence of her husband, and was buried with becoming demonstrations of grief. But one of those busy members of society who are always where they are not wanted, persisted in asseverating that he saw the lady after her funeral, in Strasburg. It was incredible; but he was clamorous, and so to convict him of lunacy they opened the coffin, and found — an artificial figure. This is the characteristic adventure with which Mr. Lewes libels that "careless Epicurean," Einsiedel, — that innocent chamberlain to the Dowager-Duchess Amalia, — an inexcusable error in one so familiar as Lewes must have become with the personages who take part in the story which he tells so well.

There is nothing in the subsequent career of August von Einsiedel to amuse or instruct us. Like the rest of his life, his journey to Africa was a failure; the plague interfered with his projects, and gave him time to awake from his long dream that there was something in the East which the West could not give him. He frankly confessed that he found the trouble to be in himself. The chamberlain's wife, who of course had followed his dusty fortunes to Africa, obtained a divorce upon their return, and in 1788, during Herder's absence in Italy, they were quietly married. But it could not be perhaps, certainly was not, a happy marriage, and we infer that after several years they separated again.

Shortly after his return, Einsiedel wrote to Herder, in his sententious and lofty way, the sarcasm ill concealing his necessities, to inform him that he had resolved to become a man of letters, even an academician in Berlin; "for I remember to have heard from La Grange, that he got fifteen hundred thalers as director of the mathematical class, and had nothing to do but to write a couple of treatises once a year, which he could despatch in a few days; and once a week or once a fortnight to meet with his colleagues, who read papers which he did not understand, indeed, but to which he did not listen. That was not so bad, and although I am not a man of letters, I do not doubt that I could immediately become one." Finally, these are the first letters of August von Einsiedel which have ever been published, and they may as well be the last; for we may not say of him as of some of those

silent shapes which flash out their lustrous beauty upon us from the dark backgrounds of our human history, —

Ἀνδρῶν δικαίων χρόνος σωτὴρ ἄριστος.

SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

THE science of Comparative Philology, or Linguistics, as Mr. Marsh calls it, is a new one, and one of which the majority of educated men in this country have but a very vague idea. A tolerably clear notion of the European branches of the Aryan or Indo-European family of languages, a vague idea that these were all derived from the Sanskrit (which they were not), a somewhat shadowy conception of the boundary line between this family and the Semitic, and a faint recollection of having heard the word Turanian, — this is about the sum and substance of what is generally known in our community by those who have not made linguistics their study. For this class the volume before us is designed.* Great skill is shown in presenting in a popular and comprehensible form so complicated and difficult a subject, and great practical knowledge of the wants of an Anglo-Saxon audience. The lecturer does not often wander off into impenetrable mazes of German erudition. As for the spelling, he does not seem to have made more changes than any scholar is bound to in these days. We do not see why we must spell Aryan and Chingis-Khán; but we know very well from experience that such changes are sure to be snapped up by the admiring world, and we may as well submit at once.

The treatise is partly theoretical, on language in general, and partly devoted to giving a view of the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian families. This latter is admirably clear, succinct, and scholarly. A valuable table in the appendix contains a complete classified catalogue of the languages in these families.

Of the theoretical discussions which are scattered through the book, we will give a brief sketch. Prof. Müller is a firm believer in the unity of the human race, — a belief which necessarily carries with it that of the common origin of all languages. He chooses, however, to keep the two subjects separate, and is careful to do no more here than prove that all languages *might have had* a common origin, throwing then the burden of proof upon the other party. This common origin consisted in an indefinite number of monosyllabic roots, "*phonetic types*, produced by a power inherent in human nature," — by "an instinct of the mind, as irresistible as any other instinct," — and then reduced by "*natural elimination*" to the final type. An example of the prodigious fertility of the human mind in the production of these elements of speech is seen in the Arabic, which has 200 names for sword, 1,000 for lion, and 5,744 relating to the camel. The number of the phonetic types is theoretically infinite; practically, it is reduced to

* Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in April, May, and June, 1861. By MAX MÜLLER, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner.

four or five hundred. Thsee roots are of two classes. — predicative, containing an idea, and demonstrative, pointing out and making definite. At first these roots were used simply and without change, and in this stage the Chinese has remained to this day. Then came in the law of Phonetic Decay; the demonstrative roots, appended to the predicative to mark various relations, underwent changes and corruptions, until their original form would no longer be recognized, the predicative root meanwhile remaining unchanged. This process is called *agglutination*, and this is the character of the Turanian languages. But in the Aryan and Semitic languages both roots have undergone phonetic decay, and roots are combined freely with each other by an *amalgamating* process. These three stages he calls Radical, Terminational, and Inflectional.

Through these three stages he thinks that all our most advanced languages have passed, and in proof of it points to the monosyllabic roots which are found in all the Aryan languages, and to the fact that almost all inflections can be shown to have arisen in just this way; as, for instance, the terminations of the French future, which are nothing but the present of *avoir* appended to the infinitive. Traces of agglutination also are found in Chinese, and of inflection in various Turanian dialects, showing a tendency to advance to a higher stage. The fact that all languages have not the same roots, he accounts for by a law which he calls Dialectical Regeneration; in the multitude of original roots different dialects made different selections, and here a stock of roots is preserved, to draw upon whenever there is need. It seems to us, however, that the influence of this upon modern Spanish and French must have been very slight; the Latin spoken in those countries must have been homogeneous, for the most part, like the English in America. Spanish, as we know, drew largely from the Moors, and French from the Teutonic tribes, — not from the dialects of Italy, of which Professor Müller makes mention.

We do not think it possible, as our author desires, to keep the sciences of Linguistics and Ethnology distinct. If we accept the unity of the race, that of its speech must follow as a matter of course; and on the other hand, assuming the diversity of origin of the race, the probability is that each had its own language. On either Agassiz's or Darwin's theory, the suppositions would be the same; — 1. that language was given directly from God; 2. that the human organs necessarily employ certain combinations of sounds to express certain emotions, according to the theory maintained by the late Dr. Kraitsir. In either of these cases, languages, although of independent origin, would have been identical at the start. But neither of these can be anything more than an hypothesis; at all events, neither has yet been rendered probable, on the assumption of the original diversity of the human race.* But, 3. assuming that sounds were arbitrarily chosen to represent ideas (for the onomatopoetic and interjectional theories are well disposed of

* To the old question, which was the language of Paradise, elaborate answers have been made, defending the several claims of Hebrew, Swedish, Dutch, and Basque.

by our author), there is still the possibility that one language of greater aggressive power rooted out all the others, and was left to rule alone. This we know must have been the case in Europe, for, with trifling exceptions, all the languages in Europe are proved to have had one origin, its starting-point probably in Asia. Of the multitudes who, on the theory we are considering, occupied Europe before the Aryan invasion, there are no vestiges except the Basque language, in a corner of Spain, probably the ancient Etruscan, and perhaps a few mounds and *nurhagen*. Everything else has been either driven out or absorbed by the conquerors. What we know to have occurred in Europe may have occurred all over the world. But, inasmuch as only very slight resemblances to Aryan forms, and which can very well have been merely casual, have been pointed out in Semitic languages, still less in Turanian, and there remain hundreds of dialects in which none at all has been found, while vast fields remain yet unexplored, there is very little reason to anticipate any such generalization as the reducing of all the languages of the earth to one set of roots. Both of our author's remarks, then, seem unfounded. The science of language does depend very immediately upon Ethnology; and (granting the variety of the human race) the burden of proof certainly lies as yet against the common origin of languages.

The phrase is a little obscure which classes the study of language as a physical science. Speech is physical, and analysis shows that a given articulation always produces a certain sound, just as a given chemical combination always produces a certain result. That is all there is physical about language, and that is much the smallest part of it. It is the mind which combines these articulate sounds into language, and language is in so far not a physical, but a mental science. But, as having laws of growth, which can be studied apart from the material it is made from, it bears a certain analogy to the organic structures of the natural world, — plants, for example. There is ingenuity, and a certain truth, in calling the study of these laws a physical science. It was wise, too, in addressing an English audience. Still, to the uninitiated, the analogy will be rather blind.

Again, while we recognize the value of the discovery of uniform monosyllabic roots in the various Aryan languages, we must question (on any theory but that of their divine origin) the meaning assigned to these various roots. "What is the meaning of moon? — the measurer. What is the meaning of sun? — the begetter. What is the meaning of earth? — the ploughed. The old name given to animals, such as cows and sheep, was *pa'su*, the Latin *pecus*, which means *feeders*." (p. 379.) Now we will not attempt to decide between Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart, whether nouns or verbs were first invented, but we do not hesitate to say that the moon must have had a name before the idea of measurement had one, cattle before the idea of feeding, and a river before the idea of flowing.

Our classical prejudices, furthermore, are very much shocked at Professor Müller's list of the great epics of the world, which he enumerates as follows: — The Ionian Songs (Homer); the Mahábhárata

(Sanskrit); the Shahnámeh (Persian); the Nibelunge (German); and the Kalewala (Wainamoinen, Finnish). From this last, as we recollect, a curious legend was given in this journal some years ago (March, 1853).

We wish we had time to do justice to all the treasures of thought and scholarship this book contains, but we must content ourselves with a passage about the word *barbarian*.

"Now *barbarian* is one of those lazy expressions which seem to say everything, but in reality say nothing. It was applied as recklessly as the word *heretic* during the Middle Ages. If the Romans had not received this convenient name of barbarian ready made for them, they would have treated their neighbors, the Celts and Germans, with more respect and sympathy: they would at all events have looked at them with a more discriminating eye. And if they had done so, they would have discovered, in spite of outward differences, that these barbarians were, after all, not very distant cousins. There was as much similarity between the language of Cæsar and the barbarians against whom he fought in Gaul and Germany, as there was between his language and that of Homer. A man of Cæsar's sagacity would have seen this if he had not been blinded by traditional phraseology. I am not exaggerating; for let us look at one instance only. If we take a verb of such constant occurrence as *to have*, we shall find the paradigms almost identical in Latin and Gothic..... It surely required a certain amount of blindness, or rather of deafness, not to perceive such similarity, and that blindness or deafness arose, I believe, entirely from the single word *barbarian*. Not till that word barbarian was struck out of the dictionary of mankind, and replaced by brother, not till the right of all nations of the world to be classed as members of one genus or kind was recognized, can we look even for the first beginnings of our science. This change was effected by Christianity." — p. 127.

Professor Müller takes some little pains, in his discussion of primitive roots, to set aside two favorite theories of etymologists, — what he irreverently calls the "pooh-pooh theory" and the "bow-wow theory"; or, as we more elegantly phrase it, the interjectional and the onomatopoetic, — that which starts with inarticulate exclamations, and that which starts with imitative sounds. He shows, we think, successfully, that much the largest part of human speech can be traced to neither source; and that we must postulate, at the very outset, a great variety of monosyllables, of which no more account can be given than why an oak-leaf should differ from an elm. To all intents and purposes, their shape and significance are the immediate act of the Creator. How far human ingenuity can go, in tracing the paternity and cousinships of our familiar parts of speech, remains a curious problem. It is a problem, however, belonging not so much to the science of language as to its antiquarianism, — bearing about the same relation to it as "Notes and Queries" do to literature. A very few steps of it lead us into a perfect jungle of puzzles and curiosities, rather tiresome to one who does not share the patient enthusiasm of the *captatores verborum*.

We mean no disparagement to those who have leisure and taste to pursue these inquiries. One of these days, we doubt not, they will be seen to furnish an important share of the materials which science will

need for its completed work. And we have looked, with considerable interest, through the handsome volume which comes as a timely appendix to Professor Müller's work.* The introductory portion, which vindicates the latter of the two theories referred to, will be most interesting to the general scholar. Indeed, the subject lies just now in such a form that we should prefer to see it treated in an Essay, with illustrations, than in a Dictionary, which necessarily parades the weak points in too close proximity to the strong ones. Independent of any theory, however, the information gathered in these clear, handsome columns is often curious and entertaining. We have marked the articles Abash, Admiral, Abet, Artillery, Awkward, Bargain, Barter, Buoy, Canoe, Ceiling, Cheese, Drill, along with several others, as examples. Under the title Coal, we find the fear expressed, in the fifteenth century, that "Sea-cole would be good merchandize even in the citie of London," such destruction of the forests was going on even then.

Some of Mr. Marsh's additions are models of brief, curious, and scholarly dissertation on the points they treat. See, for example, under the titles Abet, Amber, At, Calibre. His intimate acquaintance with North-European languages was well known already. But some of his most interesting illustrations are drawn from the dialects of the South, from old feudal law-codes, and especially from Spanish sources. A list of about two hundred and forty words so illustrated testifies to the amount of labor and erudition bestowed by the American editor on the work.

We observe a trifling error, in giving the American use of "creek" as equivalent to "brook." In the East, a creek is a small tide-water stream, which may have suggested its Western application to the level streams of the prairie-land. We do not think that even there it means quite the same as brook.

We have received the first number of a work † to consist of three close-printed octavo volumes of about 500 pages each, on that hopelessly vexed matter of philology, the spelling and pronunciation of our native tongue. From the brief review we have been able to give this preliminary portion, it seems to us a scholarly and exhaustive discussion of the topics it treats, — the physiology of the voice, and the nature of syllabification. The promised second part will be most interesting to scholars, — the history of the English language, with the investigation of its various elements, Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, Norman French, Latin and Greek. The laws of Accent are to follow; "and in the fourth part, finally, will be established the laws of English Orthography and Pronunciation."

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* A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, M. A. Vol. I. (A - D.) With Notes and Additions, by George P. Marsh. New York: Sheldon & Co.

† Investigations into the Laws of English Orthography and Pronunciation. By Professor R. L. Tafel. Vol. I. No. 1. New York: Westermann.

NOVELS AND TALES.

As a novelist Mrs. Stowe has many excellences. The local coloring is both vivid and truthful. Whether it relates to the most corrupt age of the Church, as in "Agnes of Sorrento," or to the simple fisherman life, as in the "Pearl of Orr's Island," it is equally rich and faithful.* Shades of religious opinion Mrs. Stowe is quick to detect, and skilful in embodying, while her sketches of negro life and character have never been surpassed. She is also very successful in her delineations of the uncultivated New-Englander. Her fishermen and seamstresses are always original, amusing, and characteristic. Captain Kittredge, in "The Pearl of Orr's Island," with his easy good-nature, genuine sensibility, and genius for story-telling, is inimitable, and is cleverly contrasted with his matter-of-fact, energetic wife. Miss Roxy, the factotum of the neighborhood, in the same volume, can only be excelled by the Miss Prissy of "The Minister's Wooing."

But it is a little singular that an author, who can so portray her minor characters that they are ever hereafter remembered and quoted as realities, should so lamentably fail in her heroines. Agnes of Sorrento, and Mara, the Pearl of Orr's Island, are cast in the same mould as their predecessors of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Minister's Wooing." They have no faults, or even imperfections, but are entirely ethereal and colorless. They are as impalpable to the touch as the phantoms of a magic lantern, with about the same degree of perspective. Mara is less natural than Agnes. We can more readily imagine a peasant-girl of Italy, educated by nuns, as growing up childlike, refined, and spiritual, than we can a fisherman's daughter on the coast of Maine. Refinement of nature and delicacy of heart are possible, but refinement of manner, including a pure dialect, is almost, if not quite, impossible. Mara is never affected by her surroundings, though the constant associate of Captain Kittredge, who is notable for his perversions of the English tongue.

With regard to the respective merits of the two books we must decide in favor of "The Pearl of Orr's Island." With the exception of the heroine, the characters are of more marked individuality, the dialogues more racy and sparkling, and the interest of the story is better sustained. "Agnes of Sorrento" displays more thought and culture, but thought and culture not always judiciously applied. The influence which the martyr Savonarola nobly exerted against the power of the Borgias, and the simple faith of the peasants, as contrasted with the scepticism of the nobles, are well and graphically described. But the conversations are often tame, and the story drags.

This last defect is partly owing to the descriptions. By their number and length they interrupt the flow and interest of the narrative. The setting of a gem should not dim its brilliancy by too elaborate

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* Agnes of Sorrento. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

The Pearl of Orr's Island. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

workmanship. What would be admirable and fitting in a book of travels, is tedious and out of place in a romance. It is a very rare faculty, that of so exquisitely blending narrative and description that they illustrate and adorn each other. In "The Marble Faun," for example, the effect produced may be likened to that of Nourmahal's enchanted lute; —

> "None knew whether
> The voice or lute were most divine,
> So wondrously they went together."

But while Mrs. Stowe has no such felicitous touch, the beauty of her descriptions in themselves must not be overlooked. Agnes's home is charmingly painted, while the city of Sorrento, the cathedral at Milan, seen by moonlight, and the pilgrims' first view of Rome, are all beautiful pictures. Her sketches would be more effective, were it not for the perpetual recurrence of the same images. In "The Minister's Wooing," the apple-trees are always blossoming. In "Agnes of Sorrento" we read a great deal about the "crimson cyclamen," and "waving tufts of gladiolus." In "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "the savins and mullein-stalks" are somewhat too conspicuous features of the landscape.

Among the characters in "Agnes of Sorrento," the monk Francisco is the most artistic. His struggles with his love for Agnes, his tumultuous and contradictory emotions, his fasts and penances, are powerfully depicted. Why a character so significant and prominent should be allowed to drop out so entirely from the plot, we cannot understand.

It is not probable that either of these novels will have the popularity or reputation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; still they are quite equal, and in some respects superior, to "The Minister's Wooing."

We have a great liking for brave out-door stories, with vitality and movement in them, — of which "Ravenshoe" is one.* It is full of incident, has a good deal of a certain dramatic felicity, and a pleasant gossiping way of approach on the author's part, which puts the reader very much at his ease. Possibly these qualities are a little overdone, as the temptation was in the pernicious mode of magazine-publication by instalments. We doubt also whether the writer has attained a story-teller's highest success, — that of making the reader feel and think with him about the people he tells of. We fully believe, on his assurance, that Charles Ravenshoe was a man who from infancy compelled every one near him to love him, — who wholly deserved that his life and fortunes should make the centre of interest for so large a circle of such friends, all of whom are eager to make any sacrifice for him. But we cannot say that, on a week's acquaintance, we see it with our own eyes. That he was irresistibly lovable and provokingly foolish in his conduct, the author keeps assuring us; and the latter he makes a good deal more evident than the first. However, if it had not been for that, and for the most wanton and aggravating game of cross-purposes that grew out of it, we should have missed a capital story. We have a large amount of the old stock material of story-books, turned to ex-

* Ravenshoe. By Henry Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

cellent account; — a Jesuit confessor, a secret marriage, a changing at nurse, and a tangle of mystery to the very verge of madness. The newer stock material also comes in, — the college scrapes, the boat-race, the Australian background, and the Balaclava charge, with the hospitals and Miss Nightingale in reserve. We are struck, on looking back, with the moderate amount of sympathy or respect one feels for any of the group he has got to know so well. Personal love for Charles, and anxiety to further his welfare by the most startling self-sacrifices, is the one virtue found in various types and various degrees of development. Perhaps it was as well, dramatically, that higher virtues (if peradventure there be such) should be ignored. But we own to having been a little disappointed, after all, to find ourselves on the level of the old question, — who is heir to the estates, and who shall have the splendid revenues of my Lord Saltire. It suggests, also, an inquiry as to those laws which try so hard to secure the succession and tie up properties by entail, that an estate almost princely is in the wrong hands for two generations, and the rightful heir is at the mercy of a parish record which the "Times" advertisement and the golden reward are unable to bring to light, and must wait the remorse of a dying priest.

Whether the story, on the whole, was worth telling is one thing; how it is told is another thing. In the power to win the hearer's ear at starting, and keep his attention unflagging to the close, — in all the qualities which belong to merit of the second class, — few tales stand with us higher than "Ravenshoe."

Among the lesser tales of the day is a volume very interesting in its incident, and very charming in its spirit, — a tale of a music-master, his household and his friends.* The charms, trials, and perils of the profession are sketched with great felicity and beauty. The story is well developed, easily winning and retaining the reader's attention, — though it hinges on a quite unnecessary and painful mystery, which is resolved at the end in a somewhat theatrical *tableau*. Each of the characters, with a curious skill, and without any duplicating, is endowed with some specialty of musical genius; and the serene, noble figure of the Master, large-hearted, gentle, and touched by great griefs, is well worthy to be the central figure. The contrast of the maidens, the brilliancy of the younger man, the half-cynic wisdom and tragic experience of the elder, the crazed tenant of the "den," the proud, fond, jealous wife, with the background of humbler life, and the picturesque suggestion of Southern landscape as a foil to the New England city, make a great wealth of material for so small a compass.

We regret that a writer of so much accomplishment should have been guilty of using the petty vulgarism of "illy," or the uncouth and un-English "commenced to feed." "Commence" is not a desirable verb, at best; but at any rate, it should be used only absolutely, — as, "the battle commenced"; or else with a direct object, — as, "when we commenced this paragraph." In either case, "begin" is better.

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* The Master. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

THE expectation aroused by the announcement of a new work from Victor Hugo will not be disappointed by the first instalment, which has appeared under the title of "Fantine."* It is a production of extraordinary power, in whatever light regarded. The characters are original, marked, and drawn with sharp distinctness; the scenes are described with minute fidelity, and yet without redundance of epithet; and the plot of the story, though by no means complicated, is intensely interesting. It moves on more slowly than the course of most French novels, and there is no attempt to produce surprises or startling effects. There is a singular union of calmness and tragedy, and the last impression is at once pleasant and painful. The book is at once the exhibition of social abuses and of Christian virtues, of the working of noble principles in the soul, and the disaster of false customs in the world. It has probably some secret political purpose, which foreign readers will not easily discover.

We shall not attempt to give an analysis of a story in which so much of the interest is in the details of description, and in the exquisite beauty of style. Each of the eight books into which it is divided is complete in itself, and might be given as a separate sketch. The Bishop Myral, "Monsieur Bienvenu," and his household of two women quite unlike, make an admirable cabinet picture. The portrait of a perfect Christian pastor has never been more beautifully drawn. The emphasis with which his traits are specialized has almost the effect of satire, and perhaps was meant for that. His interview with the dying revolutionist is perhaps the most skilful and impressive scene in the volume. Another striking character is the convict Jean Valjean, who is introduced first to show the consequences of unjust judicial sentence and harsh penal administration, and afterwards, in his changed and regenerate condition, as mayor of a provincial city, to show what may be done by one man of energy and influence, who has the spirit of Christ in his heart. Still another remarkable figure is that of the policeman Javert, given as the type of the French official, grave, honest, and truthful, but stern and unrelenting in his devotion to forms of laws and to precedents of social custom, — a noble soul enslaved to the routine of duty, never able to get beyond the line of established rule.

Fantine, the heroine of the story, does not appear until the third book. She is first shown in one of those characteristic Parisian groups which may be met anywhere in the Bois de Boulogne, or in the *cafés*, — students and their grisette companions taking a holiday. The inevitable issue comes in desertion, shame, poverty, struggle between womanly pride and maternal love. The beautiful, pure, and confiding girl becomes gradually, through the succession of persecutions, mishaps, and miseries which follow her, a jealous, reckless, abandoned woman, held to virtue only by the love of her child. Incidentally in connection with this child, we have glimpses of the brutal side of peasant life in France, in

* VICTOR HUGO. Les Misérables. Fantine. New York: F. W. Christern. The Same, translated. New York: Carleton.

the household of the Thenardier family. Fantine dies at last in comparative peace; but her death is only the end of a victim to society. We can feel for this poor creature only pity.

We have connected with this notice the title of the American edition, containing in a single well-printed and cheap volume the whole matter of the two bulky and costly French octavos. The time is not far distant, we may hope, when French and German works of solid value will be reissued here to as much profit as English works. It is a mistake for any who can command the original, to read the works of a French author in a translation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOST of the English arguments that we have seen upon the state of things in America are simply illustrations of an unfortunate habit of mind, more easy to be accounted for than to be got rid of. Their interest is not political, but psychological. They are materials, gathered in advance, for Archbishop Whately to use in the next edition of his Logic, to enrich the chapter on "Bias, as a Source of Fallacy in Reasoning." The wish is father of the thought; and the thought is of a nature to beget perpetual surprise. The aristocratic patrons of abolition strike hands with the aristocracy of the cotton-field, and Mr. Mason succeeds to the place in their good graces left vacant by Mrs. Stowe. The candid "Edinburgh" expounds our system of government by citations from Mr. Calhoun, with never a hint that he is generally regarded here as the chief of heretics in political opinion. The conservative "Quarterly" assumes that the work of rebellion is complete as soon as its flag is raised, and lends all its sympathies to the cause of anarchy. The liberal "Westminster" weighs the Northern democracy against the Southern oligarchy, and finds all the advantage on the side of the latter, not allowing its opponent even the poor merit of fighting qualities. And the one elaborate exposition of the question at issue in this war, which seems to have acquired a hold on the public mind of England, and to stand there as a sort of classic authority on the subject, is simply the argument of a retained attorney, to make good the doctrine of Southern Rights.

While English statesmen, high in the ranks of opposition, have publicly speculated on the advantages to England of the dismemberment of our Republic, and while officers of the crown have owned in Parliament that the action of the government has been a bid in advance for the good-will of the future Southern "Slave-Empire of the West," it has been a courageous as well as honorable thing when any voice has been lifted on the side of liberty and public order. The admirable pamphlet by Mr. Mill we have already noticed. Private as well as public correspondence has developed a great amount of right and generous feeling, and indicated a great deal more that no doubt lies latent there. And the constitutional question at issue has been argued with a candor and ability and knowledge of the ground which deserve a grateful recognition from us who honor England and who love the

things that make for peace. Such an argument, brief, clear, and conclusive, has been made in the volume whose title we register below.*

The importance of the constitutional argument we are a little apt to overlook, since the decision was carried to other fields. There was a certain truth in what the London "Times" said, — that the right and wrong of it are to be proved by dint of arms. The sound constitutional doctrine will be that which can beat the other in fair fight. Practically, perhaps, it is so. At least, the facts to which future interpretations of the law must shape themselves, will be so determined. But there is enough difference of opinion, even this side of the water, to make it very important that our government should be able to make its case good by argument as well as arms. The point is admirably stated by Mr. Rawlins: —

"If the Southern States are only resuming powers which they never entirely abandoned, but only leased for an indefinite period to the Federal government, it is clear that, whether their reasons for resumption be good or bad, they are at any rate constitutional, and the war now waged against them is purely aggressive, and deserving the reprobation of every honest man, and every constitutional government, as one of the most fearful outrages upon human rights recorded in the history of civilization.

"But if, on the contrary, secession is nothing more nor less than rebellion, not justified by previous oppression of any kind whatever, or by the slightest violation of any clause in the Constitution, then we say that a President, a Senate and Representatives, who have solemnly sworn 'faithfully to preserve, protect, and defend that Constitution,' would be utterly unworthy the name of a government if they did not do their utmost to uphold it."

The first is the mischievous fallacy which so many at the South have clung to, honestly we suppose, passionately at any rate, and ruinously; which is assumed by those in England who would otherwise do justice to this convulsive struggle to vindicate our nationality; and which is elaborately maintained by such works as that of Mr. Spence, specially replied to in the book before us. Though very brief, this volume is ample in its citations from the eminent statesmen of seventy-five years ago; it includes the documents most important to be consulted, — the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, and Washington's Farewell Address; and it is difficult to believe that any person, with a fair knowledge of the ground it treats, can honestly hold the heresy of secession any longer, or utter another syllable about the "aggression" of the North upon the South.

We copy the concluding paragraph: —

"It has been well observed, that no Constitution ever provides for its own destruction. It is confessedly subject to the changes of time and to the chances of revolution. The Constitution of the United States provides against the latter and for the former in the power of amendment by appeal to the source of its authority, — the sovereign people. It guarantees the blessings of a free press, free speech, free religion, free self-government, in

* American Dis-Union: Constitutional or Unconstitutional? A Reply to Mr. James Spence upon the Question, "Is Secession a Constitutional Right?" discussed in his recent Work, "The American Union." By Charles Ed. Rawlins, Jun. London: Robert Hardwicke.

internal affairs, and trial by jury. The Southern States have rebelled against this Constitution, in order to secure, and, if possible, to extend, the institution of slavery; to create for the first time a state founded upon the subordination of the African race as its unchangeable basis; to make slavery 'that stone rejected by the first builders, — the chief stone of the corner,'* and the conservatives of England have justified their rebellion!"

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Trollope has produced a very entertaining and readable book of his travels in the United States and Canada.† He is a man of the world, observes keenly, enjoys heartily, and talks well, — with a fulness of animal life about him that is quite refreshing. We feel very much indebted to any one who candidly holds up to us the mirror of our life such as it is. And we never felt it in our heart to be distressed overmuch at what may have been said in the way of criticism, sarcasm, or fun, by the great company of those English guests of ours who have reported of us among their kindred. The tone of Mr. Trollope's book is fair and friendly, and the appearance of it very timely. Not only are we curious to see how affairs among us looked to visitors from abroad, who could share neither our passions nor our fears; but there was a sudden perplexity — a cloud even threatening fierce thunders — that interrupted our cordial fellowship with England, and made it hard even for the best disposed to understand each other. We think Mr. Trollope has done something effectually to break through that barrier. He came just when the fortunes of the war were most dark for us, — in September of last year, — and went away, six months later, when the tide of victory was setting with so strong a sweep in favor of the national arms. The structure of our national and State governments he studied intelligently and with care, and has been at a good deal of pains to set them fairly before his English readers. His vindication of the position taken by our government, and of the necessity of the struggle which has been forced upon it, is manly and generous. The sophistries of Mr. Spence's book, so eagerly and generally caught up by the English, he meets with a very short answer: "There are axioms in politics, as in mathematics, which recommend themselves to the mind at once, and require no argument for proof. Men *who are not argumentative* perceive at once that they are true. A part cannot be greater than the whole."

We are glad, also, that Mr. Trollope has said the few words he has in explanation of the position of England. The nature of the government, compelling the British administration to declare its policy publicly, he thinks was the source of the misunderstanding. The mere declaration of neutrality, we take it, nobody here found fault with. Made in the way it was, it had the air of saying, somewhat ostentatiously, We will go as far as our treaties will let us to propitiate the rebellious States, which will probably gain their independence. And, whether right or wrong, a very strong conviction got ground among us, that this neutrality was neither honestly meant nor honestly kept. The mistaken opin-

* So described by the Vice-President of the Confederacy.

† North America. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ions, almost universal in England, relative to this struggle, are frankly acknowledged by our traveller, who was cured of them only by some months' stay among us. And the state of feeling on both sides the water has been so real a calamity, — so many wrong and bitter and mischievous things have been said on both sides, — that we receive with particular satisfaction words coming from an English source which seem likely to abate something of these unhappy differences.

We have received the first number of a new monthly review bearing the title of "The Exchange,"* the object of which is to chronicle and discuss the movements and prospects of trade and industry, especially those in which England is concerned. The idea is a good one; and if the contents of the first number are to be taken as a specimen of what is to come, we shall have variety enough in the topics. In this first issue, there are articles on Mexico, on the American War, on the financial condition of Bengal, on Canada and its resources, on Australian politics, on Collieries, on Cotton, on Foreign Exchanges, and on British Commerce in the last two years; besides the closing summary of stocks, trade, manufactures, and produce for the previous month. The articles are all readable, and easy to be read, but are none of them very able. The tone of the paper on the American war is the prevalent English tone, a pretended abhorrence of slavery, with an evident sympathy with the South, and wish either for permanent disruption or a restoration of the old state of things, which shall give slavery its former power, and restore cheap cotton to the English mills. It denies, however, that the "Tariff" had anything to do with the war, and maintains that slavery is its only and sufficient cause.

The facts of this magazine are not always accurate or consistent. China is mentioned as a "tropical nation," when hardly a twentieth of that vast land lies within the tropics, and the latitude of its capital is about that of Philadelphia. The comparative consumption of cotton in the slave and free States is mentioned as "one to three," while by the figures in the tables it would be less than one to four. In what is said about the near future of Canada, there is a ludicrous exaggeration. And the Morrill Tariff is sneered at and denounced, with a charming forgetfulness of the long sin of England in her tariffs and unjust restrictions on trade. It will not do to receive too implicitly the conclusions of these English statistical journals, which are always drawn more in regard to the interests of English merchants than to the interest of truth.

A COLORED clergyman, a graduate of Queen's College, Cambridge, now a prominent citizen of Liberia, gives us, in a respectable volume of sermons and speeches, his "Hope for Africa," in terms that command confidence and deserve praise.† Had there been but a single

* The Exchange. A Home and Colonial Monthly Review of Commerce, Manufactures, and General Politics. No. I. April, 1862. London: Sampson, Low & Son. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

† The Future of Africa: Addresses, &c., in Liberia. By REV. ALEX. CRUMMELL. New York: Scribner.

Address, or but one strain from instruments a little varied, as clergymen sometimes present in a sermon what they offer elsewhere as an essay, it might have been imagined that this African preacher had been assisted by some of the eminent men who have so warmly befriended him. But the credit of these ten independent Addresses is all his own. No unprejudiced person can read them, and not feel that the people of the most benighted quarter of the globe are shaking off their long sleep, to rise up through the united influence of commerce, immigration, and Christian civilization, and take their place among the nations of the earth. Liberia does not work alone. The British colony of Sierra Leone has already become the cradle of missions and the parent of colonies. Barbadoes promises to establish another settlement south of Liberia. There are, besides, twelve independent stations at distances of a hundred miles from each other along the coast, and many times that number of outstations with a high school and a college. In no other land has recent travel accomplished so much, laying open a vast interior route for traffic, leading to the discovery of more intelligent races, and spreading an inviting field for productive labor of every kind. More than that, the present exigency of industry demands that a country where cotton grows wild, where ivory abounds and palm-oil may be said to flow in streams, a country of inexhaustible fertility and undeveloped industry, should be brought into intimate relations with the commercial, manufacturing, civilized world.

THE picture which Lieutenant Harris draws of his captivity * is not so utterly dark as might have been expected. Except that he reports seven privates as having been shot for looking out of the windows, and that Secessionists, especially females, spared no terms of abuse, the sufferings of our imprisoned soldiers were no greater than might have been expected. Their prison was at the head-quarters of the rebellion, the necessaries of life were difficult to be got at any price, the rebel regiments themselves were only half-clad, and the threat of the execution of privateersmen excited the Confederates to menace a bloody retribution. Food was scanty, the space allotted each prisoner exceedingly small, the head jailer a military martinet, the decencies of life hardly permitted among the privates, and no suitable courtesies shown to officers like Colonels Lee and Corcoran. But then there were opportunities to purchase food outside of the prison; there is no complaint of the withholding of Northern gifts, either of clothes or money; Hon. Mr. Faulkner effectually interfered to mitigate the hardships of confinement; and a vast deal of healthful pleasantry seems to have been kept up by these brave brethren in misfortune. One fact is so honorable to all parties that it deserves mention. Forty-three dollars had been stolen from the privates' letters in the prison-office. The Confederate officers replaced the amount out of their own purses. The Federal officers repaid the sum to Captain Gibbs; but he very nobly contributed the amount, through Surgeon Revere, to the relief of

* Prison-Life in the Tobacco Warehouse at Richmond. By LIEUT. W. C. HARRIS. Philadelphia: G. W. Childs. 1862.

destitute prisoners. That man certainly would do honor to a better cause.

SINCE our notice, in a recent number, of General Halleck's valuable work on Military Science, two similar treatises have come to hand, both by authors of historical fame.* They are less comprehensive than his, inasmuch as they do not aim to present a complete sketch of the science for non-professional readers. Marshal Marmont's work consists chiefly of remarks and suggestions on the various heads, intended especially for professional students, but not without interest to general readers. The famous work of the Baron de Jomini is the least extensive of the three in its scope, as it treats for the most part only of field operations. In these it is an invaluable companion for the historical student, nearly all of the important battles of modern history being spoken of in greater or less detail, in illustration of the principles laid down. It is also provided with an excellent index, and three good maps. An appendix contains the latest observations of the author, written after the Crimean war; and another gives a brief sketch of the principal maritime expeditions in history. We will call attention to a curious blunder of the American editors, who, in a note on page 348, say that the invention of the iron ramrod "is attributed by some to the Prince of Anhalt, and by others to Prince Leopold of Dessau," the inventor being in fact Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, better known as *the old Dessauer*, so graphically described by Carlyle.

THE painful mystery which was only half resolved in the "Tragedy of Errors" makes the burden of the concluding portion of the drama.† It receives its full solution, as the fatalities of human wrong so often require, only when it is beyond the reach of human compensation; and the sense of wrong is chastened by the presence of death, and by the holy purpose which death confirms and consecrates. The plot of the drama, as a whole, is admirably conceived, whether we regard the skill shown in the grouping of the materials, the unity of purpose that makes them all the growth from one evil root, or the spirit which gives life to the embodiment. In execution, it leaves, perhaps, rather too much to the reader's penetration; the whole scene does not stand before us quite so clear as we could wish at last; and the latter portion, as poetry, is not quite equal to the former. On the other hand, the devel-

* The Art of War. By BARON DE JOMINI, General and Aid-de-Camp of the Emperor of Russia. A new Edition, with Appendices and Maps. Translated from the French by Capt. G. H. Mendell, Corps of Topographical Engineers, U. S. Army, and Lieut. W. P. Craighill, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1862. 12mo. pp. 410.

The Spirit of Military Institutions; or, Essential Principles of the Art of War. By MARSHAL MARMONT, Duke of Ragusa. Translated from the latest Edition, revised and corrected by the Author, with illustrative Notes, by Henry Coppée, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania, late an Officer of Artillery in the Service of the United States. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1862. 12mo. pp. 272.

† Tragedy of Success. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

opment of one or two of the secondary characters makes it an admirable as well as needed conclusion to a poem which, in its completeness, we rate among the very finest in our American literature.

NOT having given, in its proper place, the notice merited by the new series of the "Altar at Home," we wish to bear our testimony, in a single word, to the great felicity and skill shown in its arrangement of topics, the variety, gravity, and excellence of its prayers, and the exceeding good taste shown in the plan (novel to us) of weaving in pious sentences from many devout writers with the Scripture selections for daily reading. We have never seen a manual which seemed to us, on the whole, so well adapted to the object for which it has been prepared.

RETAINING all that is valuable in the first edition, Crosby and Nichols have published a second and cheaper edition of "The White Hills."* The chief difference between the two is that the latter gives us a volume more convenient in size for general use, without depriving us of the fine clear type, or any of the illustrations.

SHELDON & Co. of New York are continuing the publication of the illustrated library edition of Dickens's Works, in the neat and beautiful style in which it was commenced. We have already called attention to the convenient size, clear type, and fine paper of this edition of "Boz," and again recommend it as the best and cheapest yet issued.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Sermons by Jabez Bunting, D. D. Vol. I. New York: Carlton and Porter. 8vo. pp. 472.

The Testimony of Christ to Christianity. By Peter Bayne. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 200.

Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church. With an Introduction on the Study of Ecclesiastical History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. From the Second London Edition, Revised. New York: Charles Scribner. 8vo. pp. 551.

Replies to "Essays and Reviews." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 438. (Reviewed. See Art. III.)

The Altar at Home. Second Series. Selections and Prayers for Domestic Worship. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 336.

Spiritual Sunday-School Class-Book. No. 1. Boston: William White & Co. 24mo. pp. 54.

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* The White Hills, their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry. By REV. T. S. KING. Boston: Crosby and Nichols.

Book of Vespers: an Order of Evening Worship, with Select Psalms and Hymns. New York: James Miller & Co. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 116. (See p. 136.)

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Pearl of Orr's Island; a Story of the Coast of Maine. 12mo. pp. 437. Agnes of Sorento. 12mo. pp. 412. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. (See p. 145.)

The Master. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 16mo. pp. 270. (See p. 147.)

Ravenshoe. By Henry Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 430. (See p. 146.)

Works of Charles Dickens. Household Edition. Barnaby Rudge. New York: Sheldon & Co. 3 vols.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Health; its Friends and its Foes. By R. D. Mussey, M. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 368.

Journal of Alfred Ely, a Prisoner of War in Richmond. Edited by Charles Lanman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 359.

The White Hills, their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry. By Rev. T. S. King. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 8vo.

Lyrics for Freedom, and other Poems. Under the Auspices of the Continental Club. New York: Carleton. 16mo. pp. 243.

Our Flag; a Poem in 4 Cantos. New York: Carleton. 16mo. pp. 41.

First Lessons in Mechanics; with Practical Applications, designed for the Use of Schools. By W. E. Worthen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 192.

Tragedy of Success. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 191. (See p. 154.)

Investigations into the Laws of English Orthography and Pronunciation. By Prof. R. L. Tafel. Vol. I. No. 1. New York: B. Westerman & Co. 8vo. pp. 92.

American Dis-Union: Constitutional or Unconstitutional? A Reply to Mr. James Spence upon the Question, "Is Secession a Constitutional Right?" discussed in his recent work, "The American Union." By Charles Ed. Rawlins, Jun. London: Robert Hardwicke. 16mo. pp. 228. (See p. 150.)

Chambers's Encyclopædia; a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Parts 46, 47, 48.

The Book of Days; a Miscellany of Popular Antiquities, in connection with the Calendar. Including Anecdote, Biography and History, Curiosities of Literature, and Oddities of Human Life and Character. With numerous Engravings. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Nos. 1, 2.

The Works of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. Boston: Brown and Taggard. Vol. IV.

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UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY WELCH, BIGELOW, AND COMPANY.

Sept 9

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CCXXXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei."—St. Augustine.

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BY THE PROPRIETOR,
AT WALKER, WISE, & CO.'S, 245 Washington Street.
LONDON: EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178 Strand.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by T. B. Fox, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

The Christian Examiner.

The Examiner is published on the first of January, March, May, July, September, and November, by the Proprietor, at Walker, Wise, & Co.'s Bookstore, 245 Washington Street, Boston, in numbers of at least 156 octavo pages each, at *four dollars* a year, payable *in advance.*

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

ART. I. — SAINT ANSELM.

1. *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D. D., Dean of Chichester. Vol. II. London: Richard Bentley. 1862.
2. *Saint Anselm de Cantorbéry. Tableau de la Vie Monastique et de la Lutte du Pouvoir Spirituel avec le Pouvoir Temporel au Onzième Siècle.* Par M. CHARLES DE REMUSAT. Paris: Didier. 1853.
3. *Le Rationalisme Chretien à la Fin du XI^e Siècle.* Par H. BOUCHITTÉ. Paris: D'Amyot. 1842.

LET the reader picture to himself, in the place of the France of to-day, a France covered with great forests and vast heaths, exhibiting rare intervals of rude cultivation, and traversed by long and narrow roads, relics of Roman power and sole arteries of a precarious and interrupted intercourse. A few leagues from Rouen in Normandy, in the midst of thick woods, stood in the year 1063 a rudely-built abbey, which took its name of Bec from the tongue of land formed by the confluence of two neighboring streams. The country around is rich, inhabited by powerful lords; near is the strong castle of Brionne, whose count, Gislebert, had endowed the abbey. It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast than the life within the monastery presents to that of the world about it. Without all is isolation, individualism: the feudal chieftain, responsible to no power, owning no check but superior force; a few attendants and warriors at his command, a thin population of serfs dwelling in miserable dependence around his fortress. Within is a community in

which individual will is hardly recognized, bound to unhesitating obedience, but obedience to a moral power; knit together by the close bands of love, of religion, of mutual interests. Without is constant devastation, — war public and private, fierce lust of power, unpitying cruelty, capricious courtesy, rude excess, ungoverned passion: within is unvarying and monotonous quiet, repugnance to worldly occupation, contempt for worldly goods, courting of every privation, respect for mercy, charity, concord. In the castle the profoundest and most stagnant ignorance; in the abbey, restless movement of mind, subtile discussion, eager desire for the little learning — grammar, Latin, music — which their teachers had to impart. With the soldiers, religion is only a form of superstition, — a sentiment of the terrors of future retribution, of the mysterious power of the priest, who holds the keys of the dread world of spirits, of the present protection and favor of God for those who withdraw from worldly cares to him, — a sentiment which habit has fixed in their credulous minds together with that other belief of the sacredness of the feudal tie, and which now leads them to load with wealth, now cannot withhold them from outraging by robbery, the helpless ministers of Heaven. In the cloister, religion is the study of life, the Divine presence is ever near, to be sought in devout meditation and mystic rapture: thither are drawn, or there developed, the genius, refinement, and holiness of the age; and there are reared the commanding minds who go forth to reform disorder, and exercise over force the might of an idea; or who, drawn into the ties of feudal society, partake also of its ambition, and call the aggrandizement of the Church the service of God.

In the century in which we would place ourselves, the munificence of kings and nobles was founding the great abbeys of Neustria, and few have a more romantic history than Bec. Herluin, a fierce warrior of noble family, in the midst of the *mêlée* resolves to consecrate his spared life to God. He renounces the pleasures of earth; his dress is neglected, his hair untrimmed. He refuses to convey the warlike messages of his lord, Gislebert, and the latter confiscates his goods. Herluin explains, and asks leave to enter a convent. The count returns his domains, which are consecrated to the Vir-

gin. Herluin, after various strange adventures, builds in the forest a rustic church; he works with spade and trowel, he denies himself repose to teach the brethren; but at last, overcome by fire and hardship, removes his convent to a more promising spot. There he still finds his task too great, and is troubled by his own insufficiency.

In the year 1041, the abbot was making an oven, when a poor stranger arrived before the convent, and implored admission. It was Lanfranc of Pavia, learned in letters and law, distinguished as a dialectician in Bologna. The fame of Norman schools had drawn him over the Alps. On the banks of the Rille he was plundered by robbers, who left him bound to a tree, his face muffled in a hood. Lanfranc would pray; but not a prayer can the great doctor of Bologna call to mind. In shame and terror, he resolved to enter the poorest convent of the district. Delivered by travellers, he had been directed to Bec, and found Herluin occupied with his oven. Here, accepted by the abbot, he undergoes all the hardship of a severe novitiate, observes a strict silence, and consents to mispronounce Latin penultimates to suit the taste of his Norman Abbé, thinking, as he says, disobedience a worse fault than a false quantity.

And here Lanfranc, having become Prior, opened a school. His wonderful learning (the story was, he knew even Greek) soon drew to the humble abbey a crowd of eager pupils. Refinement and science began to distinguish the monastery; and Lanfranc soon became a great personage in the Church. In 1063, he was called away to become Abbot of Saint Etienne; and his place was filled by a monk who had been in the convent but three years, but who was recommended by a deep and gentle piety, by unequalled learning, and by noble and amiable appearance and manners, — Anselm of Aosta. The story of Anselm is the story of many a godly youth of the Middle Ages: a pious mother had taught him the devotion in which he delighted, and his kindled imagination took, as was then usual, a religious bent. He heard that heaven was above the mountain-tops, and, in a dream ascending there, he saw its lord, and was fed with celestial bread of perfect whiteness. At fifteen he had made great progress in study, and would

have become a monk, but an abbot refused to consecrate him, in spite of a sickness which Heaven sent in answer to his prayers. His bark, says Eadmer, — his loving but truthful and simple monk biographer, — then glided anchorless down the tide of the world. A father's harshness drove him from home in Lombardy, and at the age of twenty-six the fame of Lanfranc had drawn him to Bec. Here he studied assiduously, and, overcoming the impulses of ambition, which urged him to betake his learning to a convent where such a fame as Lanfranc's would not overshadow it, he had become a monk; and, after three years, we have seen him chosen as prior, out of a number of students of every condition, — rich, noble, and learned, — some of them the future popes and prelates of the Church.

Here we may imagine him devoting himself wholly to serve God, climbing the heights of divine speculation, searching the Scriptures, striving to make clear to his reason the difficult questions of his faith, practising, too, the severest austerities of the monastic life, so that, as we are told, he had deadened alike the pleasures of taste and the pangs of hunger, constant in prayers and watchings. Better and rarer, we may see him overcoming by love the jealousy of some aspirants to his place, till, perceiving that in all his actions he was pure and single-hearted, they began rather to emulate his virtues. To the young he devoted especial care; in them, he would say, the wax was ready for the seal, of which it would keep forever the impression. One day a certain abbot complained of the boys he was bringing up in his cloister. "What shall be done with them?" said he; "night and day we bind them down to study, we never cease to beat them, and they grow ever worse!" "You never cease to beat them!" cried Anselm. "If you were to plant a tree in your garden, and wall it up on every side, so that it could not spread its boughs, and then should release it years after, what sort of a tree would it be? Useless and crooked, to be sure. And whose fault would that be? You so repress, by threats and blows, these boys, planted in the garden of the Church, that they can enjoy no liberty; and, as they receive from you no love, affection, kindness, sweetness, they believe that, in all your treatment of

them, you are actuated by hate. But did you ever see an artist fashion a beautiful image out of a plate of gold by nothing but blows?" "Never," he wrote to a friend, "is there need of so much gentleness as in a new and unmatured change from wrong conduct to the right."

Anselm was the resource and confidant of the sick and troubled (for the unnatural convent-life bred strange disorders in the most peaceful monastery), and many miracles were attributed to him. His very presence cures a young man who had incurred disease by one of the foolish excesses of asceticism. The old Herewald will take food from no other hand, and is restored to health by a little grape-juice pressed in the palm of the prior. His secretary sees him at his devotions, wrapped in bright flame; he enters in terror, and the fire has vanished.

And so in the duties of his office, in the pleasures of mystic piety, and the composition of his early works, the time glides by. In those days sanctity and austerity had a certain, an earthly reward. His reputation spreads through France and Germany even to England; but he ever keeps in mind his own warning, — that a monk who mislikes the foundation he has laid can never erect upon it the superstructure of a good life, but is like an oft-planted tree, which draws from the soul no moisture, neither attains to rich fruit: wherefore, "totâ mentis intentione amoris radicibus ibi radicare studeat. Caveat in portus tranquillitatem ventum levitatis et impatientiæ turbinem inducere." He exhibited in himself that constancy, and "mildness, inseparable companion of patience," without which, he says, no monk can attain the quiet mind necessary to survey the narrow paths of virtue.

In 1078, the unanimous consent of the monks elected Anselm as their abbot; and after a sincere but fruitless opposition, he was forced to accept the office, and receive from the Duke investiture by the staff and ring. Never was abbot more unworldly; his own belief was, that wealth was a usurpation of that which God had created for the common use. In 1079, the interests of his abbey carried him to England, where he was enthusiastically welcomed. Lanfranc was troubled about Elfeg, whom the public reverence canonized,

though he had died not in the cause of the Church, but only to save his people from the crushing burden of his ransom. Anselm relieved his scruples; clearly the man who did not dread to die rather than commit a little fault, would be even more ready to escape a great one. "Moreover," he nobly adds, "since, on the witness of Holy Writ, Christ is truth and justice, he who dies for justice and truth dies for Christ." Elfeg, almost alone of Saxon saints, still retains his place in the calendar.

In 1087 the despotic and cruel, but great and order-loving William the Conqueror, was succeeded by the capricious, voluptuous, reckless William Rufus. Oppression, confiscation, outrages on individual rights, became the regular order of things. Orderic Vital compares the age to the agitated sea, ever bursting into unexpected storms: "Every one strains to get the upper hand, to crush his rival, and, forgetting equity, violates the law of God, to win what he desires." After Lanfranc's death, the vacant revenues of the bishoprics were drawn into the royal exchequer till the king should please to appoint a successor. The lands of Canterbury were given in fee to knights, and congregations of monks driven from the cathedrals. The clergy were sunk in ignorance; marriage of priests was universal; infamous vices were common, notorious criminals promoted to the episcopate by the secular power. A national church could not work the necessary reform. To dictate to such unbridled violence it was needful that the whole spiritual power of Christendom should be concentred in one independent and absolute head, in order that the might of the whole body might be exercised in every part. The moral sentiment of Europe, therefore, declared for Rome. But in England, where rival claimants who then contended for the papacy were unknown, it was the Archbishop of Canterbury that represented to the people the unity of the Church; he was, said Urban, "the pope of another world," and they were grieved that the see remained empty.

The despairing clergy recalled to the king the promises made on his accession to the throne, of justice, mercy, piety. "Who can keep all his promises?" he replied. They asked leave to pray Heaven to change his mind. "Pray as you

choose, and I will do as I like. By the holy face of Lucca, no one shall at this time be Archbishop but myself."

Forthwith at Christmas the king falls sick in Gloucester, and death seems near. Now is the time for the clergy to vindicate their insulted power; they entreat him to think on the safety of his soul while there is yet time. Anselm, then in England, is summoned to the dying monarch; he urges him to confess his sins; and the terrified king yields everything, and solemnly promises clemency and justice for the future; a royal edict declares the remission of state debts, amnesty of criminals, and the punishment of wanton wrongs. The king takes to heart the prayers of his counsellors for Canterbury, and names Anselm as primate. The scene which follows is characteristic of the man and the age.

Anselm, pale, struggling, is dragged before the king, to receive investiture with the pastoral staff from the royal hand. "Why," cry the bishops, "do you strive to oppose God?" They recall to him the miseries of the realm; and complain that he, their staff, for whom wretched Canterbury longs, is seeking only his own repose. Anselm pleads his age; — he is monk; he has forsworn the affairs of earth, which have nothing that can engage his heart. All is of no avail; he is dragged to the king. "Why, O Anselm," cries the monarch, "will you give me over to eternal torment? Aid me! Aid me! Assume the pontificate, for retaining which I am overwhelmed." The king extends the crozier; it is forced into his hand; he is dragged to the church, *Te Deum Laudamus* chanted before him: but he continues to cry, "Your deed is null, is null." Returned to his chamber, he warns the bishops that they were yoking together in the same plough an untamed bull and an old and weary sheep.

Anselm's penetration had not deceived him. The king recovered at once from his bodily disease and his moral reformation. Prisoners were rearrested, amnesties annulled, indulgences recalled; all the evil he had done in health was trifling compared with the excesses he committed in his convalescence. The Bishop of Ross ventured to remonstrate. "Know, O bishop!" was the proud reply, "by the holy face of Lucca, never shall God have good of me for the evil

he has done me." Anselm now demanded, as conditions of his acceptance, that the king should restore the usurped lands of Canterbury, recognize Urban as Pope, and accept himself as spiritual father. The king at last gave way, and Anselm entered into Canterbury amid general jubilee.

Anselm the Norman monk is Anselm the primate of Britain. We have seen his life flowing on in tranquil meditation, in profound study, in mystic piety, in overflowing and vivifying love: we are now to follow him into tempest and conflict, as the head and guardian of the English Church in the hour of her oppression. The situation is not without some dramatic interest. The student of human nature cannot be indifferent to the fortunes of this timid, modest, scrupulous monk, — too confiding for a politician, too simple-minded for a manœuvrer, — upon whom this most unsuitable and unwelcome dignity had, as he himself says, fallen. His path once clear, he will maintain the right with a quiet obstinacy which no artifice can outwit and no resistance weary.

Anselm, according to custom, offered a present of five hundred silver pounds: it was refused as mean. Soon after, the king sailed to Normandy, all the bishops came to Hastings with their blessing, and the primate took the opportunity to propose reforms. Christianity was dead; for want of general councils crimes were flagrant: England was a second Sodom; let the king and primate unite to terrify the evil-doers. "And what will you gain by all this?" stammered out the king. "If not for me, much for God, and thyself." "Very well, let me hear no more about it." But Anselm went on to complain of the sad state of the abbeys, destitute of shepherds, full of luxurious monks. "What business is it of yours?" stuttered the king; "you do what you like with your villages, and shall not I do as I please with my abbeys?" "Yours," replied Anselm, "to defend, not to destroy; over your estates you have absolute jurisdiction; may it please you to leave the Church her own." "Your predecessors never dared to speak thus to my father, and I will do nothing for you."

So the Archbishop went back to the care of his Benedictine congregation in Canterbury. In its quiet enjoyments, in pleasant conversation, and religious instruction, the time

slipped away in the obscurity he loved. To tell the truth, wise minister to a mind diseased as Anselm was, he was little fitted for the business of the world. If quarrels not to be allayed arose in his presence, he would withdraw himself, or would sicken of very disgust. He was easily imposed upon by unfaithful servants, and said that he would rather be deceived in believing good of them, than deceive himself by believing evil without proof. For himself he was excessively scrupulous, and was wont to say that he would rather be in hell without a fault, than in heaven with one.

It was now time for England to declare herself on the question of the rival pontiffs. When, therefore, William returned, the Archbishop requested permission to seek the pallium from the Pope. "Which Pope?" was the reply. The king added that he had not yet recognized Urban, nor was any one pope in England without his choice. A council of bishops was held at Rockingham to decide the controversy. Anselm demanded their advice: how could he preserve both his spiritual and temporal allegiance? The bishops would give no other counsel than that he should refer the matter to the king's will. Then Anselm, with glowing face and stern voice, cried, "Since you, who are called pastors of the Christian flock and leaders of the people, will give no other counsel to me, your chief, I will resort to the Shepherd of all, and obtain from him the counsel which I shall follow." Strange to say, the bishops violently charge him with usurpation of the royal prerogative, urge him to cast off an unavailing allegiance to Urban, and, "free, as becomes the Archbishop of Canterbury," to await the commands of the king. It is curious to see how feeble a hold the authority of Rome had yet gained in turbulent England. Scarcely has the imperious voice of Hildebrand died away, when its bishops urge their primate to defy the Holy See!

Expostulations, entreaties, threats, were employed in vain to shake the resolution of Anselm. Amid the general scheming and confusion, the Archbishop alone remained calm and obstinate. "I confess," said one, "I do not know what to think about our plans; for, while we talk together all day with the greatest anxiety, he, thinking no harm against us, sleeps, and, by a single motion of his lips, tears our spider's

web." The king would willingly have deposed him; but, as that exceeded his power, he was forced to propose a truce.

A short time after, the papal legate arrived with a concealed pallium. He deceived the king into recognizing Urban, and then, to his intense disgust, refused to depose the Archbishop. William yielded; Anselm refused to buy his forgiveness, refused to take the pallium from his hand. It was brought in a silver box, and placed on the altar. With solemn procession the primate raised it, and gave it to his attendants to kiss.

Three years passed quietly away; but in 1097 the king took occasion to quarrel. Anselm was convinced that it was impossible to remain; he asked the counsel of the bishops. They replied by praising his sanctity, but hinted that they were not so weary of worldly goods, or so disembarrassed of worldly ties, as to be able to please him. On his departure, he said to the king, "Now, knowing not when I shall see you again, I commend you to God, and wish to bestow on you my blessing, if you disdain it not." The king bowed his head, over which the Archbishop made the holy sign.

On the Continent Anselm found a welcome change from violence and outrage to quiet and respect. He was received by Urban with the greatest honor, and entitled by him "the Apostolic of another world." At Bari he confounds the Greeks, and by his earnest intercession with the Pope saves his persecutor from excommunication.

In 1100, William Rufus fell by an unknown hand. To this brutal and reckless prince succeeded the crafty, resolute, and now popular Henry. Her ancient immunities were restored to the Church; grievances were redressed, order restored in the kingdom. The Archbishop was recalled, with expressions of high regard. Had he been satisfied with his former demands, he might easily have obtained them. But he was now fully possessed with the policy of Rome. In councils at which he himself had been present, all priests had been interdicted from accepting ecclesiastical benefices from the hand of a laic. The primate, ever scrupulously obedient to Rome, was thus obliged to refuse homage to Henry, and enter upon a strife of duty, repugnant to his tastes and foreign to his character, in which he was to appear, not as the resister of lawless violence,

but as the invader of undisputed prerogative. For a narrative of the controversy which imbittered the latter years of Anselm, we must refer the reader to the admirable work of M. de Remusat. Amid royal artifice and papal corruption, the Archbishop preserved intact the simplicity and loyalty of his character. He was compelled once more to retire to the Continent; but at last his firmness and the dread of excommunication proved too much for Henry. It was finally agreed that the ring and crosier should be considered to denote spiritual jurisdiction, and conferred by the Pope, but that fealty and homage should be exacted from all the clergy before receiving their benefices. So ended a wearisome struggle, in which, if we are to judge by the verdict of the time, the victory belongs to the prelate. Yet the substance of the matter in dispute — the right of appointment — actually remained with the king.

After a few years of energetic administration, Anselm found his strength declining, and died at last at Saint Edmond, on the 21st of April, 1109, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. His last thought was a regret that he had not been able to finish a philosophic work. Miracles gathered round his history; he was seen with Saint Dunstan, who asked of him his ring until it should be returned by Christ; his name was read in the Book of Life; his relics were preserved and adored. Some centuries after, he was formally enrolled by Rome among the number of the saints.

Few writers have enjoyed in their own age a greater reputation than Anselm. "He poured forth from a rich fount of wisdom the honey streams of learning," says Orderic Vital. "No one so curiously learned, no one so deeply spiritual," says William of Malmesbury. The rigid dialectic and subtile refinements of the scholastic philosophy are distasteful to us moderns; but Anselm, though partaking somewhat of that order, was not a mere scholastic: he disdains to rely on authorities; he exhibits a love of truth, a spirit, and a freshness unknown to the schools; he dares to be himself. Anselm is a theologian, not a philosopher; all his works were written with a religious purpose, all are replete with genuine piety.

His method is sufficiently expressed in his motto, "Fide quærens intellectum." "I strive not, Lord," he cries, "t pierce thy height, but I desire to understand thy truth, whicl my heart believes and loves; for I seek not to understand tha I may believe; but I believe that I may understand. For thi also I believe, that, unless I believe, I shall not understand Wherefore, Lord, who grantest comprehension to faith, giv me, as thou knowest fitting, to understand that thou art, a we believe; and that which we believe." * His method, a M. Cousin well says, "is to set out from sacred dogmas and without ever departing from them, taking them such a authority has given them, but making them fruitful by pro found reflection, to rise, as it were, out of the darkness visibl of faith into the pure light of philosophy." †

Anselm believed, however, that to a perfect intellect philoso phy *must* coincide with faith; and therefore his theology is no merely a methodical exhibition of doctrines referred to the simplest principle of faith, — "a discursive science, with evi dence out of Revelation," to use the scholastic definition, — but one in which the several dogmas are logically and method ically derived from principles self-evident to reason; he is a metaphysical theologian. Now it is true that the results o such a method are given beforehand, the problem being t prove the coincidence of faith with reason. It is evident therefore, that we are not to expect free thought of Anselm But this method, in a theologian, is certainly capable of justi fication. Faith must at all events precede; "no one can love or hope what he does not believe"; and it is necessary by believing to aspire toward the highest essence; "credere in illam," as Anselm beautifully says. The principles and truths of the religious life are perhaps few and simple; they exist in different degrees of intensity and development in all ages and sects, but they are necessarily expressed in symbols and doc trines; nor is it possible oftentimes for the strongest mind to distinguish the essence from that form in which he has re ceived it. To Anselm the emblems and dogmas of the Church were facts; they were the conditions of every sacred expe-

* Proslogium, I. 2. † Introd. aux Ouvrages inedits d'Abelard, p. 100.

rience and emotion, of prayer, hope, and joy; the Catholic Church was then the embodiment of religion, the sole source of inspiration; she received the allegiance of the soul as well as the pen. We cannot wonder, then, if we find a great theologian, in an age of dialectic subtilties, regarding preconceived and consecrated doctrines as conclusively established by arguments, which to us, whose minds are emancipated from their sway, appear unsubstantial, or even absurd.

Before speaking of Anselm's works, we shall glance at his relation to the great scholastic problem.

The rich philosophy of Greece had been lost to Europe; but by a marvellous good fortune a single remnant had been preserved as leaven, which for six centuries determined the course of human thought. In the translation of Porphyry by Boetius, a treatise taken up with verbal abstractions, one difficult and fundamental problem had been proposed and not answered: "Therefore I should refuse to say whether genera and species really subsist or consist in mere thoughts; whether, as subsisting, they are corporeal or incorporeal; whether, finally, they exist separated from sensible objects, or in those objects, and forming something coexistent with them. This is too difficult, and demands too extended research."

When I speak of the human species, when I name this general word, which answers neither to any one of the individuals included in it nor to any number of them, is it a mere word or conception, or has it a subsistent reality? If it is a real existence, is it a body or not? If it exists, does it exist apart from the visible individuals, or is it only real in those individuals? Realism declares that universals exist, either in an intermediary world, or as eternal ideas in the plan of God, — as his word; a rational nominalism maintains that these universal conceptions are derived from individual objects by abstraction, and are only real as they answer to the real resemblance of the individuals. Conceptualism does not differ from nominalism well understood. This great question, lying in a manner at the bottom of all philosophy, has been agitated in very modern times no less than in ancient Greece. But there was in the Middle Ages a special interest in the debate. The Christianity of the Church had been formed

under the influences of the Academy; the Church fathers were Platonists; the doctrine of the Eternal Word — the likeness of the Father — stands or falls with the Platonic theory of eternal types; the Trinity and the Eucharist were no less affected by the issue of this controversy. The Church therefore favored realism, and scholasticism, because of its Aristotelian text-books, nominalist in appearance, was realist at bottom.

There had been nominalists before Roscelin; but he has rightly been named the founder of the sect, for which his genius found the fitting name and decisive test. There is but one substance, that is, *one* thing; therefore the parts of that substance, or its qualities, or the genus to which it belongs, are no *things;* what are they, then, but *names*. M. Haureau well says that Abelard had no right to attack Roscelin; the method of the former was critical, of the latter, dogmatic; but Roscelin doubtless never thought of denying that the name answered to an idea, and to a real resemblance or quality in the things. It obviously followed from nominalist principles, that either the three persons of the Trinity were as separate as three souls, or, since individuals alone exist, the Father and Holy Spirit had been incarnated with the Son. And Roscelin, after this bold proposition, endeavored to defend himself by alleging that the pious Anselm, Abbot of Bec, was himself not averse to his opinion. He was condemned by a Council, and took refuge in England, where he secretly propagated his opinions; and in 1093, Anselm thought it necessary to write a very severe treatise against him. "Those dialectics of our time, who think universal substances nothing save a breath of the voice, and the wisdom of a man nothing but the soul, should be excluded from the discussion of spiritual questions." "For he who does not yet understand how many men are in the species *unus homo*, how can he understand how several persons, each of whom is perfect God, are one God?" "And he whose dull mind cannot distinguish between a horse and his color, how shall he discern between one God and several relations?"

From this passage it may be concluded, — 1. That Roscelin allows the existence of individuals only; Anselm affirms that

universal substances exist, — human nature without any of the determinations proper to individuals, man in general distinct and separable from this or that man in particular. 2. Roscelin considers wisdom and color as abstractions from the wise or colored object; to Anselm, wisdom and color, the categorical modes, are real and separate existences. But Anselm speaks of individual substances, in which he is evidently inaccurate; for if the universal, which is wholly in the individual, is a distinct substance, then (since the individual cannot be divided) it must exhaust that substance. The realistic definition is that what is most general only exists; whence, in the last analysis, it must follow that all things are but forms of one substance. To speak more intelligibly, if we conceive that all men manifest the idea or type of humanity, which type is the only reality, appearing in different men differently modified, then it is also true that everything, however unlike in appearance, is only a manifestation of the central Unity, of the One which is also the All, which meets us everywhere under a thousand shapes and variations. Such is extreme realism, the doctrine of Scotus Erigena and of Spinoza. Anselm has been sometimes included among the advocates of this pantheistic unity; but it might be proved by numerous citations, that the accusation is unjust. According to him this Unity is not in things, but out of them; the Divine Being is beyond all substance.

Anselm's realism has a remarkable resemblance to that of Plato, of which he could have had no knowledge. It may be summed up as follows: the universals *before the thing* (*ante rem*) exist as exemplars in the Divine mind; *in the thing* (*in re*), they are those same divine models, of which the things are feeble imitations; *after the thing* (*post rem*), they are general ideas collected from sense, from which man must ascend to the true universal, the idea as it exists in the human and divine reason. Add to this that he realized the qualities of things; and we see that to Anselm every conception of the mind corresponds to a reality. Such is his bold realism: the process of the human mind in understanding is that of the Divine mind in creating.

The "Monologium," or Meditations, as it might be called,

is the soliloquy of a person endeavoring to explain and prove to himself what he believes. It is an attempt to exhibit the principal doctrines of Christianity in a necessary form, resting upon axiomatic principles, and compelling the assent of reason. The "Prologium" is an additional treatise in the form of an aspiration, with the same end. In these works, Anselm has completely anticipated the famous ontological argument of Descartes for the existence of God, by the sole conception of an ideal of grandeur and absolute perfection. The argument in the former work takes the following form.

Why are those things which every one desires good? Since there is such a variety of goods perceived by the senses or the reason, is there one thing by virtue of which they are good, or are they so by different principles? Evidently, things which are compared as greater, less, or equal, are so called in virtue of some one principle which is common to the different objects. Thus, things more or less just are so by justice, the same in all. So all goods are more or less good by one principle. That by which all things are good must be a great good, and good by itself, while all other things are good by it. Hence there is something highest and best of all things which are. The same reasoning applies to prove a *greatest* nature. All things which exist, exist by something. If by one other thing, the problem is solved. If they exist by themselves, then each has a power of self-existence, a "*res vel natura existendi per se*," which makes them to exist. They will then be said to be by this something which makes them to exist by themselves. This by which all things are just and good, and exist, is therefore the highest wisdom, life, reason, beatitude, goodness, eternity, and the rest; and, since this supreme nature is simple, all these goods are one.

Some excellent remarks may be found in M. de Ramusat's work on this reasoning, in which Anselm's realism is everywhere prominent, but which yet conceals a profound philosophy. Anselm was not altogether satisfied with this chain, as he says, of many arguments: he wished to discover one axiomatic proof of the supreme, self-sufficing, and creative Good. He had, at times, glimpses of that for which he sought, but was unable to seize it, till, in despair, he strove to turn from

the unprofitable employment. But all the more the thought forced itself upon him, and at last flashed across his mind. He wrote it, says Eadmer, on a wax tablet, "which, concealed in a secret place, an invisible hand twice shattered, till he transcribed it on paper, in the name of the Lord." By this famous argument, Anselm is now most known. Descartes, it seems to be proved, was acquainted with this fragment of the "Prologium."

"When even the fool hears that there is something, than which nothing greater can be conceived, he understands it; then this idea is in his intellect. And that than which nothing greater can be conceived, cannot be in the intellect alone. For in that case it might also be conceived '*in re*,' which would be greater." This has given rise to much discussion. But the Monk Gaunilo seems to have hit the mark: "First prove to me that this greatest thing is somewhere, and then, since it is greatest, there will be no doubt that it subsists in itself." It is said, "I have an idea of a perfect being; perfection implies existence: then this being exists." By no means; it only follows that I have an idea of a perfect and existing being, which I knew before. If the idea is necessary, that is, if by the laws of thought I must believe that my thought answers to the reality, then the argument is a mere tautology; if not, it is a mere sophism. The problem is to pass from the idea to the belief that the idea represents a reality; which cannot possibly be made out of the contents of the idea itself. But Anselm attempts to build a system on this rather slippery foundation.

The rest of the Monologium is chiefly occupied with an effort rationally to demonstrate the Trinity by a comparison borrowed from Augustine. The Father is Memory, which begets the Son as Intelligence. Both experience for each other Love, which is the Holy Spirit; but the Father possesses also intelligence and love, and so the Son and Spirit: they differ only in relations, as Father, Son, and Spirit. All such audacious experiments have a common history. Mind may be conceived as self-knowing and self-known, as object and subject; the Divine intelligence may be conceived like the human; and though the distinction be merely an abstraction,

a realistic philosophy may easily thus conceive divisions in the Divine substance, or at least personal relations in that substance. When necessary, the abstractions are put as existences; when necessary, the distinctions are resolved into unity again. The argument can only be construed as an effort of reason to vindicate her rights against a dogma which outrages reason. The following passage presents a curious parallel to certain modern theologians: "Every man ought to believe in a certain ineffable trine Unity, and one Trinity; one and Unity, on account of one essence; trine and Trinity, on account of three I know not what. For though I can *say* Trinity, on account of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, which are three; yet I cannot *express* by one name on what account they are three."* The want of a fitting name obliges us to use persons, while, however, they are not to be thought three persons.

For the rest, there is much that is beautiful in the Monologium. The mind is not able to define or perfectly understand God; it can reason only by words common to other natures, — by similitudes. The word wisdom cannot express that by which all things were made from nothing, nor essence that which is above all essence. The supreme nature can only be known by that which is most like itself. "It is clear, then, that as the rational mind alone among all creatures can rise to search for the supreme, so *through itself alone* can it succeed in discovering the supreme. And this the rational creature ought to study, — the likeness impressed upon it by natural constitution it ought to express by voluntary exertion."

As made for love without end, he argues that the soul must be immortal to fulfil that end. "If for nothing God has given to the rational nature that it should love, what will he give if it shall not cease to love? If such is the court paid to love, what will be love's recompense?" "It is foolish, then, to doubt whether the soul shall enjoy the Supreme without end; since enjoying, it can neither be tormented by love, nor deceived by a false security, — nor will God drive away him

* Monol. LXXVIII.

that loves him; nor will there be any strong powers to separate them unwilling. Wherefore, whatever soul shall once have begun to enjoy supreme beatitude will be forever happy."

The name of Anselm marks an era in the history of theology. The dogmas, which had taken a mythical form, and been fixed in the mind as objective facts rather than as personal experiences, were now to be subjectively appropriated by the intervention of theory. Myths were to be developed into conceptions. Up to this time the Atonement had been regarded as a price paid to the Devil in accordance with Divine justice. Anselm, in his "*Cur Deus Homo?*" introduced the satisfaction-theory, according to which the death of Christ was a price paid on behalf of the sinner to God.

Whatever may be thought of the philosophic and religious opinions of Anselm, his spiritual depth, his independence, his gentle piety, must ever give him a high place in the history of the human mind, as a star shining the more brightly for the darkness which surrounds it.

Art. II.—ROMANCE BIOGRAPHIES.

1. *Beethoven. Historischer Roman.* Von Heribert Rau. Frankfurt.
2. *Charles Auchester. A Memorial.* By E. Berger.

In these days of book-making and of publishing, there is scarcely a life lived that does not stand some chance of being written about. Even commonplace and monotonous existences, from their very rarity, become interesting. We lead, in general, such varied lives, that it is refreshing to return to the even plain of one that is more quiet, and read its simple history; while we allow prominent characters no time to finish their work, before the history of their lives is published.

It is wonderful how this picturing of each generation changes

with the age. Our grandfathers and grandmothers seem to have lived biographies instead of lives. The formal arrangement and choice of words that tell their history, is like the more stately surroundings in which they moved from event to event, in a more imposing march than in the hurried action of our days. Our detailed records, our more frequent letters and less concise language, on the other hand, are often prosaic in their very minuteness, and fail to present a grand or charming picture.

But in reading memoirs, of whatever age, we come back upon this fact, that their interest depends as much upon the talent of the historian as upon the subject of his book. Just as the musician must share the genius of the composer he is rendering, in order to give the full force and charm of his compositions, or the copyist must have taken in the inspiration of the artist whose work he is striving to repeat, so the biographer must have had the power, in some measure, to comprehend the greatness of the life he is trying to portray, and must own some original genius in order to complete his work truly.

It is for this reason the romance biographies of the present time are so attractive. They give an opportunity to the writer to bring out fully his own talent, unconsciously to himself almost, as a tribute to the hero whom he is attempting to describe. His object is to give some idea of the character of this hero, rather than an exact record of his life; of the effect that all its events and circumstances have produced upon him rather than a mere recital of these events, or the nature of these circumstances.

Autobiographies approach such romance histories, because the author makes a hero of himself, looks upon himself and his past life from an ideal point of view, and unconsciously elevates himself and the circumstances around him. It is this that gives the charm to the *De ma Vie* of Madame Sand. One does not tire of the diffuse style in which she lingers over her childhood and youth, because she has the true romance power, the gift of making picturesque the scenes which she touches. And Alfieri's Autobiography interests in spite of its egotism, because one is forced to see in him the hero of

his book, to follow him in his vagaries, follies, and freaks of passion, and sympathize finally even in his high opinion of himself.

The author of "Charles Auchester" has succeeded most entirely in this art of romance biography. She calls her book "A Memorial," — a title which has been used by Auerbach and other German authors for books of this nature. In her story there is no effort at presenting an exact history of the life of its hero, Mendelssohn, but it leaves behind it the impression of his character, his influence, his whole personality, — the same impression that all more exact memoirs contribute to form, — the same, indeed, that his own music conveys.

Although "Charles Auchester" was published in 1853, nearly ten years ago, it is a fitting time to speak of it now, by way of memorial for its author, whose early death, but a few months ago, sadly recalls to us her genius. Her book, a graceful and finished work of art, will hold her own name in memory, as well as that of its hero. The volume of Mendelssohn's "Travelling Letters," lately published in Germany, comes, too, at this time, as a proof of the truth of the picturing of Mendelssohn in "Charles Auchester." One lays down the book with a feeling that here are a few more chapters of "Charles Auchester." This charming book, the *Reise Briefe*, now published in a volume, has been translated the last winter for Dwight's "Journal of Music." If it were less accessible, we should be glad to take some passages from it, to lay by the side of passages from "Charles Auchester," to show how happily the author of the latter has seized upon the characteristics of Mendelssohn in her representation of him.

As we pass from reading the Life of Mendelssohn to that of Beethoven, we seem to go from sunshine to shadow. There were, indeed, for Mendelssohn's sensitive spirit, and for his sympathetic nature, hours of great suffering, and periods of melancholy; but the circumstances of his life and the warm geniality of his disposition shed about him a sunshine that was wanting in Beethoven's more lonely career.

"Beethoven, an Historical Romance, by Heribert Rau," lately published in Germany, in four volumes, gives us an interest-

ing life of the great composer. There is wanting to this book the inspiration that gives a charm to "Charles Auchester," but it follows closely upon the facts of Beethoven's life, as told by the friend of his later years, Anton Schindler, and it cannot fail of interest.

The story has some little account of Beethoven's youth, compelled early to find in his music his livelihood, anxious to support his mother, yet, as always, distrustful of friends, since so often unfortunate in choosing them, unwilling to submit to rules, and disdaining the drudgery of giving lessons. He found some amends for the discomforts of his own home in the house and kindly welcome of the Von Breunings in Bonn, to whose family influence, to the end of his life, Beethoven expressed himself indebted. Of his education Schindler says: —

"Beethoven's education was neither especially neglected, nor especially good. He gained some elementary knowledge and some Latin, at the public schools; he learned at home music, to which his father (whose mode of living was far from correct) attached much importance. It was always necessary to drive the ardent and often obstinate boy (who had no liking for sedentary habits) to the pianoforte. For playing the violin he had scarcely more fondness, and here I must pronounce as a mere idle tale — as a *Mährchen* — the story of a spider, that, 'as often as the little Ludwig played on the violin, in his small room, left the roof, and seated itself upon the violin,' and how 'his mother, when she discovered her little son's playfellow, put it to death, whereupon the little Ludwig broke his violin.' The *great* Ludwig could never recall such a fact, much as it amused him. On the contrary, he said that his vile scraping would have driven away everything, flies and spiders together." *

In 1785, at the age of fifteen, Beethoven was appointed organist in the electoral chapel of the Elector Max Frans, brother of the Emperor Joseph II. The Elector was a lover of music and patron of musicians, and in 1792 gave Beethoven permission to go to Vienna, then the central point of musical education, and to take up his abode there. Mozart had been dead a year, but he had already said of Beethoven,

* Biographie von Ludwig von Beethoven, verfasst von Anton Schindler, pp. 18, 19.

"This youth will be yet much spoken of in the world." Here Beethoven spent the rest of his life, and here his reputation quickly gathered around him friends and admirers in crowds, and princes and nobles vied in entertaining him. Prince Karl von Lichnowsky, a pupil of Mozart's, patron of music, met him with warm friendship. In his palace, Beethoven found a home.

"Prince Lichnowsky was for the youth a fatherly friend, the Princess a second mother. The Prince gave him an annuity of six hundred gulden, which he was to draw so long as he had no decided income, and this was no insignificant sum. The united love of these two princely personages pursued him, as it were, and never lessened, though the often obstinate 'adopted son' had elsewhere surely forfeited it, and deserved earnest reproof. It was the Princess, especially, who considered all the doings and undoings of the often capricious and self-concentrated youth as 'beautiful,' artistic, original, even lovely, and who wished to exculpate him in everything to the more severe prince. Beethoven himself afterwards made upon such a system of education the striking observation: 'With *grandmotherly* love would they have brought me up, which went so far, that there wanted but little that the Princess did not have a glass bell made to put over me, lest any wretch should touch me or breathe upon me!'"*

Surrounded with flattery, his reputation rising to the highest, every caprice yielded to, every freak of humor admired, his friends at the time, as well as his biographers since, found his position unfavorable for Beethoven. He was himself insensible to courtly favor and flattery; he called himself always a scholar of Plato, a believer in the true Republic; for this reason it pleased him to show his indifference to rank and title. He wearied often of his palace home, of all the stately homes open to him, in town and country, often forsaking all for solitude in obscure inns, escaping from all conventionalities to be alone with himself. Yet, as Schindler says,

"This was a noble age of art, perhaps never to recur, and, in special connection with Beethoven, a golden age; and under such circumstances, surrounded and loved by men of such tender feelings, he must have been completely happy, and had surely been so, had not already, in the latter years of this first period of his life, a difficulty

* Schindler, pp. 27, 28.

of hearing at times fallen upon him, that disturbed his serenity, — tha later increased to so fearful a misfortune, and made him inexpressibl unhappy."

A heavy misfortune, growing heavier and more heavy, t darken all the remainder of his life! Shut out from a sound, already distrustful of mankind, imprisoned in himsel could there be a greater calamity for Beethoven!

Different writers have pictured this period in different way The author of "Charles Auchester," in her later novel "Rumour," written apparently in ill health, and wantin sadly the charm and inspiration of her earlier books, has pr sented some of the peculiarities of Beethoven in one of h characters, Rodomant. Living in the castle of a prince, he allowed all freedom but in one thing, that the large org must not be sounded, as the breaking its silence would bri a doom upon the house. But Rodomant one day lets out its grandeur of sound; its volume fills the house; the servan flee. He closes his ears with his hands, crying, "Have merc I have lost my hearing, and it is forever!"

Heribert Rau, our author, introduces this sudden consciou ness of his loss of hearing in a different way, and this founded upon fact.

"The afternoon in its earlier hours was not inferior in beauty to t morning, and all the old serenity returned, till finally, with the incre ing heat, fatigue interrupted the wanderers, so that, in a beautiful sp Beethoven threw himself upon the grass at length. Ries seated hi self, still pleased, at his feet. An oak, over whose proud crest sur a hundred years had passed, stretched its knotted arms, like a shie ing, protecting roof, over both, and from the flowers and plants arou there rose a delicate perfume. The sun blazed powerfully, and air, till now moving but gently, thickened into a heavy sultriness, wh on the far horizon a heavy black cloud, like a dark gray sea, stretch itself, and the distant grumbling of thunder was heard from time time.

"Beethoven loved always the grand appearance of nature in a sto and nothing would he rather watch than the towering up of clou their sudden powerful approach, and the appearance that accompan their breaking forth. . . . . .

"But, singularly, to-day the distant black mass of clouds touch him displeasingly. As he looked upon them, a shadow fell over t

beautiful day, and over the serenity of his soul. At the same time, the silence of his youthful companion, that he the whole day had not observed, oppressed him. He turned to him, and said, leaning his head on his arm, 'You are so quiet, dear Ries!'

"'I am silent because I am listening,' said the young man.

"'And what do you hear?' asked Beethoven, astonished.

"'I am listening to the shepherd, who sits by his flock on the edge of the wood, and who plays so prettily on the flute he has cut from an elder-bush.'

"Beethoven was silent, and listened. 'I hear no sound,' he said, at last; 'you must be deceived.'

"'Not now?' exclaimed Ries, in turn astonished; 'the sound is so clear! Do you not see the shepherd?'

"'I see him, indeed,' answered Beethoven, who had now raised himself, and looked toward that part of the wood; 'I see, too, that he holds a flute to his mouth. Be silent; let me listen once more!'

"Another pause followed. But suddenly a deadly paleness came over Beethoven's face, and Ries, too, grew pale. The young man, who knew that his teacher for a long time had suffered from a slight weakness in hearing, suspected what a terrible discovery his great master was now making. He was dizzy with terror, and said, anxiously, with throbbing voice, although he still heard the shepherd's flute plainly, 'It appears, indeed, as though our flutist were struck dumb.'

"Beethoven answered not a word. He was pale as death. Thick drops of cold sweat came out upon his brow. His eyes opened wide, as with terror; his features put on the stillness of marble. But in his soul he cried out, in terrible agony, 'The cloud! the black cloud! Beethoven! Beethoven, man of music! thou hearest no longer! thou hearest no longer! Righteous God! *Thou art deaf!*' And, as though the lightning had shivered over his head, he sprang up, gave Ries a sign, and sadly took the way home. No sound came from his lips, but in his soul there was something that struggled and combated like desperation itself; it was the thought, 'Beethoven, master of tone, thou art deaf!'" — Vol. III. pp. 118–121.

But neither of these representations equals the agony that expresses itself in the "testament" that he himself wrote at this time, ("For my brother Carl and ——," signed "Beethoven,") from which we take a few sad strains: —

"O you men who are hostile toward me, who fancy me or hold me as froward or misanthropic, how unjust you are to me! You know not the secret cause of what appears thus to you. My heart and my

mind were, from childhood on, fitted for the tender feeling of kindliness. To perform great deeds was I always disposed. But think that for many years a dreadful calamity has come upon me, tormented by ignorant physicians, betrayed from year to year into the hope of becoming better, finally constrained to the view of an enduring evil, whose cure will linger for years, or is wholly impossible. Born with an ardent, active temperament, sensible to the distractions of society, I must early separate myself, and pass my life in solitude. . . . . .

"O, how were it possible that I should make known the weakness of a sense which ought to be present to me in a more complete degree than to others, — a sense which I possessed once in great completeness! O, I cannot bear it! therefore pardon me, if you see me withdraw myself when I would gladly mix with you. What humiliation, if any one stood near me, and from afar heard a flute, and I heard nothing; or any one should hear the shepherds sing, and I heard nothing! Such events brought me near to desperation; I came near ending my life itself. *Art* alone, *that* held me back! Ah, I thought it impossible to leave the world, before I had brought forth all for which I felt myself fitted. *Patience*, — so she is called, — I must choose her now for a guide; I have done so. I hope — it shall now be my resolve — to hold on, enduring, till it pleases the pitiless Parcæ to cut the threads. Perhaps a better lot may come, perhaps not. I am composed. Now too young to become a philosopher! It is not easy, — more difficult for the artist than for any one. O God, thou seest into my soul. Thou knowest it, — thou knowest that love of man and desire for kindly deeds have a home there. O men, when you read this, then think that you have done me injustice, and let him who suffers console himself at finding his fellow, who, spite of all the hindrances of nature, has yet done all that is in his power to place himself in the rank of artists and of men." — Vol. III. pp. 197–199.

His melancholy and distrust of mankind were heightened at this time by the arrival of his brother Carl in Vienna, the "evil principle" of his life. He began a strict rule over Beethoven, striving always to raise jealousies between him and his true friends, literally robbing him of all the riches that his reputation was winning for him. Another disappointment at this period imbittered the current of his life. Napoleon Bonaparte had been the hero upon whom he had placed his hopes for republicanizing France, for restoring freedom to the world. In 1803, he was busy with the symphony known now

as the "Heroic Symphony," which he dedicated to the "Conqueror of Marengo." When the news reached him of Bonaparte's allowing himself to be proclaimed as Emperor, he tore the title-page from this symphony, and flung the work to the ground, "where it ought to lie." It was long before Beethoven could look upon it again, when it was brought forward under the name *Sinfonia Eroica*, with the motto, "Per festeggiare il sovvenire d' un gran uomo"; and he sarcastically said, when he heard of his hero's death at St. Helena, that for this very catastrophe he had seventeen years before composed the music of the Funeral March in that symphony, — without then having that event in view!

We should be glad to give our author's description of the glowing festival at the Congress of Vienna, of all the "crowned heads" that were present at the culmination of Beethoven's fame, when he brought out a cantata, known afterwards as *Preis der Tonkunst*, with the symphony in A *dur*, and the *Schlacht von Vittoria*, etc., — Beethoven leading the orchestra with the assistance of another, Umlauf, as he himself *could not hear*, but must be guided only by the sense of sight, — and, finally, of the glorious applause that followed, which, alas! he could not hear, more than the music that had called it forth!

This was at the height of the honors showered upon Beethoven.

"How was it," says Schindler, sadly, and with simple sarcasm, "how was it ten years later with such tokens of honor? It was like a new world in which we lived ten years after, when *one* name alone had worth, and that was *Rossini's!*"

In these ten years the life of Beethoven grew sadder and sadder. His brother Carl had died, and left him his son in ward. Beethoven was obliged to submit to one or two painful lawsuits to gain the guardianship of the child, whose mother, an unworthy woman, he did not think fit to have the care of her son. The boy, passed from one to the other, always secretly influenced by his mother, ill repaid the devotion of his uncle, who was kept in almost constant poverty by the extravagances of his ward.

Ten years had passed. Beethoven was forgotten by the Viennese world.

"He had now completed his ninth symphony, that gigantic musical structure, that colossus of all colossal forms.

"The idea of his ninth symphony was the struggle — conceived in its highest sense — of a soul, his own soul, reaching towards light, freedom, and the divine, in contest with the pressure of the earthly, the base, and all that tends to the dust.

"It is the Titanic, agonized wrestling of the solitary soul for that happiness promised to every heart of man in his birth, and the victorious grasping of this happiness, in the winning of the highest and noblest contemplation of life itself."

So does our author express the effect of this grand symphony, with its glorious *adagio*, a work that stands, perhaps, at the culmination of Beethoven's power. It has been heard in Boston but four times. When will it be heard here again?

Our author is not successful in his episodes. The sad story needed something, by way of contrast, brighter than the lower characters to which he introduces us. He has not the power of Victor Hugo, to reveal the human heart that still beats in beings abject with crime, which lifts them up to a glow of interest.

The warmth of heart of the old servants is shown in a pleasing way, and relieves the shadow of the scene. Though often driven away by their master, they returned in constancy to him. To the old housekeeper Beethoven had often made little presents, by way of amends for his frequent brusque treatment of her, which he afterwards regretted. These the faithful servant saved up for Beethoven's own use, at the end of his life, then so sad and forlorn. All the earnings of his later years he had laid aside for the use of his graceless nephew. In his last illness, Beethoven was forsaken by this nephew, for whose sake he was living in straitened circumstances; his old friend, Von Breuning, being with him however, in his later hours, with the devoted Schindler, and two old trusty servants.

Through all his life it had been hard for him to bring himself down to the cares of "housekeeping," and an amus

ing record is given of his frequent change of servants. One chapter relates the sufferings of the master when his servants were "moving" him, once, from his town home to his country retreat. The two servants were making ready for their master's reception there, when, to their horror, they saw him appearing, with his friend Schindler, long before they were prepared for him, and in one of his sternest moods. His "Kyrie," that he was in the act of composing, had disappeared! Search was made among all the packages, in the midst of all the furniture. The old servant, Kugeler, fled in terror to the cellar, and there determined to console himself with a luncheon of sausages. As he was unfolding them from the packet, a voice interrupted him, that of his master! "What are you stealing there?" "Ah, pardon, it is only a sausage!" But Beethoven stands transfixed to marble, and holds in one hand the sausage, in the other, the paper in which it had been wrapped, soiled with grease. "My Kyrie!"

Frau Schnaps, as Beethoven called his housekeeper, endeavored to exculpate herself, — "The paper was so large, and fit to use, and lay on the floor with the other things."

"With the zeal with which gold-diggers search through their fields did the two men look among all the things, smoothing and carefully laying aside with anxiety the large sheets of paper, partly whole, partly torn. Finally the work was completed, and, O joy! there failed not a leaf of the missing score."

The master, at the end, joined in the gay laughter at the comedy of the scene.

Though apparently forgotten by all but these few, in his later hours, and seemingly alone, Beethoven lived absorbed in the ideal world of music that he could create around him, and to which, even in his more prosperous days, he preferred to retire. There, perhaps, he found amends for the solitude of his genius. His life itself, and all the characters that thronged it, give a picture of the deepest interest, — a history that finds expression for its human longings in his own immortal music.

But all lives, all representations of Beethoven, leave a sad impression upon us. They bring him before us, recalling his noble statue that stands in our own Music Hall. On festive

days of music, it looks down in majestic sympathy when true music is consecrated; with a sad, pitying smile when only the name of music is there. But when these festive seasons are over, still nights and lonely days follow; the large hall is deserted, the corridors are silent, the walls built to shut in music shut out all other sound, human or inhuman, and all through the winter's frost and summer's gladness Beethoven stands — alone!

By James Kendall Hosmer

Art. III. — THREE ANCIENT SYSTEMS OF INTUITIVE MORALS

1. *An Essay on Intuitive Morals; being an Attempt to popularize Ethical Science.* Part I. *Theory of Morals.* Part II. *Practice of Morals.* Book I. *Religious Duty.* London: John Chapman. 1857.
2. M. Tullii Ciceronis *Scripta quæ manserunt omnia.* Recognovit R. Klotz. 11 vol. Lipsiæ: B. G. Teubner. MDCCCLII.
3. Ἀριστοτέλους Ἠθικὰ Νικομάχεια. Oxonii: Johannes Henricus Parker. MDCCCLIII.
4. *Confucius et Mencius. Les Quatre Livres de Philosophie Morale et Politique de la Chine. Traduits du Chinois par* M. G. Pauthier. Paris: Charpentier. 1858.

Most of our readers are probably acquainted with the ethical treatise entitled "Intuitive Morals." The first volume of the work was republished in this country in 1859, and has had some circulation. The work was favorably reviewed in the Examiner,* and many who may not have met with the treatise itself, will perhaps remember the terms of praise then bestowed upon it. The writer, who is understood to be a lady, makes no pretension to originality. Her book professes to be only an attempt to popularize the theories of Kant. These she disembarrasses of their obscure terminology, and undertakes a development of the scheme into the conclusions to be deduced from the postulates.

The excellence of this work on moral science has been gen-

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* November, 1857.

erally admitted. It may seem in one or two chapters to deal more deeply with metaphysics than the subject requires, or at any rate than is judicious in a treatise designed for popular use. Occasionally a position of the writer may seem overstrained, but for the most part the contents of the work are admirable. Its tone is certainly very lofty, and perhaps there is not in our language a consideration of the subject on the whole so satisfactory.

Observe the title of this work, *Intuitive* Morals. The writer takes for the first principles of her ethics the *intuitions* of moral truth which the spirit of man universally reaches. It has just been said that the treatise made no pretension to originality, being merely an attempt to popularize the speculations of a great German thinker. It can be shown also that the most essential features of her theory are only reproductions of systems put forth in ancient times. The intuitions which are made the basis of this scheme are universal throughout the human race, and were taken as the foundation of ethical systems by Gentile sages when the earth was young. The design of this paper is to illustrate this fact. An examination will be made of the speculations of three ancient moralists, who to a large extent anticipated this writer of to-day. Let us take a brief survey of the work "Intuitive Morals," that we may understand clearly its positions; then let us see in what degree in Rome, in Greece, and in the East it was anticipated. Such studies ought certainly to be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to us, tending as they do to vindicate the authority of the spirit in man.

The first part of "Intuitive Morals" comprises four chapters. The first of these, entitled "What is the Moral Law?" is taken up with showing that there is an eternal law, through which, right being distinguished from wrong, human beings are bound to choose the right. The second chapter is entitled "Where the Moral Law is Found," and is taken up with the consideration of conscience. The position of the work is, that man is universally endowed with this faculty; that the fundamental truths of ethics are to be obtained intuitively through this faculty, as the axioms of mathematics are obtained intuitively. Ethics is an exact science, as mathe-

matics is an exact science. The former rests on the primary moral intuitions, as the latter rests on its ultimate axioms. It is impossible indeed, for reasons which the author gives, that in ethics the secondary propositions should proceed from the intuitively perceived truths with the rigid clearness and accuracy with which geometric propositions follow from first principles. But the ground taken is that the axioms of ethics are no less certain than those of geometry, no less universal, and in one case as in the other may be made the basis of an exact science. The third chapter, entitled "That the Moral Law may be Obeyed," is a metaphysical argument, derived from Kant, for the freedom of the human will to choose the right or the wrong. The fourth chapter is entitled "Why the Moral Law should be Obeyed." Here the position is that good is to be chosen, not for the sake of profit or happiness or expediency, but solely and simply for itself. Virtue is its own reward, and to pursue goodness is futile and ignoble, if any motive be present but the love of virtue for its own sake.

In the second part, the writer proceeds to develop her theory. Three departments of human duty are distinguished, the Religious, the Social, and the Personal. In regard to religious duty, starting with the precept of Jesus respecting love to God for the fundamental canon, the various obligations are considered by which man is bound through the relation which he sustains to God, — then religious faults and offences, or sins of omission and commission. In a third part,* it is said our social and personal duties are to be particularly considered. The fundamental canon of social duty is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Our obligations are to be considered as members of society, then, as in the other case, sins of omission and commission. "Be ye perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect," is the canon for personal duty, and duties, faults, and offences under this head are to be discussed particularly as in the former cases.

It should be said distinctly now at the outset, that the Gentile systems we are to examine fall short more or less of the highest standard, — a deficiency which will be fairly exposed,

* This we believe has never appeared.

at the same time that the excellences are set forth. This short-coming, no doubt, should for the most part be attributed to the fact, that these old thinkers were without the help which was poured forth upon the world through that Spirit, the highest and best which earth has known. That the scheme of this modern writer is so much more perfect, is due, no doubt, mainly to the fact that she has sought to steep her soul in the truth of Christ. But after making these deductions, to one who institutes such a comparison as we propose, the correspondence is most remarkable between this admirable modern system and its forerunners, and is only to be accounted for on the supposition that, in every age and clime, the God-inspired human heart, though lisping, yet speaks with unvarying and infallible voice. The three sages of antiquity we are to pass in review are the Roman Cicero, the Greek Aristotle, the Chinese Confucius.

We begin with Cicero, whose assassination occurred in the year 43 B. C. With the weaknesses of Cicero in practical life we have here nothing to do. We are to deal with him only as a moralist and philosopher. He professed to be eclectic, and borrowed from his great predecessors; but so truly did he sift their excellences from the defects, and so clearly did he emphasize the former, that there is hardly another ancient writer who furnishes instruction so pure from blemish, so unembarrassed by fruitless mysticism or speculation, so nearly even with the highest standards of the Christian world. Citations will be made to illustrate how far the best modern theories were anticipated by this admirable Gentile sage. We regret that we must confine ourselves to such meagre illustration of his philosophy.

Of the truth that there is a moral law, there is no finer declaration in Cicero than the following passage, if indeed it has ever been surpassed.* It is put into the mouth of Lælius, in answer to Philus, a disputant who argues, something in the style of Hume, against the existence of a divine law which man may apprehend through his moral sense. But, although Cicero does not here speak in his proper person, the elo-

* De Repub. III. 22. (The passage is preserved in a quotation of Lactantius.)

quent passage is entirely in harmony with his other teachings. Speaking of the moral law, Lælius says it is "universal, unchangeable, eternal, whose commands urge us to duty, whose prohibitions restrain us from evil. Whether it enjoins or forbids, the good respect its injunctions and the wicked treat them with indifference. This law cannot be contradicted by any other law. It needs no other expositor and interpreter than our own conscience. It is not one thing at Rome and another at Athens, — one thing to-day, and another to-morrow, — but in all times and nations this universal law must forever reign eternal and imperishable. It is the sovereign master and emperor of all beings. God himself is its author and enforcer. He who does not obey it flies from himself, and does violence to the very nature of man." In another noble treatise * Cicero makes for all human law a foundation in eternal justice. "Our race," it is said, "is born for justice; and equity and law are not constituted by opinion, but by nature. . . . . Whatever definition is given of man is universally applicable. . . . . There is no dissimilarity in kind." Thus Cicero declares that there is a moral law, and that it is found in the universal conscience. That it can be obeyed he does not question. A discussion as to the freedom of the human will to choose between good and evil is contained in the treatise "De Fato," where Cicero takes the ground that it is not to be doubted.

Why should the moral law be obeyed, — virtue chosen, and vice avoided? That virtue is the only good is again and again asserted. From the first Paradox, which is devoted to the especial examination of this matter, we select this: "What is right, honorable, and in accordance with virtue, that alone I esteem the *bonum*," † or good worthy to be chosen. Speaking of the opinion that pleasure or happiness is the *summum bonum*, he says, indignantly, "It seems to me the assertion of brutes, not of men." ‡ In the vision of Scipio, so far from being influenced by any desire for reward, "Virtue herself," it is declared, "ought to attract you by her own charms to true glory." In discussing this point, Cicero contrasts most

* De Legibus, I. 10. † Paradoxa I. 1. ‡ Ibid. 3.

favorably with certain modern thinkers, of whom Paley is a prominent representative, who declare that whatever is expedient is right. Cicero most distinctly puts the *honestum*, the intrinsically noble, before the *utile*, the expedient, taking pains to give a thorough discussion of the matter in the "De Officiis," arriving at the most admirable conclusions. "It does not admit of question," he says, "that expediency can never compare with virtue." * The general tenor of Cicero's teaching is that virtue, and virtue alone, is the *summum bonum*. In the Fifth Tusculan, however, which discusses the question whether virtue be sufficient for a happy life, it must be confessed that virtue is rather postponed to happiness. "A good man," it is said,† "refers everything to living happily." Such a declaration, however, does not accord well with the general tone of Cicero. Indeed, in several of the Tusculans he seems to fall a little short of his usual lofty standard; and it is difficult to see how Erasmus, after ascribing to these pieces every conceivable excellence, could declare his conviction that the author was directly inspired from heaven. ‡ There are other treatises of the Roman which would justify even so high eulogium as this; but in portions of the Tusculans the bitter affliction in the midst of which they were composed appears to have obscured somewhat the moral and spiritual vision of the sage, imparting to his thought too much of Stoic severity.

In its general features, then, we see that this modern ethical theory was anticipated in the ancient world by Cicero. It is his teaching that there is a moral law; that man finds that law in his conscience; that he has the power to obey it. The motive to obedience — though here, as was noticed, there is some inconsistency — is not happiness, or reward of any kind. Virtue itself is the highest good, and to be sought for itself. To proceed now from these general features to the particulars of Cicero's ethical scheme.

As to religious duty. Though we find vague speculations with reference to the stars being gods, and the universe being a divinity,§ such views do not appear to have taken any deep hold upon his mind. Nor can we take his employment

* De Off. III. 3.
† Tuscul. V. 16.
‡ Smith's Dict., Art. *Cicero*, p. 737.
§ De Natura Deorum, II.

of the plural, and alluding by name to the gods of the Roman Pantheon, to mean more than that he sought to accommodate himself, perhaps indeed unjustifiably, to the popular belief. That he was in reality a monotheist is most evident. By common consent, Scipio is made to argue that there is "one universal Monarch in heaven," "King and Father of all creatures," and "the whole universe is animated by a single Mind." * No fulsome descriptions of the Deity, indeed, are to be encountered; but who does not prefer such modest treatment of this theme as the following: "If you ask me what God is, or what his nature is, I shall follow the example of Simonides, who, when Hiero asked him the same question, demanded a day to consider it. When Hiero repeated the question on the morrow, Simonides demanded two days more. When, after that, he continued to double the number of days, and the wondering Hiero asked why he did so, he replied, 'Because the longer I think about it, the more mysterious it seems to me.'" † Respecting the duty of prayer, though the inculcation of it has less prominence than we should judge proper, yet Cicero practised it, and enjoined it, and laid down rules respecting it. In a later generation, there were thinkers among the Romans by whom duties of this sort were dwelt on with more emphasis. In Seneca, for instance, the style often burns out from cool argument or meditation into a warmer strain, and sometimes flashes into reverent apostrophe and ejaculation. This is far less common in Cicero, yet as to the matter of prayer he is not silent. It is laid down that God must be approached with a pure heart; ‡ and a saying of Pythagoras is approvingly quoted, that "then chiefly do piety and religion flourish, when we are occupied in divine services." § There is something impressive, too, in the passage where Cicero, Atticus, and Quintus, meeting to engage in the high discussions embodied in the treatise "De Legibus," upon the little shadowed islet at Arpinum, where the cool Fibrenus poured itself past the green shore into the bosom of the Liris, open their converse with a solemn though brief invocation. ‖

As to social duties, a most important place among the vir-

* De Repub. I. 36. † De Nat. Deor. I. 22.
‡ De Leg. II. 10. § Ibid. 11. ‖ Ibid. 8.

tues is assigned to justice and beneficence, which consist in studying the welfare of those around us. A precept of Plato concerning disinterested benevolence is approvingly quoted,* — "that we should so look at the advantage of our fellow-citizens as to have reference to that in whatever we do, forgetting ourselves." Nor was there any narrowness in the humanity of Cicero. It was a catholic principle, embracing not simply the little world upon the seven hills and its dependencies, but the whole earth. "They who say that a regard ought to be had to fellow-citizens, but deny it to foreigners, break up the common society of the human race, which being withdrawn, beneficence, liberality, goodness, justice, are utterly abolished." † This one sentence, finally, will exhibit the general spirit of Cicero: "Men are created for the sake of men, that they may mutually do good to one another." ‡

As to our personal duties, chastity and temperance are specially enjoined, and the whole tenor of Cicero's teaching is to discourage sensuality. Here, too, is the clear perception, sometimes thought to belong only to Christians, that the inmost heart must be kept pure, since guilt lies in the intention back of the deed. "The guilt lies in the very hesitation, even if the act be not perpetrated. . . . . If we could conceal it from all gods and men, yet nothing should be done avariciously, unjustly, or licentiously." § The nobleness of the human soul and its eternal destiny are set forth with most impressive emphasis. Here, indeed, the language of this admirable sage is pervaded with real sublimity. He himself has said, "There never was a great man without divine inspiration." ‖ Certainly into the breast of Cicero had been breathed a glowing God-sent fire, which, burning forth upon the page, kindles the reader even to-day into reverent enthusiasm. Here and there, indeed, a slight tone of hesitation may be detected when dealing with this mysterious theme; but for the most part the Roman is lofty and confident. We have noted, as appearing to have especial beauty and emphasis, passages in the treatises on "Friendship," "Old Age," and, most of all, in that most solemnly beautiful memorial of the Roman mind, the "Vision

* De Offic. I. 25. † Ibid. III. 6. ‡ Ibid. I. 7.
§ Ibid. III. 8. ‖ De Nat. Deor. II. 66.

of Scipio." There is no space here to dwell upon the rich poetry of the piece, — the tribune of the fourth legion caught up into the Milky Way under the guidance of his majestic ancestor Africanus, beholding new heavenly wonders, hearing the deep, awful harmony of the revolving worlds, — a description which may have suggested to Shakespeare the peerless burst in "The Merchant of Venice": —

> "There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins."

There is no space for any full quotation respecting the matter directly under consideration. We may discern, it is true, traces of a defective philosophy. We do not believe, as the shade of Africanus is here made to teach, that the soul is of the same substance as the heavenly bodies. It is an unjust slur upon our earthly existence to say, "That which is called your life is really death." There is a taint of undue severity when the body is called a prison, from whose fetters it is only a relief to escape. But these are trifles, mere spots upon the effulgence of the sun, only discoverable through some prying telescope of hypercriticism, not to be counted when a heaven is so distinctly promised as a destination for the good and just, — a heaven toward which the aspirations of all great and good men are tending, — the path to which is a life of justice and piety, — given as a consequence of virtue, but most distinctly not to be sought as a reward for virtue, for virtue "should attract to true glory by her own beauties."

But some space must be devoted to the less grateful task of illustrating the defects in the teaching of Cicero. As we have seen, with respect to his general theory of morals, there is little room for criticism. The moral law is universal, — is made known by the conscience. Man is under obligation to obey, and his motive to obedience, according to the general tenor of Cicero, is the very highest. When we descend to particulars, however, we sometimes find occasion to dissent. The whole department of religious obligation, if we admit that ethics is concerned with this, receives insufficient attention. In the department of social obligation, though for the most part we approve, we must sometimes condemn. An enumeration is

made of the circumstances which authorize the accusing of a fellow-man, where Cicero says it may be done, among other motives, "for the sake of revenge."* The case is supposed of a father committing a crime. The question is then asked, Should his son inform of him to the magistrate? "To do that, indeed," is Cicero's reply, "would be impiety. Nay, he ought even to defend his father if he were accused of it."† This is generous, but we can hardly admit that filial affection should so override justice. Slaves are mentioned, but there is only an injunction to be honorable in selling them, without any condemnation of the holding of them.‡ We may notice here, too, what can hardly be called an ethical blemish, but a singular blindness in one whose vision of truth in most respects was so acute and comprehensive. The gains of all hired workmen whose source of profit is not their art, but their labor, are stigmatized as necessarily inelegant and mean. Retail merchants can only be despicable. All mechanical labors are base, and a workshop can contain nothing befitting a gentleman (*ingenuum*). Least of all are those trades to be approved that serve the senses, as fishmongers, bakers, butchers, perfumers, &c.§ As to the department of personal duty, though for the most part all is unobjectionable, there are some positive defects, as in the case of the instruction embodied in the last four of the Tusculans. Cicero appears to rise no higher than to say that grief and pain must be endured bravely, — with no gleam apparently of appreciation of the blessed help they may be able to afford to the spirit. But here we must leave Cicero. The attempt has been made to give impartially an idea of the ethical speculations of the great sage. His defects have not been veiled. There are positive blemishes, and perhaps still graver shortcomings of a negative character. He is not panting and burning always with aspiration. There is in him, perhaps, an insufficient sense of human frailty, — no thorough, humble conviction of sinfulness; but after every deduction, so lofty in general is his treatment of these sublime themes, the candid can do no otherwise than bend reverently, as in the presence of a clear-seeing and

* De Off. II. 14. † Ibid. III. 23. ‡ Ibid. III. 17. § Ibid. I. 42.

most venerable spirit, — fresh from the crowded forum ringing with his denunciation of Catiline or Verres, or broken-hearted from the tomb of his cherished Tullia, — in senatorial robe, and Olympian dignity of mind, seeking repose for his spirit in majestic contemplations upon God and duty and immortality.

But Cicero merely reproduced and adapted the speculations of his predecessors. Let us follow the stream of ethical thought to the wells of Greek philosophy. The contrast is striking in point of style between Aristotle and his broad-browed Athenian teacher. The speculation of the latter is overlaid with elaborate imagery, — a system draped with attire so rich and so glittering with embellishment, that its outline becomes obscured, and, as in gazing on the figure of some sumptuous Athenian citizen habited in luxurious robes, the beholder is often in doubt as to the true contour of the body and limbs beneath. In Aristotle, on the contrary, the thought stands forth a simple skeleton, — articulated, precise, but hard, dry, and cold. In his treatises the parts are poised almost like mathematical equations; nor can the student despatch them off-hand any more than he can a book of conic sections. The moral theory of Aristotle is principally contained in the Nicomachean Ethics, and from this work we propose to illustrate his teaching.

Without going at length into the psychology of the author, it is sufficient to say that he divides the rational part of the soul into two faculties, one of which, *τὸ ἐπιστημονικόν* or *νοῦς*, is cognizant of the eternal and immutable principles of things;* a quality the same, apparently, as that known in German speculation as the "Vernunft," and which in English metaphysics has been called "intuition." Through the possession of this faculty man is enabled to recognize moral distinctions. In this respect Aristotle appears to anticipate the scheme of Kant, which, as was stated, the author of "Intuitive Morals" adopts, and only seeks to popularize. The Greek believed in an eternal moral law, and in the possession by man of a faculty through which it was to be apprehended. Of man's power to obey this law, when apprehended,

* Eth. Nicom. VI. 1. 5.

there appears to have been no question in the mind of Aristotle, as we judge from his elaborate discussion of the freedom of human choice.* Now as to *why* this moral law should be obeyed. We must here face a question somewhat intricate. Aristotle argues at length† of τὸ ἄγαθον, the *summum bonum*, the end at which man should aim, and his conclusion, at first view, is unsatisfactory. It is that εὐδαιμονία, a term which we commonly render happiness, is the highest good.‡ But let us look more closely at this term. This εὐδαιμονία is not pleasure (ἡδονή), for we read, "The generality of mankind seem to be deceived by pleasure; for it appears to be the good, though it is not so."§ We find this εὐδαιμονία to be "an energy of the soul according to its virtue."‖ If we may follow Professor Browne, this "energy" is simply "an active state." The notion of Aristotle respecting happiness, then, appears to be simply this, that it is the virtuous activity of the soul. Ritter complains, indeed, that Aristotle's idea of happiness is very indeterminate;¶ but if we may take it in the sense just given, — and what else it can be made to mean it is impossible to see, — namely, that it is for the soul to act ever virtuously, no higher object can be proposed as the "great good." That no ulterior profit is to be looked for is taught in the following: "An act to be virtuous must be done with deliberate choice, and deliberate choice on its own account."**

In considering the matter of virtue, the sage insists very luminously upon a most important matter, often not kept in due prominence at the present day, even with our light. A virtue is not a passion or sentiment (πάθος), not a capacity (δύναμις), but a habit (ἕξις).†† The doctrine is laid down that we are naturally adapted to *receive* the virtues, but they do not belong to us by nature.‡‡ We acquire the virtues by doing good actions. For instance, by doing just actions we become just, by doing temperate actions temperate, &c. On this point Aristotle is very clear, and insists in an admirable

* Eth. Nicom. III. 1–5.
† Ibid. I.
‡ Ibid. I. 7. 8.
§ Ibid. III. 4. 5.
‖ Ibid. I. 7. 15.
¶ Hist. of Philos., Morrison's transl., III. 350.
** Eth. Nicom. II. 4. 3.
†† Ibid. II. 5.
‡‡ Ibid. II. 1.

way on the necessity of beginning at the earliest age the formation of good habits, which are the virtues, and the obligation upon parents to see punctually that children perform good actions, that early and substantial foundation may be laid for excellent character.

Taking up now the particular departments of duty, as to the religious obligations there is almost complete silence. The Deity, indeed, is mentioned; but of any obligation on our part to worship, we can recall in the Nicomachean Ethics no statement. It cannot, indeed, be said, that Aristotle pretends to furnish in this treatise any exhaustive catalogue of particular duties, being concerned rather with the general principles of ethics; yet the exacting critic, applying the language of "Intuitive Morals" to this case, will declare the moral scheme of Aristotle to be acephalous.*

Coming to social duty, however, there is less room for objection. Man is regarded as inseparable from society. Ethics is only a subdivision of politics, or the science of social life, and the obligations under which we lie as members of the human family are made especially prominent. When we come to understand fairly the terminology of Aristotle, there appears to be in this department but little occasion for criticism. It is to be noticed as a feature of especial excellence, that great prominence is assigned to the quality φιλία,—friendship, or love. Indeed, this quality is made to supersede other, even the most important virtues. "When men are friends (that is, bound by this φιλία), there is no need of justice," †—a sentence which will bring to mind the Scriptural maxim that love is the fulfilling of the law.

As to personal virtue, strict purity is enjoined. Considerable stress is laid upon the quality μεγαλοψυχία, which appears to come near to our quality of self-respect, being distinguished on the one hand from vanity, and on the other from self-abasement. Self-love is justified in much the same way as that employed by Bishop Butler. Perhaps we may say that these qualities, as defined by Aristotle, are hardly consistent with the very highest Christian humility and self-forgetfulness.

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* Intuit. Morals, Pt. II., Introd., p. xi.

† Eth. Nicom. VIII. 1. 4.

It is a noteworthy beauty of the Aristotelian scheme, that a high place among the virtues is assigned to meekness (πραότης). Here the impassiveness of stoicism is rejected, — the virtue being taken as that quality which leads a man to feel anger at proper occasions and times, — distinguished on the one hand from irascibility, on the other from mean-spiritedness and weakness.

We make no attempt to palliate the short-comings of this master spirit. We find this benumbing sentence: "It is thought that to the dead there is nothing beyond, either good or bad."* The whole system is cold as ice and rigid as marble. Some would say, that an ethical system which leaves out the religious obligations is headless. Aristotle teaches that each virtue is a *mean* state between two vices, — on the one hand of defect, on the other of excess. Courage, for instance, is a mean between foolhardiness and cowardice. Liberality is the mean between lavishness and niggardliness. It has been said,† that the whole scheme is vitiated through this position, inasmuch as the two vices are assumed to be positives, whereas virtue is the only positive according to the correct view, its opposite having no other than a negative existence. This criticism appears to us rather overstrained; but, admitting that and every other drawback, if this sketch has made the main features of the system at all clear, in many respects it must be confessed to be most excellent. It is founded on the inherent nobleness of human nature. The soul of man has a capacity for virtuous attainment, and is endowed with a clear-seeing faculty whose vision is high in the heavens, and cognizant of the true and right. The work of man is to form a character out of virtuous habits, and the end for which he is to strive is to maintain his soul, ever acting "according to the best and most perfect virtue." This is lofty teaching, and warrants a late panegyric, where a writer, after holding up the Nicomachean Ethics in most favorable contrast with Paley, calls it "an imperishable memorial of Aristotle's genius, — a noble system of morals based purely on a contemplation of the nature and constitution of man."‡

* Eth. Nicom. III. 6. † Intuit. Morals, Pt. II., Introd.

‡ National Review, January, 1860, p. 59.

Among these ancient sages of Europe, no defect, perhaps, is more striking, than a certain absence of heart and want of tenderness. This deficiency appears more strikingly in the case of some than in that of others. In Plato and the Platonists, the fancy imparts a fulness and coloring to the speculation, in which the absence of the heart's warmth and tenderness is less apparent than in writers like Aristotle, where the thought stands boldly forth, its clear, sharp outline unrelieved by any embellishment of rhetoric, unveiled by any drapery of mysticism. Generally even with the best, we have more reason to admire the acute intellect, the fine moral discrimination, sharp but cold, the strong sense of duty, than such qualities as glowing love and aspiration. Dr. Priestley * notices this defect particularly in the case of Aristotle, and, quoting at the conclusion of his consideration of that sage's philosophy some of the finest psalms, puts side by side this classic, icily regular edifice of the Hellenic mind, and the still throbbing and living memorials of Hebrew devotion. In Priestley's day, but little was known concerning any Oriental literature, except that of the Jews. The acquisitions of the last half-century, however, enable us, referring to these additional stores, to see that this earnestness and spiritual depth are in a degree a general characteristic of the East; and though in Israel the soul in its yearning may have been more eager and far-reaching, yet in all Oriental writing there is a glow and aspiration which we miss in the more coolly precise literature of the West.

In this paper we are dealing with Ethics. Ethics is a science, and in scientific matters we do not look for feeling and warmth. The contrast between the East and West is less apparent in this connection than it would be if the piety of these Gentile races, instead of their moral philosophy, were the subject of examination; yet even here we cannot fail to notice it. We have space to examine but one Oriental system of ethics; it shall be that of Confucius, a scheme perhaps more nearly approaching the tone of Occidental speculation than any other system of the East. Yet even here the strength of the Oriental heart makes itself felt in a certain humane

* Doctrines of Heathen Philosophy compared with those of Revelation, p. 183.

gentleness, imparting warmth to every line, — a tropic flower of tenderness peculiar to Asiatic soil.

Of the five sacred volumes which embody the doctrine of Confucius, four are arrangements of pre-existing documents, which he drew up and sanctioned. The fifth volume, called "Soe Chow," comprises the books in which the disciples of Confucius after his death embodied the moral system, — the apothegms and other *memorabilia* of the master. From this book, the "Soe Chow," we shall take such illustrations as we require. We shall see how in China, six hundred years before our era, a thinker had enunciated the essential features of the ethical scheme we have been tracing in Rome and Greece, — the system which even to-day cannot be superseded, but only improved upon and enlarged.

First, there is a moral law. "The principle which directs us in conforming our actions to the mandate of Heaven is called the rule of moral conduct, or the right way." * Again, "The sage's rule of moral conduct has its element in the hearts of all men, whence it raises itself in its highest manifestation to light heaven and earth with its rays." † To discern this rule of moral conduct, man is said to possess in himself a "luminous principle of reason, which we have received from Heaven to renew men and cause them to see their proper aim to be perfection, or the sovereign good." ‡ This "luminous principle of reason" we find frequently alluded to, — a quality in the nature of man, inherent and holy, by which he discerns the eternal law of duty, — a faculty closely resembling or identical with the τὸ ἐπιστημονικόν of Aristotle, — the "intuition" or "inner light" of modern philosophy. That the law thus apprehended can be obeyed, the Chinese sage does not appear to have doubted. There is a remarkable absence in all that he has left of everything like abstruse speculation, and from this habit he did not depart to undertake any metaphysical demonstration of the freedom of the will.

Why should the moral law be obeyed? Virtue is to be pursued for her own sake, and for no ulterior profit or reward.

* Tchoung Young, I. 1.
† Ibid. XII. 4.
‡ Ta Hio, I. 1.

"Placing before everything the duty of doing what one ought to do in order to acquire virtue, and putting as only of secondary importance the profit one obtains, is not that to accumulate virtues?" *

Descending now to the particular departments of duty, with regard to the religious obligations we observe a silence almost as unbroken as we noticed in the case of Aristotle. We do find mention, indeed, of Heaven as a Power, and an expression equivalent to "Most High" occurs in the Confucian literature; † but this Power is rarely mentioned, and the worship of it is seldom, if ever indeed, clearly inculcated. Such prayers as are offered are generally made to the spirits of ancestors and to genii. "The philosopher being very sick, Tseu Lou begged him to let his disciples address their prayers in his behalf to the spirits and genii. The philosopher said, 'Is that becoming?' Tseu Lou answered, 'It is becoming.' The philosopher said, 'The prayer of Confucius is continual.'" ‡ It is impossible to believe that the nature of Confucius, amiable to an extraordinary degree, should not also have been devout. Prayer and thanksgiving poured from his heart, but as to the object to which these outpourings were directed, he speculated but little. The singular absence in the Confucian discussions of all remark not bearing directly upon the most practical and sublunary matters, was noticed indeed by the disciples of the sage. "Tseu Koung said, 'Our master may often be heard to speak of the qualities necessary to make a man illustrious, but he is rarely heard to discourse upon the nature of man or the celestial reason.'" §

As it regards social duty, however, there is no neglect, and the critic of this part of his system can do little but praise. It is here we notice that tenderness which, as we have said, belongs to Confucianism, the gift to this system of that more active soul and heart which imparts to Oriental speculation in general such depth and warmth. Mark the emphasis with which, again and again, the Golden Rule is pronounced. The following is a specimen. "Tseu Koung put a question in these terms: 'Is there a motto in the language which one

* Lun Yu, XII. 21.
† Note to Ta Hio, X.
‡ Lun Yu, VII. 34.
§ Ibid. V. 12.

can carry with him as the sole rule of practice to the day of his death?' The philosopher said, 'There is the motto, We must not do to others as we do not want them to do to us.'" * But the most impressive feature of Confucianism is the prominence given to the principle of love to men. The Chinese term is rendered, in the French translation of Pauthier, *l'humanité*. "Fantchi asked what the virtue of humanity was. The philosopher answered, 'To love men.'" † This principle of love is not only the first, but the sum, of all excellences. It is insisted on until the repetition becomes wearisome. In the "Lun Yu," which describes Confucius very much as the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon describe Socrates, there is hardly a page which does not contain an exhortation to cultivate this sentiment. The love must extend to all men. "The superior man looks upon all men in the universe as his brothers." ‡ Confucius regards man as inseparable from the society of his fellows, and perhaps gives too great relative prominence to the department of social duty. The reader tires of the monotony, as over and over again, for hundreds of times, the changes are rung on this same note of love to men; but it imparts a genial, benevolent fervor to the scheme, contrasting the frostwork, delicate and beautiful, indeed, but so frigid, into which Hellenic and Roman speculation were congealed.

As to personal duty, though this department is somewhat unduly postponed to social obligation, it is by no means overlooked. "The perfecting of one's self is the law of man." § That purity of the heart promotes the clearness of the spiritual perceptions was seen so clearly, that acuteness of the moral vision is given as the proper test of excellence. "There is a certain rule for recognizing the state of perfection. He who does not know how to distinguish good from evil, the true from the false, who knows not how to find in man the law of Heaven, has not yet arrived at perfection." ‖ In the same spirit with these passages is the following: "From the man of most elevated dignity to the most humble and obscure, there is an equal duty for all; the perfecting of ourselves is the funda-

* Lun Yu, XV. 23. † Ibid. XII. 22. ‡ Ibid. XII. 5.
§ Tchoung Young, XX. 17. ‖ Ibid. XX. 16.

mental basis of all progress and moral development." * The following beautiful passage from Mencius, a famous disciple, but who only echoed his master, is entirely in the spirit of Confucianism: "There is an honor of Heaven, as well as honors conferred by men. Humanity, justice, righteousness, fidelity, — the delight one feels in practising these virtues without ceasing, is what constitutes the dignity of Heaven." † The same disciple thus maintains the dignity of that human nature which he would have enriched with heavenly treasures. To such a degree is it noble, that, "if a man has not a compassionate heart, he is not a man. If he is not ashamed of his own vices, and does not feel aversion for those of others, he is not a man. If he has not a recognition of the true and false, of the just and the unjust, he is not a man. Men have these principles in them, as they have their limbs; and if we all know how to develop them, and cause them to bear fruit, they will be like fire which begins to burn, like a fountain which begins to leap." ‡

Among the blemishes which disfigure this system, we find a most extravagant respect paid to ancestors. The duty of the son to the father is so exaggerated, as to override every other consideration. § A disciple argues that one year is enough to remain in mourning for a parent; but Confucius will not allow less than three as a sufficient time to be spent in the appropriate observances, which were very burdensome. ‖ A noteworthy blemish of Confucianism is the extravagant attention paid to rites and ceremonies, many of them of the most trivial character. Confucius magnified the importance of these in an absurd degree, and practised and enjoined them to an extent extraordinary in a teacher so amiable, and endowed with so much lofty wisdom. It falls short of the highest standard, moreover, in that it teaches that injuries are not to be paid with benefits. "Hatred and injury are to be paid with *justice*, and benefits with benefits." ¶ That Confucius believed in the immortality of the human soul is plain. Speaking of ancestors, he says: "They are everywhere about us, —

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* Ta Hio, I. 6.
† Mencius, II. V. 16.
‡ Ibid. I. III. 6.
§ Lun Yu, XIII. 18.
‖ Ibid. XVII. 21.
¶ Ibid. XIV. 36.

on our left, on our right; they surround us on every side." * The observance of rites to these disembodied spirits is very often prescribed; but, in giving his rules of conduct, little reference is made to the future state. The silence of this scheme as to the department of religious obligation has been alluded to; and if we admit, with the author of "Intuitive Morals," that ethics is properly concerned with that subject, we must confess that this system, like that of Aristotle, with all its beauty and tenderness, is but a headless trunk, most wanting in the most vital part.

Yet, after making all these deductions, we must allow to Confucius a spirit full of gentleness, meekness, and love; and his system, though incomplete, is yet, in great part, founded deep upon eternal truth, and sublime with moral beauty. The love which filled his heart, and which hourly almost appears to have been the theme of his discourse, flowed forth in no stinted measure, and within no narrow limits, but was freely entertained toward high and low. His instructions were often addressed to men in power, not, however, because he yielded to them any improper deference, but simply for the reason that the great hold positions of influence, in which the example of a good life may be most effective in bringing humbler men to practise goodness. A good prince will be the father and mother of his people, according to the Confucian idea, and it is in this affectionate relation that rulers are constantly urged to stand toward their subjects. To ships that sail upon those Eastern seas, the land near by, from plantations that dapple a thousand sunny leagues, from groves of sandal-wood and camphor, exhales a rich aroma; but a sweeter and holier tribute, a more celestial incense, did this land offer, when it gave forth a faith so weak and tender, — a faith whose substance, in the language of its disciples, is "to have purity of heart, and to love our neighbor as ourselves." †

We close our examination of these systems with the hope that, although the illustration in the case of each one has been necessarily brief and meagre, enough has been said to give an idea of the ethics of these thinkers of antiquity. The moral

* Tchoung Young, XVI. 3. † Lun Yu, IV. 15.

scheme, which probably all would admit to be as pure and high as any that has been put forth in modern times, was, as we have seen, in many of its most essential features, anticipated by the three sages we have been studying. They agree with one another and with us in asserting the existence of a fundamental moral law, respecting right and wrong, which man is under obligation to obey. They believe that man universally has within himself a faculty by means of which this law may be apprehended. They believe that the will of man is free to choose between good and evil. They saw, moreover, the beauty of virtue, and reached the spiritual height from which the sublime truth is beheld, that virtue must be sought for her own sake; that to her there is nothing ulterior; no happiness can be the *summum bonum;* nobleness must be chosen for itself alone, or the choice is ignoble. In the case of Cicero, it appears that, although occasionally falling a little short of this high doctrine, the general tenor of his teaching is of this sort. In the case of Aristotle, if we rightly define the εὐδαιμονία which he proposes as the good, it is nobleness, rather than happiness, which he sets forth as τὸ ἄγαθον. In the case of Confucius, although even a matter of such moment as this, in his singularly practical and sublunary scheme, seems to have been too abstruse for long consideration, yet we do find it distinctly set forth, that to acquire virtue is before everything, and that all profit to be obtained through it, of every sort, is to be esteemed of secondary importance.

We see, then, that these general features of the modern theory are simply reproductions of an ancient philosophy. With regard to the special departments of duty, and the particular obligations included in each, we have seen how, while social and personal duty were not overlooked, religious obligation was either almost entirely neglected, as by Aristotle and Confucius, or made of insufficient moment, as by Cicero. In respect to this matter, however, there is room for argument whether ethics is directly concerned with this subject. We do not praise or pray, or give thanks, so much because we *ought*, as because our hearts prompt the outpouring. True worship is spontaneous, — not a matter of duty. That there

should be true prayer when there is no devout emotion in the soul, is as impossible as that there should be flame without fuel. It is a matter of duty, indeed, that we should so live as to *dispose* the heart toward prayer; but the prayer itself, to be true, must flow from feelings not directly under the control of the will, and therefore worship is only indirectly a matter of duty. The absence of devoutness in these Gentile sages with whom we have been occupied shows a coldness of the spirit, but the fault is in their piety rather than their ethics.

Mrs. Child, in her "Progress of Religious Ideas," declares: "While my mind was yet in its youth, I was offended at the manner in which Christian writers usually describe other religions; for I observed that they habitually covered apparent contradictions and absurdities in Jewish and Christian writings with a veil of allegories and mystical interpretation, while the records of all other religions were unscrupulously analyzed, or contemptuously described as 'childish fables' or 'filthy superstitions.'"* The want of candor here alluded to is a vice which too often characterizes our consideration of Gentile systems of belief; it is encouraging to note the more generous spirit which here and there begins to show itself. Christendom in former ages has set us an example of candor, which, in spite of the improvement in our criticism here and there to be noticed, we yet fall short of in a considerable measure.

The old Father Lactantius, after quoting Seneca, exclaims, "How many things does this Heathen speak of God like one of us?"† Dean Milman calls attention to the courtesy and respect with which the Græco-Arabian philosophers were treated by the Schoolmen contemporary with them. The scholastic Ockham utters the generous sentiment, that the philosophers who were Pagans, and yet great and good men, were certainly Christians at heart, since every man who honestly tries to live according to reason must find out the truth; and Roger Bacon places Seneca and Aristotle high in the ethical scale above his contemporaries.‡ This generous spirit lasted

* Vol. I. p. vii. (Preface).
† Divin. Instit. Lib. I. cap. 5.
‡ National Review, October, 1860, p. 357.

until the Reformation, when at last, in the semi-Pagan Platonists of the era of Leo X., it became excessive, and contributed to the great upturning. Even then candor did not depart at once from the Church. Erasmus, as we have seen, could ascribe inspiration to Cicero, and Zwinglius and other contemporaries showed a similar liberality. To this day, in the Eastern Church, as we are told by Stanley, along the porticos of the temples may be seen the figures of Gentile poets and philosophers, who are held to have been providential pioneers for the labors of the Christian saints. But the narrowness to which Mrs. Child alludes, is too generally characteristic of the treatment accorded to those beyond our pale. Too often, the loftiest Gentile schemes are flippantly dismissed, as inadequate to any useful purpose, if not mere "childish fable or filthy superstition."

Certainly, in the speculations with which we have been occupied, the blemishes are not so many or so marked as to cancel their usefulness. It is impossible to dwell upon them without feeling that the mind is acquiring something of composure and dignity, — an armor to defend it against the assaults of the world, — a fire of enthusiasm to urge it forward in benevolence and the pursuit of noble things. In the case of any of these majestic thinkers, truly can the student say, employing the language of Seneca respecting a favorite author: "In whatever condition of mind I may be when I read that man's writings, I tell you I am ready to challenge all manner of mischances; I am ready to cry out, 'Why do you delay, O Fortune? Come on! you see one who is prepared for you'; . . . . . I long for something to overcome, something that shall try my patience."*

* Epist. LXIV. 2.

ART. IV. — SHAKESPEARE AND FRIENDSHIP.

The Works of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. *The Plays edited from the Folio of MDCXXIII., with Various Readings from all the Editions and all the Commentators, Notes, Introductory Remarks, a Historical Sketch of the Text, an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama, a Memoir of the Poet, and an Essay upon his Genius.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1861. 12 vols. Small 8vo.

WE place this descriptive title of Mr. White's edition of the works of the greatest poet of the world at the head of our article, not in order to describe its characteristics and eulogize its merits, but simply to serve as a text from which to start in treating the special theme indicated above. Thus much, however, we feel impelled to say: that if we could own but one edition of the works of Shakespeare, and had our choice out of all the editions ever printed, we should select the one now — with the exception of the first volume, which is not yet published — offered to the public by Richard Grant White, from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.

Shakespeare, in whose comprehensive genius the entire sphere of human experience lay mirrored, has scattered through his plays hundreds of graphic traits and sayings relating to friendship. Whoever reads his pages with a direct eye to this theme, will be surprised to find how thick the allusions to it are; how varied, delicate, and earnest they are; and what a collective sum of wisdom and emotion, of manifold passion, tenderness, and judgment, is in them. Such a perusal proves that Shakespeare's heart was as teeming and wonderful a treasury of love as his mind was of thought.

In the world of the good affections there is not a point, particle, or motion which was not well known to him, both by intuitive experience and by reflective consciousness. He was the most sensitive, loving, generous of men; — an organization "servile to all the skyey influences"; a heart no less fond and mobile than vast and tenacious; an intellect capable of taking accurate impressions of all phenomena, and rendering quick interpretations enriched by the commingling reactions of his

redundant genius. Though he enters and informs all sorts of characters, and meets all kinds of exigencies in wonderful accordance with the demands of dramatic truth, he seems most untrammelled and complete, most perfectly himself, when depicting or paying tribute to the noblest forms of human nature, breathing the gentlest sentiments. He condemns, scorns, loathes, hates, with a terrible emphasis indeed; but he approves, admires, pities, loves, with a pervasive unction and irresistible sincerity superior still. In the former, he seems comparatively mimetic; in the latter, organic. There he is a dramatist, filling a part with forms suited to his conceit; here he is himself, at one with the very spirit of nature and humanity: his words give an echo to the seat where love is throned. All the finest expressions of reverence and sympathy between persons which he puts into the mouths of his interlocutors bear the marks of the soul of Shakespeare, — a mellow flavor of catholicity, a deep tinge of beauty, an unfathomable fondness, a poised and sad wisdom, ever and anon fringing itself with sportiveness. In this mood, every utterance of his, however adapted to the character and situation it is assigned to, carries the stamp of its sublime parentage, is redolent of the rich place it came from.

In addition to these precious incidental touches, Shakespeare has drawn no less than eight memorable pictures of friendship, designed portraitures. The first of these, in time and in interest, is that of the rapturous love subsisting between himself and the mysterious Nameless whose entrancing charms he has overlaid with the amber of his Sonnets, where the final generation of men may gaze on them with unspent astonishment.

> "Who will believe my verse in time to come,
> If it were filled with your most high deserts?
> Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
> Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
> . . . . .
> So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
> Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue;
> And your true rights be termed a poet's rage,
> And stretchèd metre of an antique song."

These matchless compositions mark the highest point in lit-

erature ever attained by the sentiment of friendship in its richest and most inspired form. None but the finest, warmest souls should ever read them. Should? No others can. And when such a one, retreating to some secluded spot, with pensive, leisurely, and yearning heart, roams in these flushed and spicy precincts, like an enchanted sultan, he walks in meadows of roses, strolls beside rivers of milk and honey, wanders over the hills of frankincense, and pitches his tent on the mountains of myrrh.

The information these productions contain in relation to the personal character and experience of their wondrous author, possesses the very highest interest; for, as Wordsworth says, in naming the chief writers of sonnets, "With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart." Though called Sonnets, they are not strictly such, but rather loosely-connected poems in sonnet stanza. The writer praises the beauty and goodness of his friend, and tries to persuade him to marry; complains of a severe wrong, but forgives him; complains also of coldness, and warns him that decay and death are swift; moved by fear of a rival, expostulates on inconstancy; reproves him for certain faults; excuses his own silence, and protests his undying truth. Such is the general argument, but infinitely varied and fulfilled, which he pours along his lines, —

> "too excellent
> For every vulgar paper to rehearse."

It is astonishing how rich a treatment of friendship these poems give. Their wealth does not appear at once. They must be perused a great number of times, in favorable moods, with absolute attention. Such a study of them, really discerning all that is in them, will show that they touch with masterly stroke almost everything that belongs to the experience in its fullest and most diversified form. Of the large number of the Sonnets that it would be a delight to adorn these pages with, the three that follow must suffice.

> "If thou survive my well-contented day,
> When that churl, Death, my bones with dust shall cover,
> And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
> These poor, rude lines of thy deceased lover,

Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripped by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage;
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love!"

How powerfully the spirit of sincerity reveals itself through the poetic exaggeration of the foregoing lines, and what a fine example they afford of the divine grace that waits on modesty!

The next piece depicts, with a marvellous power of tender delicacy, and truth to experience, the ideal sovereignty of the image of a dear friend in the mind.

"When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end."

Who would not willingly suffer the pains of absence and suspicion, to receive such protestation as the poet here brings, in lines where every kind of skill and worth vies with another which shall be first?

"O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all."

We are the more resigned to leave the Sonnets with this painfully inadequate exposition, because we hope at a future time to devote a distinct article to a consideration of their autobiographic contents and value.

Probably the earliest portrayal of friendship in the *plays* of Shakespeare is that of the generous and constant Valentine and the false and fickle Proteus, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Valentine is about going abroad, against the arguments of his comrade: —

"Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."

Proteus rejoins:

"Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus when thou, haply, seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel."

In his absence Proteus betrays his friend, and plays a perjurer's part against him. The Duke of Milan asks Valentine if he knows the son of Don Antonio. He answers:

"I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed, and spent our hours together;
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days."

Afterwards, learning the base disservice done him by his trusted mate, he breaks out on him:

"Thou common friend, that's without faith or love, —
For such is a friend now, — treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; naught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!"

Proteus, struck to the heart, exclaims:

"My shame and guilt confound me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit."

Valentine nobly replies:

"Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased."

Next comes the pairing communion of Helena and Hermia, so inimitably described by the former, when shrinking from a threatened breach: —

"Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, — O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder?"

A still more charming instance of female friendship — "whose loves were dearer than the natural bond of sisters" — is that which joins Celia and Rosalind in "As You Like It." When Oliver asks "if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father," Charles answers, "O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, — being ever from their cradles bred together, — that she would have followed

her exile, or have died to stay behind her." A delicious, confidential dialogue follows between the two friends.

"*Cel.* Why, cousin; why, Rosalind; Cupid have mercy! — Not a word?

"*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

"*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

"*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up."

The usurper now comes in, full of anger.

"*Duke.* Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.
"*Ros.* Me, uncle?
"*Duke.* You, cousin.
. . . . . .
"*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
"*Duke.* Ay, Celia; we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.
"*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, ate together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
"*Duke.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips."

It is beautiful to see how utterly the detestable meanness of this appeal fails of its intended effect on the noble and indignant Celia. As soon as the Duke retires, she embraces her friend, and cries:

"O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.
"*Ros.* I have more cause.
"*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin:
Prythee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?
"*Ros.* That he hath not.
"*Cel.* No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out.
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee."

In the "Merchant of Venice," the friendship of the sad, noble, good, old Antonio, and the bright, graceful, high, young Bassanio, is every way rich in beauty; but there is nothing connected with it more delightful, than the manner in which it is reflected in the bearing and remarks of those around. Although entirely unobtrusive, it is so profound, exerts such a charm, that they all unconsciously become mirrors of it. And the exhibition of their direct relation and intercourse may challenge comparison with anything else of the kind in literature. Not a word is above or below the moderation of nature and life, and every line seems to breathe the very fragrance of truth and love into the soul of the reader. How finely their first appearance and conversation, at the close of the first scene, prepare us for what is to come! Through the aid of Antonio, Bassanio gets an outfit from Shylock, and goes to Belmont. He is fortunate, and wins the hand of Portia. In the midst of his joy, Salerio brings a letter from Antonio. Bassanio eagerly cries to him:

"Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth."

Gratiano converses with Salerio, and Portia watches Bassanio while he reads.

"*Portia.* There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
"*Bass.* O sweet Portia
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
. . . . . .

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. — But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

" *Sale.* Not one, my lord.

. . . . . .

" *Por.* Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

" *Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

" *Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?

" *Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats.

" *Por.* What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.

. . . .

But let me hear the letter of your friend."

Bassanio then reads the letter from Antonio, pathetic enough to distil tears out of stones: —

" *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*"

Well might Portia burst forth:

" O love, despatch all business, and be gone."

In the next scene Antonio says:

"These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor. —
Well, jailer, on. — Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not."

After Bassanio's departure with the money, Lorenzo says to Portia:

"Madam, knew you to whom you show this honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you."

She replies, most becomingly:

"I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord."

In the trial scene, ere the fatal sentence falls, the disguised Portia asks Antonio:

"Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
"*Ant.* But little; I am armed, and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you:
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I loved you; speak me fair in death:
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

"*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life.
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you."

When all has turned out happily, the three journey together to Belmont. On her threshold Portia meets them, saying, "You are welcome home, my lord."

"*Bass.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
"*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
"*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.
"*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy."

The friendship of Cassius and Brutus is very famous, and equally admired in the closet and on the stage.

"*Cass.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
"*Bru.* Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference:
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
. . . . .
"*Cass.* Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
"*Bru.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection by some other things.
"*Cass.* 'T is just. . . . . Therefore prepare to hear.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous."

This whole interview, in the second scene of the first act, is superb in genius and eloquence. Though it has not been so popular, it is not a whit inferior in merit to the celebrated tent-scene, where the friends quarrel.

Of this latter scene the conclusion can never fail to move even the most ordinary reader.

"*Cass.* Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
"*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.
"*Cass.* You love me not.
"*Bru.* I do not like your faults.
"*Cass.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.
"*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
"*Cass.* Come Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
"*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
"*Cass.* Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
"*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
"*Cass.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
"*Bru.* And my heart too."

Before the fatal battle they talk over the issue.

" *Cass.* If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determined to do?
" *Bru.* Think not that Brutus will go bound to Rome:
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun:
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take. —
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
" *Cass.* Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed:
If not, 't is true this parting was well made."

In the midst of the battle, Brutus, coming upon the dead body of his friend, cries:

" The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time."

The friendship of Antony for Cæsar, and of Cæsar for Brutus also, are depicted in this play with an affecting truthfulness of tone and grandeur of rhetoric unparalleled by any other author.

" O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times."

" O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?"

" Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me."

" You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made!

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell."

"Timon of Athens" is, in the form of drama, a dissertation on false friendship. It is a terrible reading of human nature, a dire leaf out of life, an appalling revelation of a certain style and phase of character and experience. Never before or since has so tremendous a sermon been preached on flattery, ingratitude, the poisoning of a generous soul into misanthropy. In it is

"Shaped out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment."

Crowned is he with youth and grace, state and wealth: servants, rivals, aspirants, all

"Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air."

Judging them from himself, the noble-hearted Timon deems all his parasites sincere lovers of his person and devoted courtiers of virtue; and he heaps gifts and favors on them with unstinting hand. When one of them assures him that they wish nothing so much as that he would once use their hearts that they might approve their zeal, he thus eloquently replies: —

"O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you. How had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my-

self, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. I have often wished myself poorer that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends?"

An opportunity is soon afforded to test their sincerity, for his estate is lavished away, and his creditors clamor at his gates. When his faithful steward weeps at his master's ruin, the confiding Timon exclaims:

> "Canst thou the conscience lack
> To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
> If I would broach the vessels of my love,
> And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
> Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use."

He sends out his servants to his most intimate comrades, whom he has loaded with a thousand benefits. They all evade his requests. The variety of their lying excuses illustrates their common treachery. The messengers return empty-handed. The amazed Timon learns that, under the touch-stone of his want, all his friends have proved base metal. Disgust, rage, and despair contend in his breast. His credulous prodigality, which was a weakness, though a kindly one, not based on discriminating principle, but on careless sympathy, leaves him exposed to the opposite extreme. He now loathes and hates as abundantly as he trusted and loved before. In his disaster and desertion, to his cynical view, all mankind present hearts of iron full of treason and malice; as in his prosperity, to his complacent gaze, they brought pure and lofty hearts full of disinterested friendship. He breaks into curses on these cap-and-knee slaves, time's flies, trencher-friends, mouth-lovers. Strangers, looking on Timon's ruin, and the heartless infamy of the parasites, feelingly express their pity for him and their scorn for them: —

> "Why, this
> Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
> Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
> His friend, that dips in the same dish?"

His servants moralize among themselves: —

> "So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
> One friend, to take his fortune by the arm
> And go along with him! — As we do turn our backs
> From our companion, thrown into his grave,
> So his familiars from his buried fortunes
> Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
> Like empty purses picked; and his poor self,
> A dedicated beggar to the air,
> With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
> Walks, like contempt, alone."

A powerful contrast is made by the extremes of magnanimous honesty and love in the faithful steward, Flavius, who would support his master in his calamity, and of detestable malignity in the ferocious dog Apemantus, who seems to cherish savage hate and contempt for their own sakes. Musing on the despised and ruinous state of his lord, a monument of good deeds evilly bestowed, the good Flavius breaks out: —

> "What viler thing upon the earth than friends,
> Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!"
>
> "O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
> . . . . .
> Who 'd be so mocked with glory? or *to live*
> *But in a dream of friendship?*
> To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
> But only painted, like his varnished friends?
> Poor, honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
> Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
> When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
> Who then dares to be half so kind again?
> For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men."

Ere this man, who "never knew the middle of humanity, but the extremity of both ends," dies, he prepares his tomb on the hem of the sea, and sends word to the Athenians: —

> "Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
> Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
> Whom once a day with his embossed froth
> The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
> And let my gravestone be your oracle."

When Alcibiades peruses the bitter epitaph which the unhappy misanthrope had left on his tomb, he says:

"These well express in thee thy latter spirits.
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brains' flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven."

The penetrating melancholy and lacerating earnestness with which, in this whole play, and in oft-repeated instances in his other plays, Shakespeare portrays and denounces false friendship, unkindness, and ingratitude, compel the conviction that he must himself, at some period of his life, have undergone some most painful and indelible experience of the kind. Such heart-rending expressions, and so recurrent, could never have sprung from mere interpretative insight unquickened by revivescent motions.

Lastly, Shakespeare gives us, as a pair of friends, Hamlet and Horatio. The deep-hearted, metaphysical prince was of a make and mood that could not live without sympathetic confiding. From his heart to the hearts of his comrades led "the beaten way of friendship." How movingly he conjures his old schoolfellows, "by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me!" Fit communion he found with the accomplished companion whom he loved so well, the scholarly and thoughtful Horatio, who meets him in precisely the spirit adapted to soothe, encourage, and bless his o'er-fraught mind, a spirit at once of loving deference and of manly frankness.

"*Ham.* Thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

"*Hor.* Nay, good my lord —

"*Ham.* It is but foolery. . . . . .

"*Hor.* If your mind dislike anything, obey it. . . . . .

"*Ham.* Not a whit; we defy augury. There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."

And then what a soulful aroma breathes in the frank words, which one can hardly read without being made both sad and glad!

"*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

"*Hor.* O, my dear lord!

"*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

The tragedy is closing. The envenomed point has done its work.

"*Ham.* You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time — O, I could tell you —
But let it be. Horatio, ...
Report me and my cause aright.
"*Hor.* Never, believe it. Here's yet some liquor left.
"*Ham.* Give me the cup; — let go, — by heaven, I'll have it!
O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. ..... O, I die, Horatio!
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit.
. . . . . The rest is silence.
"*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

Art. V. — NEW READINGS OF THE PSALMS.

1. *A Translation of the Syriac Peshito Version of the Psalms of David; with Notes, Critical and Explanatory.* By the Rev. Andrew Oliver, M. A. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1861. 12mo. pp. xiv., 331.
2. *Zur Textkritik der Psalmen.* Von Emil Fr. Jul. v. Ortenberg. Halle: Verlag von Richard Muehlmann. 1861. 8vo. pp. viii., 30.

If the Psalms of David are not thoroughly understood, it is not from lack of critical aids. No age of the Church has failed to furnish its quota of illustration of these sacred lyrics. In version, and paraphrase, and emendation, and comment, exegetical, mystical, musical, and practical, ingenuity would seem to have found out all that can be known of the Psalter, were it not that every year gives something new. The "Songs of the Unity," a collection in use in one of our newer churches, show an originality in the arrangement of David's verse hardly less marked than that of the old Puritan Psalm-books. A century and a half ago, Le Long, in his "Bibliotheca Sacra," could number five hundred commentaries on the book of the Psalms, not counting those which made part of more extensive critical survey, or were monographs upon single psalms. Of these last, the number is very large. It seems to have been the delight of the painful preachers of the seventeenth century to exhibit these divine poems in endless changes and in all possible lights. A manuscript indorsement on the fly-leaf of a volume in our possession, by "that late faithfull and worthy minister of Jesus Christ, Mr. Arthur Hildersam," informs us that he spent six years and three months, from September, 1625, to December, 1631, in preparing "CLII. Lectures upon the LI. Psalme." A patient student would need more than six years and three months to read, mark, and inwardly digest the logic and the learning of his 830 folio pages.

If there were five hundred commentaries upon the Psalter in the early part of the last century, what a multitude now, since the revival of Biblical studies! What shall we say of the four volumes of Hupfeld, finished during the last year,

which have added many things to the two volumes of Delitsch, finished during the year before the last? Doubtless some new work will speedily appear, which shall supersede even these exhaustive treatises. There is no fear of working this mine clean of ore. The more it is wrought, the more there is in it to be wrought. It is our purpose in this short article only to call attention to two specimens of critical aid which have recently appeared, one of them the offering of an American scholar. We are not competent to pronounce upon the faithfulness of Mr. Oliver's translation of the Syriac Psalter; and probably very few of those who are called to enjoy its idiomatic English will venture to say that they *know* it to be an exact rendering of the Aramæan script. In the absence of all contradiction, we shall presume that the translation is as accurate as the long labor of a quiet student could make it, and is as good as we shall be likely to get. The translator candidly confesses that he has sometimes allowed himself, for the sake of his English style, to make "verbal variations" from the original (Ps. x. 8, 9, for instance), not altering the "sense of the original." It would have been better, as we think, to have rendered the words in their exact meaning, and to have allowed readers to judge from these the original sense. We differ, too, from the translator, as to the fitness of giving the "titles" of the Psalms, which have no claim to genuineness, and, so far from being "interesting as an ancient commentary," are in most instances incorrect, and in some instances ludicrously absurd; — as where Psalm vii. is styled a "Confession of the Trinity," and Psalm xxxii. is said to be "concerning the offence of Adam, who presumptuously sinned." These titles detract from the value of the genuine Peshito as a comment upon the Hebrew text. They are at best only a comment upon a comment. We are glad to notice that, though Mr. Oliver gives them for what they are worth, he does not commit himself to their defence. That he is himself a careful Biblical student in Greek and in Hebrew, is proved by the correctness, as well as by the number, of his citations. He has produced a very creditable and valuable book.

The Syriac Peshito has always been regarded by scholars as very important in the interpretation of the Hebrew Scrip-

tures. It gives the Scripture as it was read by Syrian Christians in an age when some had memory of the Apostles of Christ. Its singular harmony with the Alexandrian version is an incidental confirmation of the influence of that version upon the opinions of the Jews; while the occasional variations prove that it is a translation from the original, and not from the Greek of the Seventy. Mr. Oliver, in his notes, is careful to mark the points of resemblance or difference between these versions, where they vary from the Hebrew or from the English of our authorized version; and his explanations of the probable cause of the variations are always plausible, and frequently convincing. At the time when the Peshito was made, the Masoretic notation of vowel-sounds had not been invented, and the same letters might signify ideas quite different, as they were sounded in combination. An instance of this is found in Psalm vii. 11. By mistaking the word וְאֵל for וְאַל, the translator has exactly reversed the meaning. The Psalmist says that God *is* angry with the wicked, while the Peshito and the Septuagint say that he *is not* angry. The Vulgate version, while it usually follows implicitly the Alexandrine rendering, gets over the difficulty here by a convenient question, — "numquid irascitur per singulos dies?" Another instance of the kind is in Psalm lxxii. 12, where the confusion of מְשׁוּעַ with מְשִׁיעַ entirely alters the sense. Perhaps the larger part of the variations of the Peshito from the Hebrew come from thus mistaking one word for another with precisely the same letters. This transforms "singers" to "princes" (lxviii. 25), the "stout-hearted" to the "foolish-hearted" (lxxvi. 5), "unite" to "rejoice" (lxxxvi. 11), "waves" to "purity" (xciii. 3). The most singular case of this kind is in Psalm xxix. 1, which in the Peshito reads, "Bring *young rams* unto the Lord; offer unto the Lord praise and glory," — where the common English version translates quite correctly, "Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength." It needed but the addition of a "jot" to change the sons of God to the sons of an antelope. It is remarkable that the Septuagint keeps both ideas; and on the fifth day of the month, at evening prayer, in all the Episcopal churches of England and America, "the sons of

the mighty" are earnestly urged "to bring young rams unto the Lord." The exhortation does not seem to be habitually obeyed.

Another source of error in the variations of the Peshito and Septuagint from the Hebrew, which Mr. Oliver's notes point out, is in the transposition of letters, quite natural in hasty transcription. That convenient text, so much used during the last year in patriotic pulpits, "In the name of our God we will set up our banners" (Ps. xx. 5), becomes in the Syriac rendering, "In the name of our God shall we be exalted"; — because the place of the middle consonants was accidentally changed in the word "Nidgol." The "words of my *roaring*," in xxii. 1, are softened in the Syriac to the "words of my offences," exhibiting the Psalmist in a more pleasing, if in a less honorable position, because Aleph and Gimel changed their places in the word "Saagathi"; and in lxii. 10, the Peshito, by a simple transposition of Beth and He in the word Tehbalu, alters *vanity* in robbery to the *love* of robbery. This transposition of letters is a very frequent source of error.

Hardly less frequent is the addition, alteration, omission, and substitution of letters. That "well" in the valley of Baca becomes a "dwelling-place" only by the prolongation of the Yod to the Vau. The light that "*is sown* for the righteous" has "*sprung up*," in the Syriac version, by the change of Ayin to He. One consonant left out from the word Meholâla in cii. 8, makes, in the Syriac version, the disconsolate Psalmist to say that those who *praise* him are *sworn against* him, where the original more consistently gives it, "they that are *mad* against me." The change of one letter makes an entire change in the idea of xviii. 34,— the "bow of steel broken by mine arms" becomes "hath strengthened mine arms like a bow of steel." For the same reason, "Thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns" becomes "my humility from the horn that is exalted." We might multiply instances of this kind almost indefinitely.

In general, the Syriac renderings are no improvement upon the original, weakening rather than strengthening the idea of

the passage. "Thou, O Lord, shalt make me to dwell in tranquillity," is not a good exchange for "Thou, O Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." In the "Prayer of Moses, the man of God," which is here only "a Psalm of Moses," the changes which the Peshito makes do not lend dignity or music to the solemn sentences. The main idea in the second verse is substantially the same in the version as in the original, but how much more feeble the expression, — "Before the mountains were *conceived*, and before the earth brought forth, and before the foundations of the world were laid, from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." A strange alteration is that which substitutes for the rushing "flood" and the "sleep," the sentence, "Their generations shall continue a year." Our "*secret sins* in the light of thy countenance" becomes "Renew our youth in the light of thy countenance." Almost ludicrous is the substitution for the "tale that is told" of the years of man (not quite so bad, however, as that which we noticed in a recent issue in the article on the alteration of hymns). The Peshito reads, "Our years come to an end like a spider's web"; a comparison which would seem greatly to increase their length, since a spider's web is, of all fabrics, the most difficult to measure. The Septuagint adopts this rendering, and the Vulgate follows it, varying the idea to read, "Anni nostri sicut aranea meditabuntur."

In some of the Psalms, as, for instance, in the favorite ciii., the Syriac version keeps very close to the Hebrew. In this Psalm the Syriac is nearer to the sense of the original than the fine Latin of Sebastian Castellio, or than the English of our common version. In Psalm lxxviii., on the contrary, the Dinner Song of Cambridge Commencement from time immemorial, the variations of the Syriac are very numerous and wide, and in this Psalm the variations give more spirit to the recital. It makes the picture more distinct to say (verse 8), "The children of Ephraim, who *stretched the string and shot with the bow*, and yet turned back in the day of battle," and makes the disgrace of their cowardice greater. In verse 41, it adds force to the thought to say that "they *provoked* the Holy One of Israel." The rendering in our version, "They *limited* the Holy One of Israel," is very weak. And in all the

description of the Egyptian plagues, the Syriac is spirited. Perhaps some will prefer the more familiar rendering, in verse 63, "Their maidens were not given to marriage," to that of the Peshito, "Their maidens were sorely afflicted"; yet the connection shows why the maidens were afflicted, — that the "fire consumed their young men." The Syriac not only shows the calamity, but the resulting distress of mind from this necessity of perpetual maidenhood.

As an example of entire change of meaning in the Syriac version, we may take Psalm cxxxix., numbered in this version cxxxviii., "If I take the wings of the morning," (verse 9,) becomes here, "If I lift up my wings like the eagle." The Psalmist says, (verse 11,) "I said, surely the darkness shall cover me," but the translator has it, "I said, the darkness shall be *light* to me," — the very thing which the Psalmist deprecated. It is impossible to recognize the idea of verse 16 — "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, while yet there was none of them" — in these words from the Syriac: "Mine eyes have seen my recompense; in thy books shall all these things be written. Behold the days are shortened and there is no man in them." Strangely changed, too, is the 17th verse: — Hebrew, "How precious are thy thoughts unto me"; Syriac, "Very dear unto me are they that love thee." As the same word in Hebrew means "thy thoughts" and "thy friends," the mistake of the translator was natural. This mistake once made, it was easy to mistake in the next clause the word "sum" for "rulers," the same Hebrew term representing both ideas. The nonsense here, however, becomes palpable. The Psalmist states gravely that the *rulers* of God's friends, should he number them, "would be more than the sand"; — a somewhat extravagant transfer to heaven of the democratic principle. One variation which appears in Mr. Oliver's rendering of this Psalm, we are inclined to think, was not made in the original Syriac, especially as he has not noted any change here from the meaning of the Hebrew, — "Thou knowest my down-*setting* and mine uprising." The change of a letter in the English word *sitting* makes a singular change in the idea.

The Peshito contains, like the Hebrew, 150 Psalms, which complete its proper collection. The order, however, differs somewhat from the Hebrew, as well as from the Septuagint and Vulgate. As far as Psalm cxiv., the Hebrew and the Syriac numberings are identical. The Syriac joins Psalm cxv. to cxiv.; and afterward restores the order by dividing Psalm cxlvi., so that the last four Psalms are again the same as those in the Hebrew. The collection is conveniently divided and subdivided; and at the close, we have the concise statement, "The one hundred and fifty Psalms are ended. There are five Books, fifteen Grades, sixty Lauds, and four thousand eight hundred and thirty-two Verses. There are those who have added twelve others, but we need them not." Precisely what "Grades" and "Lauds" are, we are not told. The translator conjectures that they have something to do with musical arrangement and the ritual service. According to the last sentence, additional Psalms are not needed. Yet the Syriac version, like the Alexandrine, appends one of these superfluous songs, the Psalm which David sang when he contended alone with Goliath. In style and dignity, this production is quite unlike those in the lawful collection. It is not found, we believe, in any modern translation of the Bible, even as an apocryphal production. The Syriac and the Greek of this Psalm are in close resemblance, though there are one or two slight differences which Mr. Oliver's notes have failed to mark. We give the Psalm in full as he has rendered it.

"PSALM CLI. This Psalm, peculiar to David, is additional; nor is it found in all the copies. — David sang it when he contended alone with Goliath.

1 I was the smallest among my brethren, and a boy in my father's house; I fed my father's flocks.
2 My hands made the organ, and my fingers framed the harp.
3 And who shall show it to my Lord? He is the Lord, and he is my God.
4 He sent his angel, and took me from my father's sheep; and anointed me with the oil of his anointing.
5 My brethren were fair and tall; but the Lord delighted not in them.
6 I went forth to meet the Philistine; and he cursed me by his idols.
7 But I, when I had drawn his sword, cut off his head, and took away the reproach from the children of Israel."

In speaking of the variations of the Syriac from the Hebrew text, we have suggested that these probably and naturally arose very often through the misplacing of letters. There is a class of critics in Germany, whose aim it is, by emendation and restoration of the Hebrew text, to bring out a more consistent sense than has usually been found in obscure and contradictory passages. The latest instance in this kind of labor which has come under our notice is a small work of Emil von Ortenberg, in which he attempts, by conjectural rearrangement of the text, to show what is the true meaning of several of the Psalms. Von Ortenberg's sympathies are with the orthodox rather than with the rationalist party. He praises Olshausen and Delitsch as the eminent masters in sacred criticism, and the apparent boldness of his own speculation has in it no temper of destructiveness. His conjectures are all reverent, and he does not wish that one jot or tittle shall be separated from the text. He claims only the right to place the Hebrew letters, without any needless forcing, where, according to the signification of the passage, they seem naturally to belong. If a letter at the end of a word will make better sense for the passage when set in the beginning of the next word, he puts it there. If the transposition of similar letters in a word will make better sense, he does not hesitate to transpose them. If, by altering the position of clauses and sentences, he can make the whole more harmonious, he is not afraid to do that. What Mr. J. Payne Collier has done for the text of Shakespeare, Von Ortenberg has attempted in the Hebrew Psalter. Some of his experiments are certainly of doubtful value; yet, in several instances, his new reading is an improvement upon the common reading. He has applied this principle of correction to not less than twenty of the Psalms, in some cases only to a single clause, in others to several verses in the Psalms. It would be a needless trial of the patience of our readers to explain fully the critical reasons of all these changes; to show why, in Psalm xvi. 3, he alters בָּאָרֶץ הֵמָּה to אֶרְצָה בֹּהֶמָּה, taking the first letter from one word, and putting it on to the other; or how, by leaving out the word לְבָלִּים in the last clause of Psalm xxxii. 9, and recombining the remaining words, the passage becomes intel-

ligible. We give only a few instances of the results of Von Ortenberg's conjectures, without dwelling upon the process by which he has come to these results. The passage just mentioned (Psalm xxxii. 9) is one instance where the result of this conjectural criticism is good. The passage in our common version is certainly strange enough. "Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee." This is not the reason why bits are put in the horses' mouths, or bridles upon their heads, to *keep them away* from men. They are treated thus, that they may be "broken" into the service of men. This forcible method must supply their want of quick insight. Because the mule and horse cannot see their proper function, they must be bridled and bitted. It is evident that the Syriac translator was puzzled by this new statement about the horse and mule, that they were dangerous to man, and to be kept away from him. His rendering, however, does not get rid of the difficulty: "Whom men restrain with the bridle from their youth, nor do they come nigh unto him." But when we translate the passage from Von Ortenberg's new arrangement of the words, it at once becomes reasonable, and fits as an illustration to the rest of the Psalm. The sinner is exhorted here to a willing submission, — not to stay away from God with a rebellious heart, until hard discipline shall subdue him; to have that better spirit, that wisdom of soul, which yields at once.

"Be not as the horse
Or as the mule, — without intelligence:
With rein and bit must he be managed,
Until he can be led up to thee."

This shows us the bit and the bridle in their proper use.

But not to dwell upon particular passages, we may take as a whole three Psalms, in which Von Ortenberg has changed the general structure, to show the results of this method, — Psalms xlv., xlix., and lxxx. Psalm xlv. is one of the so-called "Messianic" Psalms, and is quoted as such in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Yet the commentators have not failed to notice confusion and tautology in its parts, quite dif-

ferent from that repetition of the ground tone, the "motive," of the Psalm, which we find in several of the "songs of praise." This is a "Song of loves." Omitting all preliminary observations, we give the Psalm as Von Ortenberg has arranged it, in parallel columns, and with the place of the verses changed. It will be observed that he reckons the superscription as the first verse, and that accordingly the numbers are slightly varied from their place in our version. There is a parallelism in thought and style in the verses which are set over against each other. And no one can doubt, that the new arrangement makes the Psalm more consistent in its parts, and more orderly in its movement. This, too, is one of the Psalms in which the Syriac varies widely from the Hebrew; and some of its variations fairly support the new conjectural reading.

PSALM XLV.

2 My heart exults; fair words will I speak!
My work is for the king; my tongue is the pen of a swift writer.

3 Beautiful art thou before the sons of men; upon thy lips sweetness is poured; therefore has God blessed thee forever.

4 Gird thy sword upon thy side, O hero!
Thy might and thy glory!

5 Triumphant goest thou on, because of truth, justice, and piety, and wonders will thy right hand teach.

6 Thy sharp arrows, — in the heart of the king's enemies; nations fall prostrate beneath thee.

7 Thy God-throne stands forever;
A sceptre of right is the sceptre of thy kingdom.

8 Thou lovest justice and hatest crime;
Therefore God has thee anointed,
Thy God, with oil of joy above thy brethren.

14 A splendid show is the king's daughter within.
Of golden cloth is her garment.

15 In groups they are led up to the king.
Maidens behind her, her playmates are brought to thee.

16 They are led up in joy and rejoicing,
They come into the palace of the king.

10 The queen has placed herself at thy right hand, in the gold of Ophir.

11 Hear, daughter, and hearken and incline thine ear,
And forget thy people and thy father's house.

12 The king longs after thy beauty,
For he is thy lord; incline thee unto him.

9 Myrrh and aloes, cassia are all thy garments;
From ivory palaces delights thee the play of lutes.
13 King's daughters with thine insignia,
And the daughter of Tyre with gifts,
The richest of the people court thy favor.
17 In thy father's stead shall come forth thy sons.
Thou wilt as princes set them in all the land.
18 I will praise thy name from generation to generation,
Therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.

In Psalm xlv. the changes which Von Ortenberg has made in the text are numerous, and, as some may think, too arbitrary to have weight. His dealing with Psalm xlix. is much less radical. He leaves out a single verse, which the other translators had been compelled to put in parentheses; and is able, with a very few verbal changes, to make all the difficulties and obscurity of the Psalm disappear. As we have it in our version, it is a "dark saying," in more senses than one. Not only is verse 8 of our version (which Von Ortenberg calls simply a marginal comment, suggested by Exodus xxi. 30) superfluous, but verse 11, as we read it, makes nonsense. What can we make of the statement, "This their way is their folly; yet their posterity approve their sayings"? It is just what their posterity would not be likely to do. And why, in verse 14, do we learn that the "upright shall have dominion in the morning" over the rich when they are dead? The whole Psalm, as we read it, is confused. We get the general idea that a rich man is a fool, in thinking that his riches will save him from death, and that worldly prosperity is all vain and uncertain; but we do not find that even lyric flow which properly belongs to a Psalm of this kind. Our critic's conjectures, without doing serious harm to the text, give to it this lyric flow and progress. We see the art of the composer, the even measure, the balanced periods, and the returning refrain, — the introduction, the burden of the song, and the conclusion of the whole matter. The dark saying becomes clear, and the harp opens this secret meditation. If the conjecture here is not well founded, it is at least well conceived.

"Se non e vero, e ben trovato."

PSALM XLIX.

2 Hear this, all people, Hearken, all dwellers on the earth.
3 Children of men, and sons of man, Rich and poor together.
4 My mouth shall speak fulness of wisdom, And the thought of my heart is understanding.
5 My ear I incline to the song, With the lute I open my riddle.

6 Why should I fear in the days of evil,
When upon my heels iniquity is pressing,
7 Those who trust in their possessions,
And boast of their abundant riches?
8 Verily, no one ransoms himself,
Or gives to God his gold of quittance,
10 That he may live on forever
And not see the grave.

11 For he sees that wise men die,
Like fools and idiots they fall;

12 The graves are their eternal home,
Their resting-place from age to age,

With their names named they their property,
And leave to others their possessions.
13 Man in glory has no abiding-place;
He is like the beasts which are dumb.

14 This is their way, in whom folly dwells;
And their sons hasten on after them.
15 Like sheep they are sent down to hell, and death will feed on them.
Their form will waste, hell shall be their dwelling.
16 Verily, God my soul will ransom
From hell, to take me to himself.

17 Fear not when one becomes rich,
When the glory of his house increases;
18 For he takes away nothing at his death,
His glory goes not after him.
19 If he blessed himself in his lifetime,
And they praise thee, that thou doest well to thyself,
20 Thou wilt come to the generation of the fathers,
Who forever see not the light.

21 Man in glory, yet without intelligence,
Is like the beasts, which are dumb.

In this rendering of the Psalm, the first four verses are introductory. The remaining verses are given in parallel passages; and, in place of verse 9, which is entirely omitted, as no part of the original Psalm, verse 12 is represented as double, so that there are eight verses in each column. Of these the third and the eighth in each column closely correspond, and are the emphatic verses. On one side we read that *No one ransoms himself;* on the other side, *God will ransom my soul.* On one side, it is *Man in glory, with no abiding-*

place; on the other, *Man in glory, with no understanding.* And in all the parallel passages it is easy to trace a subtile contrast of expression and thought.

Psalm lxxx. is one of the most intelligible in our collection. Superficially read, there seems to be no difficulty in it. It recites God's doings with the ancient people, and the misfortunes which have come upon the vine planted by God's hand, and calls earnestly upon him to save and rescue his choicest work. Yet when we examine critically, we find passages in this very simple Psalm which are perplexing. What is meant by that verse, "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure"? Are we to understand the Psalmist as saying that tears are the beverage of this people in distress, that they literally drink their tears, — a repetition apparently of the idea in Psalm xlii.? The 16th verse, too, seems to be out of place, to break the connection of the ideas, and to hinder the rhythmic movement. Why, moreover, should the *vineyard* be brought in, when Israel is not compared to a vineyard, but only to a *vine?* These difficulties Von Ortenberg gets rid of by the change of a few letters and the readjustment of a single sentence. And in his arrangement the beauty and consistency of the Psalm strikingly appear. He arranges the Psalm in five portions, of eight lines each, four of which have a similar refrain. The first of these is the direct appeal to God as the God of the fathers; the second recites the miseries of the people; the third shows what the vine was; the fourth shows what the vine is; and the fifth shows what the vine will be, if God will save it. As here arranged, the Psalm appears as a work of the nicest art, and yet beautifully clear and simple.

PSALM LXXX.

2 O Shepherd of Israel, give ear,
Thou who leadest Joseph as a sheep-flock!
Thou that sittest throned on the cherubim, shine forth
3 Before Ephraim, and Benjamin, and Manasseh!
Awake thy heroic strength,
And hasten to our aid!
4 God, restore us,
And let thy face shine, that help may come unto us!

5 Jahveh, God of Hosts, how long?
At enmity hast thou been with thy people's prayer!
6 In their tears hast thou made them to eat their food,
And the smallest portion to drink in their tears!
7 Thou madest us to our neighbors a mocking,
And our enemies set their scorn against us!
8 God of Hosts, restore us,
And let thy face shine, that help may come to us.

9 A vine out of Egypt thou broughtest,
Didst drive out the heathen, and plant it firm.
10 Thou gavest room around it,
It put forth roots and filled the land,
11 The mountains were covered by its shade,
And its boughs were like the cedars of God.
12 It stretched out its branches to the sea,
And even to the river sources its shoots.

13 Why didst thou break down its hedges,
That every wayfarer might pluck from it!
14 The boar from the forest tears it,
And the wild beast of the field feeds upon it!
17 Burned is it with fire, and hacked, —
And before the terror of thy face it falls to the ground.
15 God of Hosts, look down again from heaven, and see,
And visit thy vine and protect it.

16 Be a protection to that which thy right hand planted,
And to the shoot, which thou hast set so strongly!
18 Let thy hand guard the Man,
Thy right hand the Son of man!
19 Save us, and never may we turn aside from thee!
Give us life, and we will magnify thy name!
20 Jahveh, God of Hosts, restore us,
And let thy face shine, that help may come to us!

This conjectural text-criticism is not, of course, to be commended as altogether safe. If one may allow his critical fancy this license, there is no end to the liberties which may be taken with the text. Yet it cannot be doubted that a very large proportion of the difficult passages in the Bible owe their obscurity to a false reading or a false transcription of the original text. That which makes sense out of what seemed to be nonsense may be arbitrary; yet, after all, it does service to those who would have the Scripture to be effective. We

are not of the class who find sanctification in the repetition of words without meaning, though those words be from the Scripture, and be arranged into "proper lessons." What possible religious benefit can come from repeating these words on the seventeenth day of the month? — "I will think upon Rahab and Babylon, with them that know me. Behold ye the Philistines also, and they of Tyre, with the Morians; lo, there he was born." "The Lord shall rehearse, when he writeth up the people, that he was born there. The singers also and the trumpeters shall he rehearse. All my fresh springs shall be in thee." Will any parrot tongue which utters this glibly put meaning into it for any ear that hears? Neither for priest nor people can this have any intelligible sense. On the eleventh day of the month, at evening prayer, the people in Episcopal churches declare, with one voice, that their enemies "go to and fro in the evening, grin like a dog, and run about through the city." Can any who enunciate this tell us how a *dog grins?* Who would imagine that this expression is equivalent to the word *howl*, or that to "rehearse" the trumpeters is to number them?

It will not do for us to be too severe in our judgments of the rhymed Puritan versions of the Psalms, when such absurdities are upheld in the prose versions most commonly in use. Those who retain the Psalter in the English Prayer-book, hardly one Psalm of which does not in some particular, more or less important, misrepresent the original Hebrew text, may not complain of those who, in the absence of other aids, use their own sense of fitness to restore the text. It is singular that, among the propositions of liturgical revision, a new translation of the Psalter has not been made prominent. It has been urged that the prayers are too many, that the Litany is too long, that the Communion service needs alteration, and that one of the creeds might be spared; but comparatively little stress has been laid upon the restoration of intelligible sense to the words borrowed from the book of Hebrew piety. The Psalms, as they now are in the Prayer-book, neither represent what Christians ought to say, nor what David and the rest actually did say. They are neither the words of wisdom nor the words of piety. Our authorized version of the Bible

has a better Psalter; but here, too, the defects are patent, and the mistakes are numerous. Why should the people be continually mystified by those words of that eighty-fourth Psalm, so beautiful in the opening of public worship, — "In whose heart are the ways of them; who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools," — in which neither the idea nor the grammar of the Hebrew is observed?

What is most needed now for the understanding of the Psalms is not a fuller commentary, but a better text. This book is perhaps the most variously employed of all the books of Scripture, oftener read, and by more persons, than any other. We ought to have a Psalter for common use which shall make the meaning of the Psalms clear without any commentary. This book of the Bible, being chiefly for devotion, is the book which few are disposed to study. Criticism of the Psalms is very much like criticism of prayers. It hinders that reverent feeling which these sacred effusions should arouse and sustain. We cannot stop the flow of religious feeling, to inquire into the meaning of all this; the inquiry ought to be forestalled. As it is now, there is hardly a Psalm that a father can read with his children without pausing for comment, if they must follow it intelligently. We remember once to have heard in a prayer a famous, but somewhat pedantic, doctor of divinity interpret to the people as he went on the Greek and Latin phrases which rose so naturally to his lips, as the rush of his emotion carried him along. An analogous process is that which must make a didactic exercise of the morning family worship, and interpret David's prayers. It is the alternative now, whether to use words without meaning, or to lose the fervor of devotion in waiting to explain the words. We know one household in which the Psalter in its present form has ceased to be used in the family worship, as rather a hinderance than an aid; and the written words of uninspired men are preferred to the words of inspiration.

ART. VI. — OUR WAR POLICY, AND HOW IT DEALS WITH SLAVERY.

1. *The Rebellion Record.* Edited by FRANK MOORE. New York: G. P. Putnam.
2. *The Golden Hour.* By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.
3. *America before Europe. Principles and Interests.* By COUNT AGÉNOR DE GASPARIN. New York: Charles Scribner.

AMONG the last acts of the late session of Congress, approved, with modifications, on the very day of adjournment, was that popularly known as the Confiscation Law. This law contains, among other provisions, the following: —

It declares the forfeiture of the property (of real estate, the life forfeiture only) of all persons hereafter holding office under the Confederate government, or persisting in rebellion sixty days after warning by proclamation of the President, — which warning was issued on the 25th of July.

It denounces, as the penalty of treason and rebellion, death, or a fine of ten thousand dollars with five years' imprisonment; in either case, the absolute liberation of slaves, and disqualification from holding office under the government of the United States.

It annuls the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law in the case of all slaves claimed by persons who have been implicated in rebellion against the United States, and forbids any person employed in the army or navy to decide on any such claim.

It authorizes the President to employ "persons of African descent" in the public service for the suppression of the rebellion, in any way he may think proper; and to provide hereafter for their colonization beyond the limits of the United States.

The most important section of the act, as indicating the change wrought in the war policy of our government respecting slavery, is as follows: —

"SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted,* That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the government of the

United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons found or being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves."

We quote these provisions of the act, and especially the last, as showing the farthest limit reached as yet in the direction of emancipation by our public councils, — the high-water mark of antislavery sentiment, as inspiring and guiding the national policy. In this regard, it has an historical interest, apart from its practical effect on the fortunes of slaveholders, or on the result of the campaign. It is the extreme limit reached, or likely to be reached, in that direction, so long as the government is restrained by political precedents and constitutional forms. In regard to this very act, grave scruples held it back till the very close of the session, and made it difficult to be passed at all; and the singular course was taken of ingrafting certain amendments to anticipate a veto message which *would have been* sent in to Congress, embodying the President's objections, — which provisional veto was sent, in fact, along with his signature to the bill, and stands as its authentic commentary.

So long, we say, as the government is restrained by political precedents and constitutional forms. No tradition of our public policy has been more tenaciously kept, or more uniformly assented to, than that the national government has no jurisdiction over slavery within the States where it exists. This has been repeated as a sort of axiom, whenever the topic has come up for debate at all. It is affirmed just as emphatically in the Resolutions of the Chicago Convention, which nominated President Lincoln, and in the Inaugural Address which was the first spoken word of the Republican party in power, as it was ever claimed by Mr. Calhoun, or asserted in any Southern State-Rights Convention. The only qualifications that have ever been made in regard to it, so far as we know, are two, — the argument made in 1836, and again in 1842, by

John Quincy Adams, that slavery may be abolished by the war power, overriding all State and municipal regulations, and limited only by the common law of nations; and, as in the present instance, where liberation of slaves is decreed as the penalty of a specific crime against the nation.

The argument was stated by Mr. Adams in these words: —

"In the authority given to Congress by the Constitution of the United States to declare war, all the powers incidental to war are, by necessary implication, conferred upon the government of the United States. Now, the powers incidental to war are derived, not from their internal municipal source, but from the laws and usages of nations. ..... There are, in the authority of Congress and of the Executive, two classes of powers, altogether different in their nature, and often incompatible with each other, — the war power and the peace power. The peace power is limited by regulations and restricted by provisions prescribed within the Constitution itself. The war power is limited only by the laws and usages of nations. This power is tremendous: it is strictly constitutional; but *it breaks down every barrier so anxiously erected for the protection of liberty, of property, and of life.*" *

"The pretensions of gentlemen to the sanctity of their municipal institutions under a state of actual invasion and of actual war, whether servile, civil, or foreign, is wholly unfounded, and the laws of war do, in all such cases, take the precedence. I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and slavery among the rest; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the President of the United States, but the commander of the army, has power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves." †

For near twenty years of peace and compromise, this argument, so stern in its wording, and so momentous in its results, has lain, as it were, on the shelf, and forgotten. We remember no allusion to it in the long series of debates that preceded the outbreak of this war. It is as if our public men, the boldest of them, shrank from looking in the face the consequences it seemed to invite. Only in these last few months it

* Speech on the Joint Resolution for distributing rations to the distressed fugitives from Indian hostilities, May 25, 1836.

† Speech on War with Great Britain and Mexico, April 14, 15, 1842.

has been brought forth, as a sword too sharp for handling in common times, fit to be wielded only in the last, most terrible emergency. Either the crisis is not desperate enough, or the arm of government among us has not nerve enough, to draw it from its scabbard yet.

We do not propose to examine into the fitness of the penalty denounced against the specific crime of rebellion. To do so, would be to enter into the argument whether this rebellion is a crime at all. We assume the ground on which our government has acted from the first, — that it holds lawful jurisdiction, within its constitutional limits, over the national domain, which has never been lawfully divided or alienated. It has been assailed by a power whose first aim was to destroy the nationality known as the United States of America, and whose first boast was that it had done it. The assailants have neither asked nor given quarter. With the President's invitation, contained in his Inaugural Address, all unnoticed, — that the question in controversy should be referred to a convention of the people, — they inaugurated their work by an act of war. Or rather, many acts of war, the seizure of forts, and the appropriating of national money and arms, were followed up by a bombardment from batteries ostentatiously planted against the national garrison. Privateering — which, set on foot by an unrecognized power, is piracy — was threatened in February of last year, and organized in April; and this was directly followed, in April and May, by the revolutionary measure of suspending, that is, in fact confiscating, all debts due to Northern citizens. Besides these acts of public authority, there is no need of recounting here the innumerable acts of violence and vengeance done with the sanction of the same authority. The tragedies of Eastern Tennessee will not let the world forget what are the penalties inflicted on simple loyalty to the old flag. The weakness and the scandal of our arms in the seceded States have been, that that flag protected equally its enemies and friends. So that the rebels have had the full benefit of Tertullian's famous dilemma to the heathen: — Hold with us, and you are safe in either event; hold with them, and if we win, your damnation is sure. Never was a stern measure of justice more loudly

called for than the act of confiscation, by those who had suffered so bitterly for their loyalty.

A measure of justice we call it, and not an act of retaliation, or vengeance. For fifteen months of actual fighting, besides the previous five months of conspiracy and defiance, the government has stood steadily in the attitude of protector of the territory it has invaded, — the restorer of order and security, the defender of property and peace, the upholder even of that hateful legal claim of ownership in slaves, which had been the motive, and had proved the effectual weapon, of the war so vindictively forced upon it. Such patience grew to be the butt and scorn of the conspirators. By field, flood, and river they felt the mailed hand of the Power they had defied; but this policy of mercy and peace gave them heart again. They saw their houses and plantations safely guarded by national troops, detailed to weaken our ranks, and sparing them to strengthen theirs. Their slaves they took to dig their intrenchments, or left to till their harvests, in the charge of women and children, trusting the strong arm of the Union to keep them so; and, with admirable effrontery, came to beg them back of our officers, when they escaped, in the name of the Constitution they were sworn to overthrow. With cheerful alacrity they took the oath of allegiance, at need, — the sternest penalty our government could bring itself to inflict, — for the sake of the liberty it gave them to make their treasons ripe. And, within hearing of the guns that beleaguered the rebel capital, their public prints spoke of the war as the revolt of their Northern vassals, whom they would bring to order again, as the Scythians did their slaves, by the mere flourish of their whips.*

Such was the temper of our war policy for fifteen months, — incredible patience on one side, incredible insolence on the other. Considering the desperate nature of the thing we call

* This paragraph, from the *Richmond Whig* of June 25, is worth preserving among the curiosities of Secession literature: — "This natural dominancy of the Southern people has had much to do in bringing on the war. The inferior race, grown strong in numbers and ambitious from prosperity, have revolted against, and now seek to overthrow and destroy, those whose superiority was a constant source of envy and self-reproach. There is no fiercer malevolence than that of caste, and it is this which has so long stirred the Yankee bile. Always in the presence of the

rebellion, — how it broods long in secret conspiracy, and sheathes its claws, panther-like, till it clutches at the throat; considering the experience of all human governments hitherto so assailed, — from Russian Poland to British India, where the ferocities of the conquest testify to the nature of the peril escaped quite as much as to any inherent barbarity in the victor, — the United States may well challenge respect for that proud confidence in the strength of justice and law. Says Count Gasparin: "Fighting there has been, it is true, but the horrors which have hitherto polluted civil wars have been scrupulously avoided. The progressive invasion of States has been marked neither by devastation nor pillage. Since the commencement of hostilities, the scaffold has not been once erected by the North. After the taking of Fort Sumter, when treason was everywhere, — after Bull Run, when the enemy was marching on Washington, — the United States had no days of September." Such a sentence, after a year of such a strife, is a nobler thing than conquest which "makes a solitude, and calls it peace." It takes the sting from temporary defeat. It almost excuses the criminal weakness of a government which will risk ruin rather than do a legal wrong.

One word more, and we have done with this partial vindication of the temper of our government policy, — its excessive anxiety to guard the forms of law. "War, said my friend, is a little word, but it means a heap of things. It means murder. It means robbery and plunder. It means all sorts of violence and horror." Our imagination is getting slowly educated to a sense of the tremendous agencies of mischief it unchains. A population of several millions, furious with passion at imaginary wrongs, afire with local pride and sectional loyalty, hot with the headlong courage that runs in the blood, and inspired with a religious fervor, many of them, as genuine as it is mistaken, have got thoroughly committed to the policy

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Southern gentleman he has felt a strong and painfully repressed impulse to take off his hat. This conscious inferiority has galled the jealous and malignant creature, until he has broken out in servile insurrection. He has vainly concluded that his numbers can overwhelm and exterminate the objects of his envy, and that he, succeeding to the broad acres and liberal habitudes of the Southern gentry, will come to be looked upon as a gentleman too."

so born of conspiracy and so nursed in crime. By a perversion of reason, it has taken the form of defence of their native soil, and so stirs the deepest roots of affection and pride. By a perversion of sentiment, it has taken the form of bitter hatred to a population twice as great, and the vindictive and eager wish to do them the utmost possible harm. Bold is the man who can face the hate of a mob of a hundred excited men. Dreadful and appalling it is, when that hate is multiplied by millions, and made intense by the passions of a long and unrelenting war. Hardly less appalling the agency that is marshalled to repel and overcome it, — the concentration of a nation's power, its political passion, its love of glory, its loyalty, courage, and physical strengh, in the ranks of an embattled army. It is the symbol of that war-power which (in the language before quoted from Mr. Adams) "breaks down every barrier so anxiously erected for the protection of liberty, of property, and of life." Ten thousand men, or a hundred thousand, armed with weapons the most terrible that art can invent, drilled to a use of them the most effective that skill and patience can attain, gathered in camps, far apart from the affections of home or the constraints of law, as irresistible amidst a peaceful population, however numerous, as a tiger in a group of children, — that is an army. One shudders, at this distance of time, to remember what Alva's army was, or Turenne's, or Wallenstein's, when the war-signal gave them license of plunder and revenge. The "Articles of War," that cruel code, — Draconian, of "the Dragon," — pronouncing death inexorably as the sentence of so many an act innocent and simple in the code of peace, testify to the vigilance, akin to terror, with which this formidable machine is guarded, so as to do its foes, as Plato said, the utmost harm, and its friends the utmost service. When a man engages to be a soldier, he leaves behind him the mild laws of peace, and becomes a subject of that terrible code. Its disciplines and restraints are wanted, to curb the energies of so terrific a thing as the agent of that war-power, the light touch of one of whose fingers is heavier than the strength of the loins of the civil power we are matched with in the common walks of life. And so, what is a light offence in these common walks must in the army be

atoned bloodily as a crime. For sleeping, overwearied, at one's post, — death. For signs of fear in the most appalling peril, — death. For hinting a word of insubordination or sedition, — death. For the least license of plunder, — death. Wellington, in Spain, marches his files beside the gallows where hang the bodies of their bravest comrades, who have been detected stealing cattle. A regiment in Virginia is ordered back ten miles, in the heat, to replace some broken railing, and rebels must be guarded in their homes by a night patrol, while patriot soldiers sicken with exposure to night damps and chills. We cry out against these extreme instances. They seem to us mere cruelty and folly, — and no doubt they often are. But the system which begets them has grown out of a terrible experience. It is in the military code that the moral code takes its sternest, yet necessary shape. Even when "private property is taken for public uses," as in the needful supply of the troops, it must still be under strict military discipline, and by no license of private plunder. "These young men must not return to their homes marauders." * The absolute obedience, the utter respect for law, that can make brave men endure such cruel restraints, is the strength and nobility of an army. The system of discipline is in its very nature arbitrary. In its details of administration it must be cruel. But without it the machinery of war would be an unmitigated horror, monstrous and intolerable. It is the dike built to keep back the flood which has swept desolate such great tracts of human history. It is the protest continually urged and insisted on to enforce the subordination of the military to the civil power. God help us, with our army of a million men, if the code of military morals should be once relaxed!

We have endeavored to suggest, as well as we might, what are the motives which have dictated in the main the war policy of our government. Our armies have been marshalled for the restoration of law, for the defence of already existing institutions, for the vindication of constitutional liberties, civil order, and peace. Their aim has been, not to conquer, but to win and defend; not to overthrow, but to build up and make

* See General McClellan's Army Order (No. 154) of August 9.

secure; to assert an authority already supposed to exist, and to claim the allegiance of citizens supposed to be held in terror by a gigantic mob. With curious tenacity our government has held to this theory through all the stages by which the contest grew broad, deep, and bitter before our eyes. It fights for established law, not for a political theory or a philanthropic sentiment. The President, in his Inaugural Address, will use no stronger terms than to speak of "dissatisfied" citizens, and his own intention "to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government." In his proclamation, after the fall of Fort Sumter, he calls on the militia to suppress "combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshals by law." It is not till August that he will speak of a "state of insurrection," as distinct from particular rebellious acts. In his correspondence with foreign governments, he steadily refuses (June 19) to receive or listen to any communications in which the phrase "belligerent parties" is used in speaking of the government and the rebellion, intimating that there can be any conflict of legal authorities on our soil. General Butler, at Annapolis (April 23), assures the Governor of Maryland that he is "armed to maintain" the laws of that State, "and the peace of the United States, against all disorderly persons whatsoever"; and makes a merit of having volunteered the service of his Massachusetts men to suppress a threatened insurrection of slaves. General McClellan, at Cincinnati (May 26), assures the inhabitants of Western Virginia, that "all their rights shall be religiously respected"; that not only there shall be no interference with the slaves, but he "will, on the contrary, with an iron hand, crush any attempt at insurrection on their part." General McDowell, at Arlington (June 2), prescribes an exact schedule of inquiry, to ascertain precisely what damage may be done by the army in occupation to crops, buildings, trees, or fencing, that strict compensation may be made. The President's Message, at the opening of the special session of Congress (July 4), emphatically disclaims "any coercion, any conquest, or any subjugation." He is "anxious and careful," as he says later (December 3), "that

the inevitable conflict shall not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle." It is his desire, as expressed by Secretary Cameron in his letter of instructions to General Butler (August 8), "that all existing rights in all the States be fully respected and maintained." And the very day after the battle of Bull Run (July 22), when they might be supposed nerved to a sterner policy, now that war had come in earnest, and its thunders could be heard at the very Capitol, the House of Representatives passed, almost unanimously, the following resolutions, as condensing, once for all, in the most solemn and authentic form, the motive and aim of the prodigious conflict now entering on its second stage: —

"That the present deplorable civil war has been forced upon the country by the disunionists of the Southern States now in arms against the constitutional government, and in arms around the Capitol." (Yeas 121, nays 2.)

"That, in this national emergency, Congress, banishing all feelings of mere passion or resentment, will recollect only its duty to the whole country; that this war is not waged on their part in any spirit of oppression, or for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, or purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; and that, as soon as these objects are accomplished, the war ought to cease." (Yeas 117, nays 2.)

The policy of dealing with the great rebellion, so carefully and repeatedly asserted, was not a matter of arbitrary preference on the part of the Administration; but, as we understand it, a necessity as clear and absolute as it is possible to conceive. To quote the fine expression of Secretary Seward, in his letter to Mr. Adams of July 21, "The policy of the United States is not the creature of the government, but the inspiration of the people." It has been said, epigrammatically, that "the President would be glad to have the Almighty on his side, but he was bound, at all events, to have Kentucky." Doubtless, so long as he respected his constitutional oath. And, at the time when the government had to choose its course, we apprehend there was but one

mind about it, the nation over. "The war," says the New York *Independent*, in May, 1861, "is not an antislavery crusade of the North against the South. Had this been so much as hinted at in the President's proclamation, not a regiment would have volunteered." "It could not be their purpose to put down slavery primarily," said the *Antislavery Standard* of June 29. As Mr. Sherman said, in the debate in Congress of July 18, "Nobody wanted to abolish slavery, unless the issue were forced on them." That emancipation would follow as a consequence of the war was very generally believed; and to many persons it seemed impossible that slavery should survive a year of actual fighting. Secretary Cameron even went so far as to say, in the month of June, speaking for the President, that "the war will not end with his consent, until *there will be no cause left for fighting*"; that is, as was generally understood, until slavery itself should be destroyed. In the same month, a writer in the Boston *Liberator* protested against the "paper bondage" which hampered the Administration, asserting that the war could not be made effectual until ground was taken outside the Constitution for an assault upon the system of society itself out of which the insurrection had sprung. But, with this single qualification, we cannot recall any exception to the unanimous consent of the nation in the conservative and defensive policy which had been prescribed. As a matter of historical truth and justice, it is important that this should be borne in mind. It has been asserted — as we think wildly and without ground — that immediate emancipation might have been declared after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and again after the disaster of Bull Run. But no testimony of facts can be more decisive, than that such a course was then impossible, — unless the Administration were prepared to cut adrift from the public opinion of the nation, and embark on its own responsibility in a career of social revolution. Whether this would have been abstractly right or not, is not our present argument. What we wish to put in clear relief is, that the policy of emancipation, as such, was decreed a year ago, by the universal voice, to be impossible.

What the consequence would have been, if such a policy

had been attempted, it is useless at this day to speculate. The calmest judgment of the circumstances, we think, justifies the opinion, that it would have brought the line of hostilities at once this side the Potomac and the Ohio, and in all probability have thrown the West into the arms of the South; that is, it would have defeated hopelessly the whole object for which the war was fought.* Emancipation, as a war-policy, could not have been *successfully* declared, except by arming the slaves to put it in effect, — with what result on the temper of the contest in the South, and of political parties in the North, we need not try to analyze. It is easy to criticise mistakes and point out weaknesses of a year ago, to speak lightly of dangers that have been averted, and predict results that might have taken place. But, aside from our theories and our wishes, it is clear that any departure, on the part of the government, from the general line of policy we have indicated, would have been held both dangerous and criminal; — dangerous, because a step taken into utter darkness, away from any landmark, into terrors and risks at which we can only guess, from which no possible way of retreat would then be left; — criminal, because with the defence of existing law the function and authority of the government absolutely cease. It has no rights, other than those limited and defined by the Constitution. It has no authentic policy, excepting "the inspiration of the people." It has no sphere of power beyond that confided under strict conditions and certified by oath. It has no more right to change a war of defence into one of propagandism, than it would have to wage a crusade against the aristocracy of England or the polygamy of Turkey. And such, by general consent, would an emancipation policy have been considered a year ago. That the fury of war may ultimately sweep away all such boundaries, that the government

* The question of policy, as regarding the Border States, which has been discussed with so much bitterness, cannot be fairly answered without a knowledge of the character of the struggle undertaken by the loyalists of those States. The most interesting and authentic account of it is contained in a series of papers in the *Danville Review*, on the "Secession Conspiracy in Kentucky," written by the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge.

may be driven to the wall, and forced to seize whatever weapon may serve it in the last desperate strait, we neither deny, nor do we care to anticipate. In electing the policy to which it has adhered so strictly hitherto, it did only what the overwhelming public opinion of the nation has sustained.* It would have forfeited all right and all expectation of support, if it had changed the war of self-defence into a war of philanthropy or a war of revolution.

The question discussed thus far we would keep wholly distinct from that open before us now. We have passed through another twelvemonth of war, and stand upon the verge of a third period. As midsummer came round again, it found us once more recoiling, if not from the shock of actual defeat, at least from a series of mischances and disappointments, which for a time wrought a profound depression in the public mind. It is not too much to say, that many persons regarded this moment of the war as the most critical which had occurred from the beginning. They thought there was immediate peril of the destruction of our armies, and the capture of the capital, and serious cause of fear lest the horrors of war should be brought home to our Northern cities, and the boasts of the rebellion made good by French and English fleets upon our coast. Some even went so far as to speak as if they invoked this prodigious calamity, as the only thing that would rouse the North from its criminal apathy, and force the government upon the course in which they saw the only salvation. Some wonderful miscalculation of forces — which the government has atoned for since by increasing its levies to at least a million men — seemed to have brought us to the very "razor's edge" of ruin. And again the question arose, Had not the time come for a change of policy? Must not the last weapon be drawn now, of radical revolution? Must not that last "army of the reserve" be called at length into the field?

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* The proposition made about a year ago by Colonel Cochran, and approved without reserve by Secretary Cameron, arguing "the necessity of turning against the enemy their own weapons," by calling the slaves into the field, met, we are told, "only a faint response among the people, they being at this time unwilling to adopt extreme measures." — *Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia*, p. 645.

To show the emphasis with which this question now comes up to us, and the vastly greater weight it carries than a year ago, we must recall several points of that year's experience. In the first place, the war has proved, what had always been asserted in the South, that the slave population is an element of military strength, — at least when kept a little back from the actual field of conflict, or from districts under occupation by hostile arms. Over the immense territory of the South, literally almost every able-bodied white man could be drafted for military service, without disturbing any of the ordinary operations of industry. By such testimony as we have, the slaves have toiled full as patiently, as faithfully, as profitably, — except on the great staples of exportation, — in the charge of women, as ever they did of men. By the ordinary maxims of war, why permit our enemy this immense advantage? Why allow him, even defend him, in the secure use of three or four million hands, which, by all the principles at issue in the contest, ought to be enlisted on our side? *

Again, the year has illustrated, in many ways, the service which the negroes, and they alone, are competent to render us, — especially as guides and spies, and purveyors and servants of the camp. But the question of employing them is put now in a broader way. Perhaps the most curious illustration of that fanaticism of legality which has possessed our government, and that density of prejudice which has wrapped our people, is found in the fact that the blacks

* The *Richmond Whig* of August 13 commends this point to our attention in the following terms: —

"By no rule of calculation could our fighting forces be reduced to one million of men. This force can be kept in the field as long as the North may assail us, *and it will not interfere with our producing or agricultural population.* When the present crops are gathered, the South will not again feel any want of food for man or horse. Insubordination among her black population, upon which the North counted so largely, does not exist; *our slaves can be safely trusted to the management of the boys under eighteen and the old men, and abundant crops be thus secured while our fighting men are in the field.*

"Not so with the North. Whenever she puts anything like her military strength in the field, she weakens her power to feed her people, and though her white population in 1860 was 19,000,000, against 8,700,000 whites of the South, and though she ought therefore to be able to send out two soldiers where we can send one, yet we question much if she can send out her one million as readily as the South can."

are barely, with some little grudging, promoted to the honor of digging ditches and cooking rations for our troops. Any advance beyond this, to share the peril and glory of actual fighting, is too bold a trespass on the prerogative of superior blood! And this, with the example before us of the two chief wars of our history, in both of which blacks were freely employed as soldiers. The experimental "Negro brigade" at Hilton Head is temporarily disbanded, if not permanently, on the ground, we believe, of the remorseless antipathy which Northern troops have taken pains to testify towards their swarthy companions in arms. The Administration, it is said, has distinctly refused, "at least for the present," to encounter the peril or the prejudice — whichever it may be — that stands in the way of inviting the servile race to join in a war which looks to their own liberation. On the other hand, repeated offers have been made, and continue to be made, of colored auxiliaries, which by and by it may be impossible to refuse.

As we understand it, the case presents three distinct points. First, that of arming the slaves outright. Surely, no maxim in war seems plainer, than that the enemy is to be assailed in the most vulnerable spot, and with the sharpest weapons at our command; and the mere summons of the slaves to fight, we are told, would, by the very terror of the sound, recall every Southern soldier from the field, so finishing the war almost without a blow. More likely, it might kindle barbaric passions impossible to allay, and make the contest more vindictive, intense, and bloody, because turned to a war of race, caste, and revenge. So that we grant it to be an honorable scruple, even if a mistaken one, that withholds those in authority from this final step.

Secondly, blacks might be enlisted in the national armies, as part of the regular force, along with whites, — perhaps in separate brigades, and for special service. Here, a simple question of expediency is raised, lest it should, as asserted, "turn fifty thousand bayonets against us," now wielded on our side. This is a question for official responsibility to decide; and, while we might regret the decision, we do not feel at liberty to dispute it.

A point is presented quite distinct from these, when regiments of free colored citizens are offered as part of the enrolled militia of Northern States. This case Congress seems to have had in view, and distinctly authorized, in the amendments recently embodied in the militia law of the United States, which authorize the employment of "persons of African descent" in "any military or naval service for which they may be found competent." The numbers so offered may not — probably would not — count for much in our army-registers; yet, as a measure of simple justice, and a symbol of political equality, to accept them might count for a great deal in the character of the war. At least, it is something very different from a step taken in the direction of servile war. To arm the slaves against their masters is one thing. For the nation to defend itself with the arms and hearts of all free and loyal men is quite another thing. Whatever scruple forbids the one, the other would seem a clear and imperative case of public duty, — all the more, because it would be a sharp and hard blow struck at the prejudice of race and caste. The lesson of political equality is never so effectively taught as by equal peril shared in battle. The last privilege of citizenship in a free state is the privilege of defending it. The highest glory it can offer is the glory of dying for it. At that price may the black man win at length the equal freedom so long denied. At least, if he shows himself willing and worthy to win the oak-wreath by saving the lives of fellow-citizens in battle, it were a crime to refuse him the opportunity.

It is the dictate of prudence, also, as well as of public duty, that the rights of colored men — which they can claim now by letter of the law, as well as by merit of service — should be plainly assured to them. The experience of the war has taught us the folly and the wickedness of overlooking in scorn this great population of the oppressed, — of fancying, in our pride, that we can join hands morally with their oppressors, or treat them as if they had no place among us. We have already noted the altered temper of our public policy towards them. Surely we are justified in our confidence, not only that the folds of our flag will secure the actual freedom of all who have sought its shelter and served its armies, but that nothing

narrower than universal liberty, nothing lower than absolute justice, will be the ultimate goal of our policy towards this dependent race. The hateful prejudice that broke out here and there, a little while ago, — in Brooklyn, in Cincinnati, and in Indiana, — in acts of violence against them, has been met, we are glad to say, with no cowardly concession and no short-sighted compromise.* The strong arm of the government has been stretched to put it down, and the better reason of the people, we trust, will be effectual to blot it out. That prejudice has taken the shape of a ridiculous fear lest the emancipated slaves should crowd to the North, and compete with the whites in our labor market at "ten cents a day." Nothing is more certain, on the contrary, by the best evidence we have, than that the effect of freedom will be just the opposite, — that one generation of prosperity and peace would win multitudes now in the North to the richer soils and more genial sunshine of the South.† But that is not the point. Doubtless it will be expedient for all classes of our population that each should be treated with exact justice, and find its natural level in the great fields of future opportunity. But the question of humanity, of protection from violence, of security for the humblest in those rights which government assures to all, comes first. Hostility of race results as much from ignorance as from passion. And the times of that ignorance, so long winked at, the year's experience has done something to dispel.‡

* The intense hostility felt towards the immigration of free colored people, illustrated in the "black code" of Illinois and other Western States, results, we are told, from the practice of planters near the border, who have expatriated the old decrepit and helpless of their slaves, to occupy the alms-houses of their neighbors across the river.

† We cite the unprejudiced testimony of General Hunter: "None of the carefully-fostered delusions by which slavery has sustained itself at the North is more absurd than the bugbear of 'a general migration of Negroes to the North,' as a necessary sequence of emancipation. So far is this from being the fact, that, although it is well known that I give passes North to all Negroes asking them, not more than a dozen have applied to me for such passes since my arrival here, their local attachments being apparently much stronger than with the white race. My experience leads me to believe that the exact reverse of the received opinion on this subject would form the rule, and that nearly, if not quite, all the Negroes of the North would migrate South, whenever they shall be at liberty to do so without fear of the auction-block."

‡ We should regret the kind and frank words of the President's recent address to

Some policy on the subject distinct and well defined is the more imperatively demanded, to remove the inconsistency, criminal and absurd, which has prevailed in our armies, in their dealing with such "contraband" blacks as have fallen within their lines. As to this, nothing more is needed than to carry out in good faith the provisions we have already cited from the Act of Confiscation. We are not prepared to censure the Executive for requiring the terms of General Fremont's proclamation to be restricted to the limits already defined by Act of Congress; or for declaring void General Hunter's "Order No. 11," which was issued without authority from head-quarters.* But the same reasons which moved the President then must the more urgently compel him now to enforce the terms to which his own signature has given the authority of law. Slaves can no longer be systematically excluded from the army lines, as by General Halleck's "Order No. 8," † — so depriving our forces of the most trusty guides, the most willing laborers, and the most certain and direct evidence of the enemy's position. They can no longer be surrendered, as recently by General Butler in New Orleans, to the barbarous revenge of masters baffled in their schemes of treason, and wreaking their anger on these wretched victims. They can no longer be left to roam or herd, as in several districts of Virginia, an idle mob, except where toiling in the service of rebel owners, and in the presence of Northern armies finding only a strengthening and weightening of their chain. No longer, as in Northern Alabama, will notorious

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a deputation of colored men, if the colonization scheme he urges on them should lure the mind of anybody away from the vastly wider and nearer question which concerns the destiny of the colored population here.

* The terms of these two celebrated orders are as follow. General Fremont says: "The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken an active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if they have any, are hereby declared free men." — Proclamation of August 31, 1861. General Hunter says, briefly: "Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared forever free." — General Order of May 9, 1862.

† Issued, indeed, as a measure of military police, to exclude vagrants and spies, but very differently understood by the public.

rebels be allowed the run of our camps as spies, under pretence that they are in quest of fugitives. Nor will the pitiful Jesuitism be endured, laid (we trust unjustly) to the charge of the General-in-Chief, and repeated in Memphis, that *free blacks* shall receive wages for their service, while the condition of the slaves stands undetermined;* or the teachers at Port Royal be afraid to speak of freedom to the people in their charge, lest they should be hereafter forsaken and "delivered up." By the law of the land, all are free who have sought the protection of our flag, escaping from masters or districts in rebellion.† Some definite policy was needed to remove what has been the great and most painful scandal of our arms. Even the crime of openly defending and sustaining slavery as an "institution" of the invaded territory, would be hardly worse than the incoherent, irresponsible, conflicting systems of camp police, dictated by caprice or prejudice, of perhaps fifty different commanders. Of course the definite policy determined on could only be the policy of freedom in the main. And we trust that the distinct announcement of it, by public law, will do away the criminal vacillation and confusion that have almost made us hesitate sometimes whether this could be called a war of liberty or justice.‡

Meanwhile, evidence has been accumulating in another quarter, of a sort to alarm us into rendering the tardy justice

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* To quote from General McClellan's Army Order already referred to: "Persons so subject and so employed have always understood that, after being received into the military service of the United States, in any capacity, they could never be reclaimed by their former holders. Except upon such understanding on their part, the order of the President as to this class of persons would be inoperative. The General Commanding therefore feels authorized to declare to all such *employés* that they will receive permanent military protection against any compulsory return to a condition of servitude."

† If a precedent were wanted, it might be found in the example of Generals Gaines and Taylor, in 1838, who claimed the slaves of hostile Indians as "belligerent prisoners," and refused to restore them to their masters.

‡ The following words of Secretary Cameron's instructions of August 8, 1861, ought to have been sufficient to prevent most of the abuses to which we have referred, — that, while "it is the desire of the President that all existing rights in all the States be fully respected and maintained," at the same time "rights dependent on the laws of the State within which military operations are conducted must be necessarily subordinated to the military exgiencies created by the insurrection, if not wholly forfeited by the treasonable conduct of the parties claiming them."

due this people. It is impossible to tell how large a proportion of the slaves at the South have passions and ambitions that make them eager to break their chains, and would give them the fierce courage to undertake it. But there seems no reason to doubt that the materials exist there of a most formidable servile war, if circumstances should once kindle it. The air of servility, so strongly printed on the race, is often worn as a mask, we are told, and when lifted a little shows features of startling passion and pride. The testimony to this effect in "The Golden Hour" and "Among the Pines" makes some of the most curious and interesting portions of those remarkable books. It may be the barbaric passion and pride native to the African blood, kept unchanged through generations of servitude; it may be the haughtier instinct that runs with the blood of the oppressor, mingled in the veins of the oppressed. Either way, significant warnings come to us, that we cannot leave this great population safely out of our estimate of forces; or flatter ourselves that victory in the struggle, whichever way it turns, will leave them the humble bondmen they have been. The hour of their deliverance, they think, has struck. Some wait it patiently, as "they that watch for the morning"; some, eagerly and passionately, make it the burden of song, prayer, and prophecy, blend it with wild superstitions, and watch eagerly for every sign of the coming deliverance. Some of the more intelligent among them assert that they *know* they hold the balance of power in the war, — that the decision of the contest cannot be, until they have thrown their sword into the scale. Others testify that a secret and mysterious league bands together the able and resolute of the blacks, from Maryland to Texas; that they wait eagerly the hour for striking the blow; that they will give their service to the party that first offers the reward of freedom; that any attempt to close this war without that act of justice being done, or to make them the victims of a new compromise, will result in an outbreak of despair, before which all the horrors that history tells of servile insurrection will grow pale. This "shorn, blind Samson in our land" will have the fury and the strength to overwhelm all our liberties in one common ruin. A little encouragement would have

made him a trusty ally a year ago; the time is not too late now to secure the loyal service without which we must miserably fail. Such is the testimony that comes, professing to tell us of the feelings and aspirations of the bondmen. How much is literal and sober fact, how much the coloring put upon facts in the wild dreams of liberty born of a time of violence and change, it is impossible for us to know. It may be folly to trust it altogether. Yet it seems the greater folly to despise it altogether. The warning is one among those things which have sharply forced upon us now the question, What shall we do with the slaves? It is distinctly understood — Count Gasparin gives place to it in his argument, and it is brought forward in the recent correspondence of the President with the members of Congress from the Border Slave States, — that the Confederate government (so called) has offered emancipation as the price of recognition by foreign powers. This offer, it is true, was coupled with conditions which looked like evasion and false pretence. What right had the Confederacy to pledge the action of sovereign States? What escapes and excuses might not be found hereafter to shun the fulfilment of the pledge? What would it be worth, the emancipation of unborn children, at some future time, contingent on conditions which no man can guarantee? The offer seems the very effrontery of diplomacy. Yet, if it served its end as a lure,* and emancipation is distinctly accepted in advance, as the alternative to submission or "subjugation," who knows how soon it may not become a fact, — how soon the party of insurrection, driven to the wall, may not grasp this formidable weapon, which our scruples have too long forbidden us to employ, and arm with it a fresh half-million of fighting men? † Such thoughts, we are told, already occupy the minds, and stimulate the hopes and passions, of the slaves. And surely

* In Paris, we are told, "the Secessionists have arrived at that condition of effrontery as to be able to repeat day after day, without contradiction, in the Secession papers, '*that it is absurd* to say that slavery has anything to do with the present conflict in the United States,' and that 'the South proposed some time ago to abolish slavery, and that the North objected'!"

† "A cheap price to pay for a victory over the North, which would give them the power to recover their emancipated half-million by re-opening the slave-trade, and would not impair slavery at all." — *The Golden Hour*, p. 50.

they deserve some weight with those who have assumed the responsibility of directing our public policy, amidst these formidable possibilities.

There is one other consideration, which time will perhaps show to be the most important of all. It is, the radical and fundamental nature of the principles at issue in the present contest. Essentially, it is an "irrepressible conflict" of two hostile civilizations or forms of human society and government, which have got footing on our continent. And as the conflict goes on, the irreconcilable nature of it will develop itself more and more. Already the passions are kindled of a strife infinitely more bitter and desperate than most persons deemed possible a year ago. And every step that is taken in it, every change in policy which circumstances compel, makes it more difficult either to retreat from it, or to compose any terms of peace. The opposition of polity is full as radical as the moral antagonism. Feudality is dispersive, aristocratic, imperious, full of local pride; democracy is centralizing, levelling, proud of the greatness and power that come of wide territory, and readily submissive to that law which is the voice of the universal will. The difference is one of instinct and habit, full as much as in the ethical principles involved. We have no doubt that just as genuine a horror is felt in the South at those arbitrary acts which our government has done when circumstances compelled, — like the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*, which was eagerly assented to by all good citizens, and the military conscription, which was not announced until the popular voice imperatively demanded it, — as we feel here at those acts which for the past year and a half have made the Southern rule an unmitigated tyranny, but are regarded there as the necessary policy of defence. One rests on the universal habit of deference to law and constituted authorities, which everybody is free to criticise, and nobody to disobey. The other rests on the despotic temper of a class of men to whom defeat at the polls is the signal of armed resistance; who seized the reins of power by sheer usurpation, and swept their States into rebellion, one after another, by an undisguised *coup d'état*. It is as distinctly a war of hostile polities as the civil war of England, or that

between Richelieu and the provincial nobility of France. No other equal antagonist is found to feudal pride, excepting democratic liberty. The great passions which make the strength of each are more and more developed in the conflict. The great principles which underlie them are brought into clearer relief. Any compromise between them becomes more difficult with every blow that is struck in the obstinate fight. Underneath the "war of politicians," which this struggle in its phases hitherto has been called, smoulder the fires which burn outward from the hot core, and must soon flame up in a war of principles. Feudal despotism on one side, democratic freedom on the other; one assuming for its basis the slavery of the working class, the other adopting as its watchword the equal liberty of all.

It is not for us to doubt the issue of the conflict. The triumph of either principle can be had only by the conquest and extermination of the other, as a sovereign power on this continent. Such, we believe, is the conviction that is coming fast to be entertained by all who have the intellectual courage to look the whole matter in the face. Terms of compromise and intervals of truce may come before the final decision. A quick and overwhelming victory won by the forces already in the field may adjourn the final phases of the struggle, and grant some years of treacherous alliance between the prevailing and the declining power. But even that seems hardly likely now. The passion and pride of our adversaries have chosen to set everything at stake in this tremendous game, played for the dominion of a continent. Everything so ventured can be covered by a larger stake, taken from the incomparably vaster resources at command of our government. And the longer the game goes on, the less likely either party seems to quit the field. Whatever the South can command of money and men, of calculating sympathy abroad and fanatical partisanship at home, of military strength or naval skill, of wealth in production or art in manufacture, is pledged, fiercely and unhesitatingly, for the chances of victory. It scorns the half-triumph there might be in consenting to any terms but such as concede all its haughtiest claims. The purpose with which it began this war was that it should be the

imperial power of this continent, without peer or rival.* And it will condescend to accept nothing less than that, as the measure of the victory it claims.

Slowly, through the lingering fortunes and late kindling passions of a year and a half of war, it has roused an adversary of equal obstinacy and pride, of material resources incomparably greater, and of intelligence and skill, if not superior, at least far more largely diffused. The great landmarks which Nature has traced upon this continent are such that there can be no partition of territory between the hostile forces. Our mountain ranges and our river valleys lie from north to south. The pride and the invincible determination of the Northern population have resolved that they shall not be crossed by national boundaries, or controlled by a hostile power. As the price of union, it has offered equal participation in the glories and liberties of the nation, equal protection in whatever local rights and social institutions the South may choose to keep. The offer, urgently pressed through twenty years of compromise, — still carried in the left hand to win, while the right hand held the sword to compel, — has been disdainfully rejected. Submission will be yielded only on absolute exhaustion or extinction. The terrific vitality of the insurrection, after a succession of blows that seemed inevitably mortal, — the ruinous blockade, the loss of every national fort but three, the opening of the Western rivers and absolute control of the Gulf commerce by the North, to say nothing of the losses and desolations of the war, — gives emphasis to the boast so often made, that the last man should perish, and the last hand able to wield a sword should be stricken down, before surrender could be thought of. And our government, which in reluctant sincerity undertook the task of restoring order, peace, and law, that had been assailed by a few conspirators, may yet find itself confronted with the appalling necessity of waging a war of extermination over

* "The process of disintegration in the old Union may be expected to go on with almost absolute certainty. We are now the nucleus of a growing power, which, if we are true to ourselves, our destiny, and our high mission, *will become the controlling power on this continent.*" — Speech of A. H. Stephens at Savannah, March 21, 1861. In the same speech he says of slavery: "This stone, which was rejected by the first builders, *is become the chief stone of the corner* in our new edifice."

half a continent, or else of retreating, baffled and humbled, not by the superior power of its enemies, but by the mere horror of the task.

How large a "Union element" may still be left in the seceded States, it is of course impossible for us to say. Recent testimony, from the most respectable source,* assures us that multitudes of loyal citizens are still waiting there for assurance that the government will have the power and the will to protect them. Meanwhile, the "Confederacy" seems to have both the power and the will to sacrifice them utterly to its implacable ambition. It seems impossible that the entire structure of society in the South — so far as it rests on class dominion and the ownership of slaves — should not be crushed in the collision of two such powers as those now engaged. Such, at least, is the terror freely expressed in Virginia, where the effects of the war are plainest to see and most keenly felt.† While in Kentucky, where the issue has been most frankly and bravely accepted, emancipation is admitted, even urged, as an alternative to the monstrous calamity that would follow the triumph of Disunion.

It is as a relief to the fearful looking forward to despotism, anarchy, and perpetual war, that our government is now called to accept distinctly the policy of universal emancipation. By what particular measures it is to be carried out, we do not affect to prescribe. The necessary thing to see is, that the power of the United States is to be enlisted, openly and without disguise, on the side of liberty, — is to consent hereafter to no terms which look to a continuance of that system which has attempted, and had so nearly effected, its destruc-

* See the Washington *National Intelligencer* of August 1.

† The following paragraph is taken from the Fredericksburg (Va.) *Christian Banner*: — "In our humble opinion, if this rebellion continues twelve months longer, the horrible scenes which will be acted out will be without a parallel in the history of the world. *The whole colored population of Virginia is becoming alarmingly demoralized*, the spirit of insubordination and rebellion against the authority of their masters is constantly demonstrated. The future is a picture terrible to contemplate, to avert which every sensible man and woman in the whole country should exert his or her undivided and untiring influence. The half has neither been seen, felt, nor heard, if this rebellion continues twelve months longer. Remember, fellow-citizens, what we say, and may the Lord grant us wisdom and understanding before it is finally too late."

tion. The bold initial step in this policy has been already taken by Congress, in declaring the absolute liberation of the slaves of all masters implicated in rebellion. To retreat from this position would be a pitiful weakness, of which we cannot for a moment suppose our nation will be guilty. To carry it thoroughly into effect will be to sweep the system of slavery utterly away, excepting such feeble remnants of it as will easily be dealt with by the forces at our command. As to the seceded States, they have renounced all constitutional defences and guaranties. Should the war continue another half-year, and the Border States still not act upon the President's proposition of compensated emancipation, we apprehend that the country will be quite prepared to cut this Gordian knot by decreeing that measure in those States, — of course, with compensation of loyal owners. Some way *must* be found of extrication from this terrible coil. That way would be revolutionary, no doubt; but a struggle so obstinate involves a revolution, — which, on the whole, could not come in any other form so mild as that. *Salus populi, suprema lex.* Already it is the test of loyalty in Missouri and Maryland not to shrink before that issue, or be terrified at the name of Abolition. A large and courageous statesmanship, such as the time demands, will not hesitate to go beyond the precedents laid down for other times than these, and assert that right of "eminent domain" by which the privilege of a section is made to yield before the honor, the destiny, and the imperious claim of the sovereign republic. As the last authentic declaration of the government, we copy these sentences from the President's letter to Horace Greeley, of August 22: —

"My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

"What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it will help to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

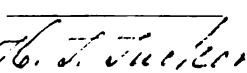
"I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my often expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

It has been our earnest wish that any measure purely revolutionary may be dispensed with; that national law may keep within the safe boundaries of constitutional right; that the country may come out from this awful struggle, if it might be so, with all its local privileges and State rights uninvaded, — the stars on its banner undimmed as well as undiminished. We trust that the magnificent exhibition of national power which has now been made — a million of men actually in the field, with a million of reserve at home — may do its work so soon and thoroughly as to spare us the lingering and accumulating terrors of a revolution such as many have feared may be in store for us. We have given our reasons before for believing that victory in this war, even on the simple and plain issue accepted by our government, is the death-blow to slavery as a political power, and eventually as a social system. Success in the campaign we are actually embarked in is our first duty. The result of that, we could be well content to trust. If we had any doubt before, the explicit policy announced by Congress, and accepted by the Executive, — virtually, a very sweeping policy of emancipation, — would set it at rest. The triumph of the national arms cannot be had without the complete defeat and overthrow of the power by which we are now challenged and defied. Merchants, statesmen, soldiers, now echo the conviction which a few months ago was held, in general, by more daring thinkers only, or else by the large mass, of simpler republican instincts, that *slavery must fall, or else this nation will die*. We do not hope to add anything to the force of this conviction, as it fast overcomes that habit or prejudice of the public mind by which it has been kept back so long. We shall have done something if we have succeeded in showing that the war has opened new questions, graver and deeper, as it went on; that the way is already prepared, by the changes adopted in our public policy, for meeting these new issues frankly and

courageously, as they should be met; and that our nation is so far committed to the principles involved in the struggle, that neither its dignity, its safety, nor its peace can be secured, except by the destruction of that system which is now its open and deadly foe.

We say this, not only as citizens of this republic, but also as Christians, citizens of the "City of God." We do not think it is for passion, or victory, or dominion, that this war was undertaken; or that the great majority of those who sustain it understand it so. It is to restore the authority of law; to maintain the sanctity of an oath; to vindicate the principles which lie at the base of all good government. The struggles we must encounter, the burdens we must undergo, the sacrifices we must make, — we accept them as the price we pay for the honor and privilege of living in a free State, as the duty we owe to civilization, to humanity, and to eternal truth. When Christ spoke of the kingdom of God upon earth, we do not believe he meant merely the sentiment of faith, hope, and love in the breasts of men. That he meant, indeed. But he also meant a condition of human society founded in right and justice. He meant peace, freedom, and mutual respect in the relations of men together. He meant the advance of the political and social state of men towards the realizing of the Divine law, — on earth peace, and good-will toward men. We believe these things are on our side, and not on the side of those who have chosen to call themselves our enemies. Not of them, either, would we speak vindictively, or scornfully. Contemptuously we cannot, with the memory fresh to us of so many a bloody field. We have no doubt that many of them are as fervidly, as passionately sincere in their conviction, as we are confidently in ours. We have felt very deeply — for we have lived long enough near them and among them — the terror and the dread of the problems the future was sure to force upon them; and very anxiously we have sought to do them fair justice in any discussion or argument about them, — to allow for the difficulties that beset the terrible question, — to admit the force of the reasons that seem to have satisfied their conscience and judgment that they were right. But, as between them and us, we have no misgiving,

and never a doubt. We believe that the laws by which the progress of human society is controlled are established and maintained by Almighty God. By the test of human history, of political economy, of Christian morals, — by each, as interpreted by the best representative minds of our own day, — the system of society which they maintain is condemned. They have chosen to stake the verdict on the arbitrament of the sword. Earnestly we have hoped, and reasoned, and prayed that this controversy might not issue in blood. Earnestly we have trusted that the arm of constitutional law might be so powerful, that peace might come, and victory, without a sudden convulsive revolution; that slavery might pass away — as pass away it must — by the steady and mild process of organic social growth. But that is all beyond us now. A nearer, sterner duty is forced on us than dreams or theories of what society should be. It is, to defend, by arms and blood, what has been found good in society as it is; and restore, if we may, on this wide continent, the dominion of liberty and law. And our strength is in Him who is able both to deliver us from the power of the adversary that would destroy our soul, and to foil the counsels of the traitor who plots the ruin of the state.



Art. VII. — IRVING'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By Pierre M. Irving. Vols. I., II. New York: G. P. Putnam.

The rare good fortune which attended Washington Irving as an author, and which it was his still more rare privilege to enjoy unenvied, has smiled upon his posthumous fame, so far as that is affected by the most authentic tribute to his memory. In confiding to his favorite nephew the task, or rather we should say, the labor of love, involved in editing his correspondence and writing his life, the same good sense and good taste that guided his pen and his conduct throughout life are apparent. Intent only upon a candid presentation of the facts

of his relative's career and a just exhibition of his character, the biographer has, with remarkable tact and consistency, kept his own individuality, opinions, and even natural partiality, in abeyance. He rarely comments on an incident, or expatiates on a trait; there is scarcely an irrelevant or superfluous observation in the volume. He states carefully, and with sufficient details, the circumstances of Irving's childhood, youth, and manhood; he gives a few significant anecdotes of the boy and the youth; sketches the family life, the social environment, and the public events, so far as they influence the fortunes, impress the mind, or enlist the feelings of his eminent kinsman; he indulges in no speculations of his own, and, with a refinement akin to that of his subject, avoids all rhetorical artifice. In simplicity and truth he unfolds the personal history, and, after the felicitous method of Lockhart in his Life of Scott, makes Irving, as far as possible, his own biographer, by a chronological and consecutive quotation of his letters and diaries, filling up every gap in the narrative by requisite details, and concealing no weakness, while he exaggerates no virtue. His self-abnegation as a biographer is exceptional, for we can recall no instance where a judicious writer in this difficult and delicate branch of literature has more completely succeeded in making the reader oblivious of his own personality. It is not until we reflect upon his work, that we appreciate its merit; it is not until we gratefully ponder the result, that we are aware of our obligation to his reticence not less than to his revelations. We seem, for the most part, to listen to the story of his experience from the lips of Washington Irving himself; for his letters are like his talk to those who knew and loved him; and they not only describe, often with graphic skill, what he saw and did, but what he felt and thought. They admit us to his domestic life, to his private anxieties, to his foibles and his friendships, his hopes and fears, his delights and his griefs; and yet so naturally as to make the confidence devoid of egotism. Only those who have tried the experiment of collating and arranging into an harmonious whole a mass of letters, notes, and other personal memorabilia, can justly estimate the patient skill thus exhibited; only those who enjoyed the personal intimacy of Washington

Irving can perceive the intrepid discrimination herein manifest, or thoroughly realize how fortunate the endeared man and the successful author has been in his biographer.

To Irving's New York contemporaries this volume has special interest. It revives the memory of their youth, when the society of Gotham was far more limited, but, on that account, more intimate; when the Battery was the favorite promenade, and the dwellings round it the fashionable quarter; when the City Hotel was the rendezvous of statesmen and heroes; when Halleck and Drake electrified the town with their "Croakers"; when an arrival from Europe was comparatively rare, and hospitality was as informal as generous; when the theatre was a centre of intellectual entertainment, and all the choice spirits of the metropolis were familiar with each other; when visits to country-houses in the vicinity were the occasion of memorable *reunions*, and the wits and belles were neighbors, constantly brought together, instead of being scattered, miles apart, over an immense and cosmopolitan city. Even the incidental *billets-doux*, epigrams, and criticisms which diversify this memoir indicate a less bustling and heterogeneous society, and agreeably hint a geniality and heartiness impossible now, when distance and variety dispel the less ostentatious and more genuine intercourse which of old made New York so delightful to the stranger, and so dear to the native. Allusions to the prominent members of that local society, to the favorite performers and celebrated beauties, to the eminent professional men and active politicians, excite fond or curious reminiscences among those readers who can look back to the time and place wherein the youth of the author of "The Sketch-Book" so pleasantly passed.

The inherited traits and family discipline which we trace in Irving's early life combined the severity and the freedom whence come the best training and triumphs of character, — on the one side, the Scotch shrewdness and religious awe which made the paternal sway somewhat solemn and stern, and on the other, a social atmosphere genial with Dutch ease and quaint vivacity. Guarded by domestic precedents of conscientious rectitude, fancy and fellowship the more readily sought and found aliment without and adventurous expression

within the family circle, over and around which integrity and affection seem to have been alike vigilant. The future author then and there manifested the sensibility, the humor, the imaginative zest, the dislike of business and bustle, the need of sympathetic companionship, the relish of what is dramatic, picturesque, and original, the unambitious, desultory, tender and true, modest and indulgent, but considerate and gracious ideal of life, which afterwards came out in legend, tale, and day-dream, with such humane candor and quiet elegance as to win and warm the readers of two generations and two climes. Hence even those who never enjoyed intimate acquaintance with the man feel, as they trace the boyhood and youth of the author, as if they were listening to the reminiscences of a friend, so perfectly in unison with the idea his writings convey is every anecdote, trait, and utterance. To that sweet and harmonious whole which lends his fame so personal a charm, this record, so largely made up of his own familiar letters, is a graceful overture, wherein the reader of insight and sensibility detects the original theme and every note of the finished composition.

A vagabond propensity manifested itself by "haunting the piers," and was confirmed by his favorite reading, which consisted of voyages and travels. A love for the drama was also early indicated by clandestine visits to the theatre. One of his first metrical attempts was an "Opening Address," written for Cooper to recite, and at the same period commenced those dramatic criticisms which during his first visit to Europe are so prominent in his correspondence. He also learned in France and Italy to enjoy the opera, and this pleasure was one of the chief recreations afforded to his later years, when visiting New York. Associated with the drama was his fondness for artists. One of the most charming episodes of his biography is that devoted to his intercourse and correspondence with Leslie, Allston, and Newton. In these affinities we recognize the artistic element which was an instinct of his authorship, and feel no surprise that, when wandering about Rome with Allston, he seriously thought of adopting his friend's profession, while his letters on the subject of illustrating his writings, as well as a truly Flemish vein of descriptive talent,

evince that, in his hands, the pen achieved the same graphic office as the pencil. In disposition and temperament, as well as ability, Irving was an artist in letters. His manner, tone, outline, atmosphere, and subjects were as individual as those of any school of painting; he had the same antipathy to affairs, the same love of the dramatic in real life, the same sense of the humorous and the characteristic, which belong to the votaries of the kindred profession, and therefore fraternized with the members of it like one of the guild.

A remarkable fact in the education of Irving, as that word is technically understood, is that he was so little indebted to scholarship either for the discipline or development of his mind. What of literary culture he had was sought under the impulse of personal taste. His style was formed, as far as models are concerned, exclusively from his familiarity with the English classics. Naturally indolent, prone to indulge his moods, living in his affections, and finding "in the comedy of life" ample food for meditation, only the spur of necessity roused him to methodical work, and for many years circumstances seemed to force him into business pursuits or legal occupation, as the only available resource. His social experience and his contemplative and observant faculties, meanwhile, were to him a better school than men of less susceptibility find in academic training or formal study. It was proposed at one time to engage him in politics, as the readiest means of advancement; but he shrunk from party warfare as instinctively as from the technicalities of law and the strict requirements of trade. He was too frank, tolerant, and kindly by nature to enter heartily into the strife of opinion. He cherished this habit of thinking the more earnestly because of the social bitterness which in his youth was engendered by the fierce controversies of the two great political parties in our country. "I think every man," he then wrote, "who values his own comfort and utility, should strive to cultivate it." Withal there was no patriotic indifference. He exhibits deep feeling in writing of the war of 1812, and volunteered as aid to the Governor of his native State at that crisis. A genuine vein of romance in his nature is exhibited in his appreciation of female society, his sympathy with adven-

ture and sentiment, and the touching history of his own early attachment, hallowed by the death of its object. Add to these traits a native modesty, that so habitually culminated in self-distrust as to discourage his efforts, a "repugnance to periodical labor," an aversion to the office of critic from the dread of giving pain, and an inability for public speaking from want of self-command, and it is easy to understand why Washington Irving so long held himself aloof from the practical enterprises into which his countrymen so audaciously plunge. On a journey, exchanging ideas with a genial companion, domesticated in a pleasant family circle, indulging in humorous vagaries with fanciful good fellows, corresponding with lively and amiable women, following the story of an adventurous explorer, the spectator of busy life, dreaming amidst a rural or picturesque scene, watching and listening as dramatic genius revealed the ecstasy of passion or the grace of comedy, he was in his element; but when called upon, by the pressure of circumstances or a sense of duty, to engage in methodical and material care and responsibilities, to assume a task, to decide on a career, distrust and dismay came over his sensitive mind. The encouragements to literary enterprise were meagre in our young land, and the sympathy such pursuits inspired among his personal friends did not allure them from what they considered the serious business of life. Domestic obligations, to which he was, from an affectionate and conscientious nature, peculiarly alive, and a sense of personal responsibility, were the motives of his early and honest, but ineffectual experiments in law and trade; and the misfortune which overtook him and his brothers in the latter career happily released him to expatiate in the field of literature.

Social life was to Irving the source of highest pleasure and genial inspiration, and yet few men had less of that facility of adaptation and moral hardihood that secure what is deemed success in conventional intercourse. Like the author of "The Seasons," he was "silent in large companies," and invariably reserved until drawn out by sympathy. His affinities were, however, as keen as reticent; and when once *en rapport* with a fellow-creature, whether highly gifted or thoroughly con-

genial, his mind, as well as his heart, was quickened by the companionship into auspicious play. His early life, as revealed by his correspondence, was singularly enriched and endeared by social charms. His intercourse with the Hoffman family, with his friends Brevoort, Paulding, Renwick, and Kemble, while frank and free, was quite as suggestive of wit as fellowship. With many of the American naval officers he enjoyed intimacy, and was evidently a prime favorite; Decatur had no more sincere mourner; he fondly alludes to the "worthy little tar, Jack Nicholson," was the cherished guest of more than one mess-room in our Mediterranean squadron, and wrote with zest, in the old Analectic Magazine, biographical sketches of many of our naval heroes. His elder brother, reproving his desultory course as a young traveller on the Continent, writes, "Good company, I find, is the grand desideratum with you; good company made you stay eleven weeks in Genoa, when you need not have stayed more than two; and good company drives you through Italy." Even in literary association it was ever the genial that he affected; from Dennie and Brockden Brown to Scott and Campbell, we find him recognizing and celebrating the human, rather than professional merits of authors. By virtue of his social graces he won the hearts of a greater variety of people than often falls to the lot of successful authors. To him the charm of life was good-fellowship or interesting acquaintance; its resource and sanction he derived almost wholly from his affections. Few, even of those who enjoy the most intimate domestic relations, cherish stronger family love, or a more deep and delicate sense of the duties thence resulting, than Irving. And the circle, as it extended, both at home and abroad, from kindred to social ties, was ever enjoyed with infinite relish, and remembered with loyal zeal. Not yet released from the trammels of business, he wrote, "This making of our fortune is the very bane of social life"; and, on his first visit to England, he regrets the Knickerbocker holidays. "I never wish," he writes, "to spend the merry Christmas and jolly New Year's elsewhere than in the gamesome city of Manhattan." We learn, too, from the record of his youth and prime in that snug and sociable city of his nativity, that the pranks of Cock-

loft Hall and the oddities of character there exhibited were no inventions of facetious Salmagundi, but often the slightly embellished experience of a set of good fellows, over the matrimonial fall of whom Irving mourns, in his bachelor exile, praying "to be let down gently" from the elysium of male friendship, when conjugal authority shall interdict the "odd fellow," whose inevitable banishment is so quaintly described in Elia's account of the "Behavior of Married People."

One is taken by surprise at the adventurous episodes of Irving's first years, associated as his life is with the quiet and uniform career of a man of letters. His first journey at home gave him veritable glimpses of American border life in a region which he visited fifty years later, to find a thrifty and even luxurious civilization. He entered into the spirit and excitement of the second war with England, with all the patriotic sympathy of early manhood. He was present at that memorable incident of our judicial history, the trial of Aaron Burr, and, with characteristic tolerance, was on pleasant terms with both parties. The vessel in which he made a voyage from Genoa to Sicily was attacked by a Mediterranean corsair. He was long embargoed at Nice by the police authorities, in consequence of informalities in his passport, and his letters record curious though annoying experiences in his efforts to contravene these representatives of "brief authority." He saw Nelson's fleet pass through the Straits of Messina, and found an inkling of romance in wayside incidents in the south of France, and at a masked ball at Palermo. He was in England when the Princess Charlotte died, and saw the first stage-coach arrive at Liverpool decked with laurel for the victory at Waterloo. The travel, the public events, the versatile experience, and even the vicissitudes of his life, before fairly embarked in the career of authorship, were well adapted to kindle his fancy and enrich his observation.

His first ventures in literature were casual. Those colloquial papers, after the manner of the Spectator, written under the inspiration of social emulation, and delineating local characters and manners, are still a pleasant memorial of old times in New York; and that most elaborate piece of humor, which so amused Sir Walter Scott and mystified the Knickerbock-

ers of the past generation, was an original experiment, admirably fitted to usher its author into favorable notice. Between these publications and "The Sketch-Book" there was an interval when it seemed more than doubtful whether letters or affairs would become the occupation of Irving. The time and the manner of publication were remarkably auspicious for the success of the last work, whence properly dates his author-life. Issued anonymously, as a serial, and in what was then an elegant style of typography, the refinement, fancifulness, and finish of these popular papers made their legitimate impression. All these facts connected with the appearance of "The Sketch-Book" have a special interest to those who take pride and pleasure in American literature. It was like the portfolio of an artist, — a series of careful and authentic studies from life and nature, embodying the native tastes and traits of the man as elicited by the scenes witnessed and the moods experienced by a genial and contemplative wanderer. It revived the spirit of Goldsmith, the tone of the essayists of Queen Anne's day, and seemed to continue, while it diversified, that pure, humane, naive, and thoughtful style of composition, which, in our vernacular, first made literature a social fact instead of a scholar's monopoly.

To this charming introduction, at once sympathetic and unostentatious, Irving owes the endearing quality of his fame. It propitiated his readers for life; and thenceforth the man and his writings became household treasures. It is indicative of his good-sense and innate sentiment that, from the first, he perfectly understood the scope of his own mind and the qualities by virtue of which he could alone hope for literary success. "If I ever get any solid credit with the public," he wrote at this time, "it must be in the quiet and assiduous operations of my pen, under the mere guidance of fancy and feeling." Few successful authors have experienced more agreeable surprise than he at the instant and universal popularity of "The Sketch-Book." Months elapsed between the despatch of his neat little manuscripts to his friend Brevoort, in New York, and the arrival in England of the printed numbers, with the critical verdict thereon. The intervals were periods of anxious suspense with the author. He shed tears

as he read the cordial praises of his countrymen, — tears, as he wrote, "not of vanity, but for the love." These fresh and far tributes must have been prophetic to him more than to the English author who, in a like case, called them "the voice of a living posterity." And when to this encouragement came that of British readers and writers, with the literary association and social consideration incident to popular authorship abroad, knowing his natural want of self-confidence, we can well believe his declaration, when he says, "I feel almost appalled by such success." Foreign appreciation was dear to him, as confirming the partial opinions won at home. "After all," he writes, "I value success here chiefly as tending to confirm my standing in my own country." His natural antipathy to business, and the modest estimate he placed upon his own literary abilities, are expressed with equal sincerity and discrimination in the letters written at this period, when he fairly exchanged the wearisome cares of trade for the precarious but congenial resources of authorship. "I would not again experience," he wrote, after the affairs of the house at Liverpool were disastrously closed, "the anxious days and sleepless nights which have been my lot since I have taken hold of business, to possess the wealth of Crœsus." Elsewhere, speaking of his ambition as a writer, "I seek only to blow a flute accompaniment in the national concert, and leave others to play the fiddle and French horn."

A sense of the characteristic in animals, and fondness for such as were about him, was a trait of Irving's both artistic and humane. A charge to "pat Archy" is among other friendly salutations with which he closes one of his early letters. How aptly he describes Rip Van Winkle's dog, the prairie species he saw in the far West, and the draggling barn-yard fowls in "The Stout Gentleman"! Landseer had no quicker eye for the expression of nature in the animal tribes; and wherever Irving sojourned, he found some dog or horse to delineate or pet. A former *attaché* of the American legation at London related to us a characteristic anecdote. One day he was late at dinner, and apologized therefor, saying he had been so amused in watching a group of dancing dogs in the street, that time passed unheeded. He described so vividly the different expression

of these animals, — how one kept his head on one side, with an air of fantastic melancholy, and another sidled along with pert nonchalance, — this one with a cynical, and that with a reckless glee, — that the company were convulsed with laughter. The next morning, at breakfast, one of the family rallied the Minister's lady on her yawning at so early an hour. "It is Mr. Irving's fault," she replied; "five times I was woke during the night by my husband's laughing in his dreams; and when I asked the cause, he murmured, 'O those dogs, those dogs!'" An English gentleman, whom we knew in Italy, had seen much of Irving at Seville, and had several of his letters, written from different parts of Spain; in one of these, after desiring his affectionate remembrance to various friends, he concludes with, "I give Hill's dog a turn. Yours truly, W. I." In explanation, the recipient informed us, that the first time Irving passed an evening with Hill, one of their coterie at Seville, his little black dog, usually most friendly in his demonstrations, barked furiously at the new guest. Amused at this, Irving untwisted the dog's tail, which grew in a stiff ring over his back; no sooner did the animal catch a glimpse of it, than he began to run round in the vain endeavor to seize the extremity; and thenceforth, every time Irving appeared, he ran up to him expecting a renewal of the pastime; so that to "give Hill's dog a turn" became a matter of course. In a letter written but a few months before his death, alluding to the danger of rhetorical experiments in writing history, he says: "My horse, Gentleman Dick, carries me along very well on an even trot, but in attempting some rhetorical flourishes, the other day, he threw me, and ran off." It was the "eye of leisure" with which he looked on common life, that assimilates the process of his authorship with that of the artist in hues and colors. Observation and sentiment were the materials with which he instinctively worked; laborious research, earnest argument, declamatory zeal, intense conceptions, were alien to his nature. To see and describe the beautiful and the humorous, to relate and to muse, were the congenial exercises of his kindly, graceful, and sensitive mind.

So well did Irving understand that a more earnest tone in

literature, and greater intensity of style, had in a large degree superseded the taste for quiet and graceful utterance, since his advent as an author, that he hesitated as to the expediency of republishing his various books in a uniform edition, doubting if the present generation would confirm the favorable judgment of the contemporaries of his early manhood. The remarkable success and the warm welcome Putnam's elegant reprint met with was a delightful surprise to him, and renewed in his age the most pleasing experience of his early authorship, to which the popularity of his "Life of Washington" was a grateful and appropriate consummation. Years before, in his Preface to "The Sketch-Book," he wrote: "Though the author does not aspire to those high honors which are the rewards of loftier intellects, yet it is the dearest wish of his heart to have a *secure and cherished*, though humble corner, in the good opinion and kind feelings of his countrymen." Never was an affectionate ambition so gratified. It is the peculiar merit and interest of this biography, that, by frankly revealing the life and heart of the man, it makes us familiar with the qualities and the experience which obtained for the author that endearing fame to which alone he aspired.

Art. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

Mr. Sawyer's book of "reconstructions"* is a great relief to the timid and petty style of erudition which has been prevalent among us in treating of Biblical topics. Its title is unduly ambitious; but it does not exaggerate in the least the radical and unsparing temper in which old theories of literalism and verbal inspiration are handled. A critical reader of the book will regret that the sources of information are so seldom credited. A reference to Bunsen's chronology, which puts Adam twenty thousand years before Christ, and a few comparisons with the Septuagint, make up nearly the whole of the *apparatus criticus*, so far as appears on the surface. This seems to us an error;

* Reconstruction of Biblical Theories; or, Biblical Science improved in its History, Chronology, and Interpretation, and relieved from traditionary Errors and unwarrantable Hypotheses. By Leicester Ambrose Sawyer. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 195.

for not only the evidence of careful reading wins a certain respect from scholars towards the most heterodox opinions, but even the most uncultivated reader likes the visible tokens of learning in the writer. We imagine that the remarkable body of notes appended as ballast to the "Discourse" of Theodore Parker, had a good deal to do with its prosperous voyage among the deeps and shallows of the popular mind. And we are a little tried that a writer so much in earnest, and with so much that is excellent and fresh in matter, gives us so little opportunity to cross-question him.

The book before us consists, first, of a few chapters, which contain a succinct statement of a few preliminary points of erudition, and of the author's own critical theory; then, of select portions of Genesis and Exodus, translated in a literal and careful way, so as to serve as a running commentary, followed by brief but very interesting expositions, in which his views of these passages are given in detail. He accepts them frankly as allegorical, arguing strongly and keenly against a literal exposition, and, in several instances, making a more unqualified use of allegory than we should have thought necessary. Allegory is at best the *ultima ratio* of a healthy criticism, and should not be cheapened by excessive use. But, we are glad to say, Mr. Sawyer has nothing of the milk-and-water allegorizing which sublimates the grand old Hebrew narrative into a "spiritual" sense, — that is, into a series of moral platitudes and transcendental small-talk. His interpretation is clear, masculine, objective, as well as ingenious, and is conscientiously vouched, phrase by phrase, by actual exhibition of the text. Sometimes startling by its boldness, sometimes queer in its expression, it is always sincere, instructive, and full of excellent suggestion for the intelligent reading of the Scripture. The earlier legends in Genesis are the story of the beginnings of human society. Adam is the "stock-man"; Eden, his primeval forest-life; the creation of Eve (after many generations of rude life), the institution of marriage and the family; the forbidden fruit, "probably the cereal grains," discovered by woman as the domestic provider, not at all as the seducer into evil. The Deluge is a migration into colder latitudes; and the Ark, or "chest," a symbol of the wealth in cattle and goods borne along in that nomadic condition of patriarchal life. It is speaking quite within bounds to say that these interpretations, as expounded and vindicated here, compare advantageously with any similar attempt that has yet been popularized. Even veteran readers of standard commentaries may gather some instructive hints.

The volume contains many indications of vigor in thought and felicity of style, which augur well for the difficult task which the writer has undertaken. With great freedom both of criticism and interpretation, he never once loses his reverence both for the truth he finds "within the veil" of the letter, or for the venerable compositions themselves with which he deals. We have had occasion heretofore to find fault with some points of taste and expression, as well as specialties of interpretation, in his version of the Gospels. And many a reverent association with the elder Scripture will doubtless be rudely jarred by

what will seem needless novelties in the specimens he has given here. It is a little odd to read how "Jeva of gods planted a park [forest] in Eden of the east"; and it is a blunt rendering that turns the "ark of gopher-wood" into a "chest of pine-trees." Of the Mosaic laws we are frankly told that "many of them are excellent, some are frivolous, and several of them are monstrous"; and, in allusion to the striking of the rock at Massah, we are reminded that "God still gives us water from the rock at the touch of chisel and rods." Mr. Sawyer is thoroughly in earnest in the work he has proposed to himself. He has won the ear of a public that already counts its ten thousands. And, in a field so large and difficult as that of popularizing a view of Scripture somewhat more in accordance with scholarship and sound sense than the dogmatism so long prevalent, he has shown some of the best qualities of a pioneer.

THE famous Discourse of M. Renan,* which was hailed with so much enthusiasm by a crowd of students, is rescued from the censure of the police and the priesthood by the numerous editions which have scattered it widely among the people. It is in every respect a noble utterance of a true philosopher. It has no lack of the spirit of reverence, though it has all the freedom of impartial science. Of course, it is not Christian according to the Catholic standard. Its theology is what we should call Unitarian, and its portrait of Jesus might have been taken from the works familiar in the reading of our body. But the tone of the Discourse is in no sense sectarian. It is just what it professes to be, — an appropriate "Introduction to a Course of Lectures on the Semitic Dialects," — and the speculations are such as would naturally occur. We are by no means ready to allow that all the opinions expressed as to the relative gifts of the Aryan and the Semitic races to the world are tenable. There is an element of theorizing and fancy in what is said about the idolatrous natures of the Aryans and the monotheism of the Semitic peoples. If the Scriptures, not to say the profane histories, are to be trusted, there was idolatry of the worst kind among the Phœnicians and the Egyptians; and even the Hebrews were with difficulty restrained from this tendency to adopt and worship foreign gods. The argument of M. Renan is what the late Mr. Buckle would call "deductive." It reasons from a previously formed theory, and is not quite justified by a view of all the facts. The theory may be true, but the pleading of M. Renan has not yet proved it.

M. Renan is fast becoming a power in the intellectual world of France. Even those who denounce his "infidelity" — his "*atheism*," as some of them call it — are compelled to admire his calm confidence in the truth which he holds, and his bold persistence amid the threats and against the insinuations of his enemies. The Catholic Church has no foe so dangerous as this man of science, whose learning and whose courage are lifted above it with such constant menace.

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* De la Part des Peuples Sémitiques dans l'Histoire de la Civilization. Discours d'Ouverture du Cours de Langues Hébraïque, Chaldaïque, et Syriaque, au Collège de France. Par M. ERNEST RENAN, Membre de L'Institut. Paris: M. Lèvy Frères. 1862. 8vo. pp. 30.

FROM no one could a tribute to the great Dominican more worthily come than from his early friend, his companion in studies, his associate in dangers and privations, his defender against persecutors, and the champion with him at once of liberty and the Catholic Church. Montalembert is the fit eulogist of Lacordaire, knowing him thoroughly, loving him ardently, sympathizing with his ideas, and admiring with enthusiasm his extraordinary gifts. The eloquent volume * in which the Academician celebrates the glory of the monk and the orator is evidently an outpouring which could not be repressed. It is a spontaneous and unforced offering of a sorrowing heart to the memory of one precious beyond all estimate. It is a narrative, a vindication, and a panegyric. The few faults which the writer allows to his hero are only the shade to bring out more strongly the shining virtues. If we may believe Montalembert, in the death of this fiery preacher the Church and the age have lost one of the few great men whom God has sent in these degenerate days, — one who was equally a saint and a prophet, wonderful in sagacity, inspired in utterance, beautiful in temper, holy in life, and a model, on every side, of amazing virtue. Not chiefly the genius of this master of speech, but the manliness and faith of this humble-minded Christian, are the burden of the book which his friend has written.

Of course, there must be exaggeration in this; and it is quite improbable that men not in sympathy with Lacordaire's opinions will consent that one who could denounce so vehemently, and could use in his discourse such specious arts, is a saint according to the highest type. Yet it must be confessed that the extracts from speeches and letters, which are very skilfully woven into Montalembert's plea for his friend, seem to prove that the zealot was neither a bigot nor a fanatic. Lacordaire writes like a generous, fair-minded, and conscientious man, who loves rather than hates his enemies. If what Montalembert gives us in this volume fairly represents the general tone of Lacordaire's correspondence, he certainly deserves the admiration of all Christian souls. The volume, in any event, will set aside many prejudices which those who have only known Lacordaire through his orations in defence of the Church will naturally have formed. It is to be regretted that Montalembert could not have put in the frontispiece of his book an engraving of that remarkable face which no one who has seen it will ever forget, and which a writer in the Baptist Christian Review for July has described with such exuberance of epithet. And if any find this notice of Montalembert's eulogy too tame, we commend them to the article in that Review, which almost exhausts the dictionary in its array of dazzling metaphors.

STRANGE revelations we have, in the series of tracts entitled "Facts for Churchmen," † concerning the abuses which are tolerated, upheld,

* Le Père Lacordaire. Par LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT, l'Un des Quarante de l'Académie Française. Paris: Douniol. 1862. 12mo. pp. 285.

† Facts for Churchmen. First Series. Nos. 1–12. London: H. J. Tresidder. 8vo. pp. 44.

and promoted in that great Establishment which is styled the "bulwark" of the English realm. Of course the first grievance is in the wide interval between the pay of a bishop and a curate. Twenty-eight bishops receive in the aggregate £155,000, or £5,535 a year on the average, while not less than ten thousand of the working clergy have an income which does not reach £100. The annual income of the Bishop of London is $50,000, and the smallest annual reveune of any English bishop is $10,000. In Ireland, there are twelve bishops of the Established Church, the average income of whom is upwards of $27,000 annually. Yet these men have very little to do, most of the Irish people being Roman Catholic. Next to this immense iniquity in the matter of salaries is the outrageous expenditure on the *palaces* of the bishops. The Ecclesiastical Commission provided for "spiritual destitution in populous places" by building a magnificent house for the Bishop of Ripon to live in, at an expense of $70,000, by purchasing an estate for the Bishop of Lincoln, at a cost of $250,000, and by the acquisition of Danbury Park for the Bishop of Rochester, for $140,000, not to add half a dozen cases of less extravagance. Now, of the places above mentioned, Rochester is well known from the description in the Pickwick Club, — a town dirty, decayed, and dull; Lincoln is simply a group of houses around an old Cathedral; and nobody would ever go to Ripon except to see the ruins of Fountains Abbey.

After bishops and their palaces, archdeacons are exhibited as the great scandal of the Church, doing their work mostly by deputy, holding the most profitable livings, and often two or more livings at once. Then there is the great absurdity of the cathedral staff, the deans and canons, leading a life of utter laziness, yet living upon the fat of the land, keeping up a farcical mummery of worship for which no one cares, and wasting their enormous revenues in discreditable self-indulgence and luxury. The tract entitled "A Scene at Garraway's" very graphically exhibits an auction sale of a benefice, the incumbent of which is still living, though quite old. The right of presentation to this living is disposed of to the highest bidder, who of course will make such terms with the incumbent as to secure for himself half or three quarters of the revenue. Other abuses, such as the advowson market, nepotism, the slavery which the "Canons" compel, are shown up with unsparing plainness, yet without vituperation. Such tracts as these, circulated at a half-penny apiece, among the lower classes, must have the effect to alienate them from a church which makes no effort to remove such inconsistencies, if not to exasperate them against such an outrage on their rights. The only remedy which the tracts propose is the adoption of the "voluntary" principle.

JOH. JOSEPH IGNAZ DÖLLINGER is reported to be one of the most learned of living Catholic theologians. Appropriately born in Bamberg, in 1799, he was made Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Munich in 1826. That professorship he now holds. He has had some political experience as representative of the University in the Bavarian Parliament, and in 1848 was sent, by a small electoral dis-

trict, to the National Assembly at Frankfort. In 1851, he gave up his place in the Bavarian Assembly, to which he had been a second time elected, and has since, we believe, confined himself to his professional duties. He is known to the world of art by his publication, with explanations, of Cornelius's Compositions from the Paradiso of Dante, in 1830, and to the narrower world of theology by his very elaborate Handbook of Ecclesiastical History, and other publications. In the Parliament at Frankfort, as elsewhere, he has strenuously maintained the principle that the Church should be independent of the State.

During the last April he had occasion to give certain prelections in Munich,* in which he set forth again this somewhat unpalatable doctrine. He was heard with the warmest interest, — warmer than we, who dwell in a colder land of established and disintegrating Protestantism, can readily conceive. And not in Munich only, or in Germany, but in France also, and in England, his words have found an echo. So emphatic declarations touching the temporal power of the Pope on the part of a Catholic theologian, we do not remember ever before to have met. As illustrative of the historical tendency of the time, Döllinger's argument is not without value. And he is not the wise man who, wrapping himself in his own conceits, refuses his human sympathy for honest, human struggling among any people.

The Catholic Church is not a creation, it is a growth, and the truth which underlies it no Protestantism will ever shake. That truth keeps it up, and will keep it up till Protestants and Catholics, recognizing each other's aims and each other's truth, shall draw together into one primal Christian church, as of old, of Protestant purity and Catholic faith.

After some preliminary observations, Döllinger addresses himself to the absorbing question of the hour touching the States of the Church, — whether the papal chair shall stand somewhere upon the ground, or be left hanging anywhere in the air. First, then, are territorial possessions indispensably necessary to the Church? The intelligible answer of history is, that for seven hundred years the Church existed without possessing a single village. Afterwards, when whole provinces had been bestowed upon the Pope, from the ninth to the fifteenth century, with the exception of short intervals, the Popes were never in quiet possession of their lands; — the most powerful of them, Gregory VII. and Urban II., died on foreign soil. In 1260, when the papacy had reached the height of its ecclesiastical and political power, there were but two places in which, according to the declaration of the Pope himself, the papal chair could exist in safety, — Viterbo and Avignon. For centuries Rome was too unquiet for the residence of the Popes. It is only about three hundred and fifty years ago since the Popes first acquired firm possession of their territory; but what are three centuries out of eighteen?

Again, the Pope is an elective prince; and the principle of election

* Lectures on the Temporal Power of the Pope. By Joh. Joseph Ignaz Döllinger. Munich. 1862.

has been found as salutary in the Church as defective in the State. All electoral forms of government have perished, — the papacy remains. In the former there was wanting that element of loyalty which binds the people to the ruling house. In the States of the Church the Pope was, at the least, a stranger to the people, often a foreigner; often, also, aged when elected, his reign was brief, and took no root in the people; and with each new Pope there was often a change in the system of government. Hence many distinguished sons of the Church have been led to the conclusion, that it would be better for the Pope if he did not occupy this double position of head of the Church and of the State.

Of a truth, the papal rule has been of the mildest, and after thirty years of revolution much real freedom exists still in the States of the Church, affirms Döllinger; — and yet, undeniably, for forty years there has been the greatest discontent in the population of the cities, which in the absence of a peasant class, particularly in the papal provinces, control the land. At times their revolutionary ferment has broken out into active rebellion, and from year to year the weakness of the papal government has increased. When Pius IX., on entering upon his pontificate, granted more liberal institutions, he only excited his enemies to greater activity; and so it came about that, since 1849, two foreign powers, Austria and France, have garrisoned Rome; and the city which claimed the spiritual jurisdiction of the earth was sunk in the lowest political degradation. For ten years, according to the testimony of the English agent in Rome, Pius IX. was unwearied in introducing reforms, but he failed to overcome the deep opposition to his government which was rooted in the greater part of the people; no conservative elements came to his aid; he could not create an army of his own, and the presence of foreign soldiers irritated the populace the more. What the English agent said in 1856, — that there was no class upon which the papal government could rely, that in the moment of danger no hand would be lifted to help it, — the latest events have verified. Not in the States of the Church alone, but in all Italy, are the enemies of the papacy. The public opinion of all Italy is against the temporal power of the Pope, as the chief hinderance to the ideal of a united Italian kingdom. And nowhere is this longing to take a place among the great powers of Europe stronger than in Italy. It cannot be denied, that at this hour the union of temporal and spiritual power is in opposition to the general feeling of Europe. In former centuries, also, the ecclesiastical principalities in Germany perished rather from the operation of public opinion than from political storms. In 1814, not one voice was raised in favor of their restoration. In the States of the Church this union is an element of weakness, not of strength; not because the sentiment of religion is weakened, but because the point of view of men has altered.

It is asked why this painful condition of things was not earlier felt in the States of the Church? In former times there was much less governing done; the corporation principle prevailed, and things governed themselves. This organization was destroyed by Napoleon I.,

and a system of administration introduced after the French type, which after the return of Pius VII. was retained by his minister, Consalvi; — the present system of ecclesiastical government is felt more severely. In 1848 there were in the States of the Church five thousand and fifty-nine temporal, and one hundred and nine ecclesiastical officials, the latter filling the highest places. Misunderstanding was inevitable when priests undertook to discharge the functions of administration and justice, — functions wholly incompatible with their spiritual character, and, in the opinion of all jurists, the death-blow of all justice. It seemed to the people as if there were no law, but only the fathomless caprice of individuals ruling them. How have the times altered since the Roman people tumultuously applauded Pius VII., when he answered his deposition by Napoleon with an anathema of excommunication, and his subjects in the French service gave up their places, and his return from captivity was like a triumphal procession!

Since the Austrian power was broken in Italy, and only the French troops remain to support the Pope, his condition has become almost insufferable. It cannot long continue. If the power of Piedmont fell in pieces, and the Pope recovered his territories, how would things be helped? A French or Austrian garrison would still be necessary, and the finances of the state become worse, and the people grow more imbittered. And thus the possession of temporal power would have an effect just contrary to what was intended by it, for the Pope, instead of being made independent thereby, would rely on foreign aid to support him. It was the aim of Napoleon I. to get the Pope into his power; the constancy of Pius VII. thwarted that aim, but the nephew has entered upon the inheritance of the uncle in this matter also.

Dr. Döllinger begins his second prelection by recapitulating what he has said in the first.

I. For seven hundred years the papal chair had no territorial possessions; for seven hundred and fifty years more it was without quiet and assured possession of the temporal power which it had acquired; — that possession has existed only about three hundred and fifty years, and the present system of government is an inheritance from the French Napoleonic rule, introduced within the last forty-five years.

II. That the possession and government of an important state is not in itself and at all times necessary to the dignity and the freedom of the head of the Church.

III. The present and for some time existing public opinion of Italy is opposed to the continuance of the States of the Church, because it sees in them a hinderance to a united Italy.

IV. Not only in its own territory has a numerous party, within the last thirty or forty years, labored for its overthrow, but no part of the population has in the last year shown an earnest, active, self-sacrificing loyalty to the papal government.

V. For a century there has pervaded Europe the principle of *secularization*, that is, the separation of the temporal and political power from the ecclesiastical. Nowhere else does it occur that the civic

offices of the state are administered by priests, nor would such a system be endured.

It is said that the existing system must be continued; for, while the head of the state is an ecclesiastic, the administration of it ought to be ecclesiastical, even if it need foreign bayonets for its support. For those who maintain that opinion, Dr. Döllinger has two suggestions.

First, that they are not supported by historical experience in affirming that the States of the Church cannot be governed otherwise than at present, because the experiment has never been tried of governing otherwise, of letting the people share in the government.

Secondly, history does show, as in the case of the ecclesiastical principalities in Germany, that the government of states with ecclesiastics at their head can be administered by laymen. To be sure, the history of the Middle Ages may be cited to prove that this union of ecclesiastical and temporal power is not an evil. But the Middle Ages are gone. We live in another time, under other conditions. The modern state, with its multifold needs, its police, its newspapers, its literature, its manufactures, is little suited to ecclesiastical rule.

In support of his views Dr. Döllinger recurs to certain facts. First, Pius IX. was for two years confessedly the idol of his people and of all Italy. Why? He entered upon his pontificate with a general amnesty which recalled hundreds of exiles, and set hundreds of prisoners free. By that measure he was thought to break with the old system, for otherwise so bold an act could not be explained. Further, the Pope chose for his Minister Count Rossi, well known as one of the most distinguished of Italians, formerly a peer of France, and since 1845 French Minister in Rome. Rossi's principles, which he had unfolded in a letter to Guizot, were well known to the Pope. It was well understood in France and Italy that Rossi entered upon his office with the understanding that the greater part of the administration should be confided to temporal hands, — that the government should be, so to speak, secularized. Rossi's first act was to frame a plan for a total change in the administration of justice; but on the 15th of November, 1847, he fell under the dagger of an assassin, just as he was on the point of opening the first Constitutional Assembly. The murder has been ascribed to the hatred of the Mazzini party, who saw in Rossi and his plans a means of protection and support for the system which they were bent upon destroying at any cost.

The second fact is the memorial of the five great powers, of May 10, 1831, in which certain advice is given to the Pope touching necessary reforms, grounded upon the principle of admission of the laity to all offices of the state, and that the people should be suffered to partake in the administration of the government. Institutions, indeed, which they had not yet begun to think of introducing among their own people, they seemed to consider indispensable to the States of the Church, says Döllinger sharply.

Touching the possibilities of the future, Dr. Döllinger will resolve them all into five: —

I. The war which seems likely to break out again in Italy may

result in the success of Austria, and the restoration of its supremacy in Lombardy, a consequence of which would be the renewal of the papal authority over the States of the Church. A possibility which Dr. Döllinger does not hesitate to declare to be the very worst; for in that case, so intense is the Italian dislike of German supremacy, new revolutions would occur, in the whirl of which the Pope might find himself defenceless, and so the last days be worse than the first days.

II. The Italian kingdom may be cemented under Piedmont, in which case the secularization of the States of the Church will be an accomplished fact, and the Pope will wander for a long time in other lands, and Rome will be incorporated in the Italian kingdom. In that event, those institutions would be introduced which the papal government has not felt itself permitted to assure to its people within the last years, since, according to the testimony of the foreign ministers in Rome, so deep is the opposition to the papal rule, that every concession was received only as a weapon for a new attack.

If such institutions were now introduced in Rome as are universally demanded throughout all Italy, it would be equivalent to a perfect secularization; — the priestly class would lose the privileges so hateful to the people, and thus the chief source of popular enmity to the government would be destroyed. In Germany all ecclesiastical privileges have long ago fallen away, to the great good fortune of the land. No thinking ecclesiastic would regard other than with aversion the thought of restoring them. If this exceptional position of the priests in the States of the Church were abrogated, it would be a great gain, and a long step towards uniting the two now hostile classes of society. And if the seeds of dissolution which exist in the Italian kingdom should bear their fruit, the Pope, returning, would be spared the trouble of making this change himself, and find his work done for him, suggests Dr. Döllinger, comfortingly.

III. The Emperor of the French may submit the cause of the Pope to a Congress of Catholic powers, — for Napoleon the wisest course, for thus he would escape the reproach of being made a tool of the English hatred of Rome. The powers represented in this Congress would be France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Bavaria, — the last, indeed, not being a Catholic power in the usual meaning of the term, but a state in which the king and the majority of the people are Catholic; — and Piedmont also would come, and must be admitted, however unwelcome a guest. The proceedings of this Congress would probably be to confirm the Pope in his present possessions, and perhaps to restore some of those of which he has been deprived. But to reconcile the people, it would insist upon the secularization of the government, the introduction of municipal self-government, and the admission of the laity to share in the financial and legislative power, — in short, upon those institutions which, with the exception of Russia and Turkey, have become general in Europe.

IV. We have said that Napoleon's nephew has entered upon the inheritance of the uncle in his views touching the Pope. He thinks, perhaps, to remove the papal chair to France, and to make the Pope a

tool of French policy. But this possibility is least to be feared; for against such a proceeding the public opinion of Europe, irresistible in the long run, would protest. Moreover, there are three parties in France, the Catholic, Democratic, and Bonaparte parties. Only the last would conceive such a project, the two former would oppose it;— the Catholic party, which includes not only the clergy, but the greater part of society, under leaders like Falloux, Villemain, and Montalembert, because it would involve a degradation of the Church; those who think that the ecclesiastical power is already too strong in France, for fear that it might gain new strength. The Bonaparte party, moreover, is weak when it has public opinion against it.

V. Lastly, we must look in the face the possibility that Rome may be forever lost to the Church,— that so it may have been determined in the councils of the Almighty. The Church has the promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, but it has received no promise that the successor of St. Peter shall always remain monarch of a temporal kingdom.

If Italy and Europe are to be the theatre of new revolutions, it were better for the Pope not to be tied to a helpless kingdom, which he could not protect against the dashing waves of change and revolution. If, on the other hand, a permanent order of things grows up in Italy, the public opinion, or rather the public conscience, of all Europe will be strong enough to secure to the Pope the freedom of the papal chair.

Who will dispute the fact, that since 1831 the government of Central Italy and of three millions of souls has been a source of weakness and dependence to the papal chair, — that the task of keeping down a population eager for institutions like those of other lands has been like a weight of lead around the feet of the Apostle? Who will affirm that this unnatural, lamentable condition must continue indefinitely, with change only from one revolution to another, with imprisonments, banishments, and foreign occupation? Humanly speaking, there is not the slightest hope that the people will ever be reconciled to the present priestly rule. It is purely impossible, when in all the rest of Italy there is freedom of the press, representation of the people, and an independent judiciary, to deny these three things to the Roman subjects, and just as impossible for the ecclesiastical rule to continue if any of these things are granted.

But are we sure that we too, in Central Europe, are not striding forward towards changes? Who knows that the Mazzini party, now lurking behind Piedmont, may not plunge Italy into the cramps and perils of a social and Antichristian revolution? Who shall say what may break out in Italy or elsewhere? It is not for us to cling to the perishable and accidental, to force upon the Roman people what we would not endure ourselves,—a system of government by priests and laymen, which is but forty-five years old, and which has produced only revolutions and abiding discontent. He who leans upon this staff must run the risk of its being rotten, and breaking. In the Greek myth the island of Delos was raised up from the sea to be a birthplace for Apollo. Whatever may happen, the chair of St. Peter will find its Delos also, if so be it must rise from the sea.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE Professor of History at Bonn has given a brief sketch of the Crusades, as preface to a critical examination of the literature, ancient and modern, belonging to that remarkable period.* A pupil of Professor Ranke, Von Sybel has carried out his method in treating a favorite theme, has subjected the original authorities to a rigorous analysis, and shown that history has been sacrificed to poetry, and the highly-colored legend made to take the place of prosaic fact. The first Crusade, as narrated by Mills and other standard historians, he pronounces a mingled mass of truth and falsehood. Albert of Aix, from whom they all draw, he shows to be contradictory, inaccurate, and disposed to sacrifice truth to effect. Michaud even, the highest authority in France, he proves deficient in careful investigation and conscientious research. Wilken, who holds unquestioned pre-eminence in Germany, he thinks surpasses all his predecessors, and has found no rival among subsequent writers: his deep religious feeling, his sound learning, his remarkable power of narration, and his free use of Oriental authorities, claim for Wilken the confidence, and should win for him the attention, of the entire Christian world.

The first portion of this small volume is made up of Von Sybel's lectures at Munich; and, though too general to satisfy, and intended only as a guide and impulse, is interesting for vigor, freshness, and eloquence. The second part, from the Preface of his History of the First Crusade, is necessarily dry, exclusively critical, and forbidding to the literary public. But the conclusions at which it arrives need to be known by all who wish to study this outburst of religious enthusiasm, and do not wish to be deceived.

IN a lecture before the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society, at their annual meeting last year, Professor Smith has given a summary of what he terms the miserable history of a half-subdued dependency, Ireland.† The favor with which his too brief narrative has been received shows the ability, fairness, and freedom with which the wrongs of this most oppressed country are considered among the most conservative class of English thinkers. The Oxford Professor shows that the Anglican Church in Ireland has stood in the way of Irish Protestantism; that the experiment has been fairly tried; that the only hold of the Irish Establishment on the religious affections of Irishmen is a garrison of twenty thousand men! and that at that price England purchases a source of just discontent and perpetual disaffection, making the national clergy of Ireland demagogues, and the national religion an enemy to social harmony. At the close he hints, that, as an Irish famine repealed the Corn Laws, Irish outrage gave birth to an organized police, Irish desperation necessitated the Encumbered Estates Act, and Irish

* The History and Literature of the Crusades. From the German of VON SYBEL. Edited by LADY DUFF GORDON. London: Chapman and Hall.

† Irish History and Irish Character. By GOLDWIN SMITH. Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker.

schools introduced the system of mixed education, the great question of church and state may receive a rational solution in Ireland, where the Establishment is clearly a political evil, and the dominant Church a hopeless minority.

SOCIETY AND POLITICS.

HIGH among the books which we trust are to have an honorable share in toning up the public mind to the pitch of carrying through that hard task of righteousness which is laid upon our nation, we are glad to rate "The Golden Hour." * No symptom of these latter days is more remarkable, to one who watches the drift of general opinion, than the growing conviction, fast coming to be unanimous and intense, that *slavery must be destroyed*, as the condition of any secure and permanent peace. Questions of method, and questions of expediency as to particular details, are the only questions we are willing to admit in regard to this one way of issue out of our present troubles. We feel bound, indeed, to give serious heed to all such questions in any discussion which seeks either to state the facts of the case fairly, or to lay out a course of public policy to deal with them. But it is with a sense of refreshment and invigoration that we put them all aside, and listen to the downright, earnest talk of one who will look with a single eye only to the end, and treats all timid scruples with a generous and lofty scorn. This is our feeling about Mr. Conway's book. We have to question a statement here and there, made with too positive dogmatism, and to censure the intolerance which hoots at those differences of judgment, which come more from temperament than character, as so many follies and crimes. We are unmoved by the violent lamentations and astonishments, that twenty million people are not wrought all at once to a revolutionary pitch of moral heroism, or that their rulers should be hampered by a sense of official responsibility. And we regret that an argument so pungent with wit, and so eloquent with conviction, should be hurt by puerilities and freaks of style totally unworthy of it. As to these last, we reconcile ourselves to the supposition that they may find favor somewhere in the strange world of the reading public, and so do duty as an entering wedge. And as to the other points of cavil, we are only too glad to forget them, and yield ourselves to the sheer magnetism of the writer's thought. Perhaps it will not do much to instruct those in authority as to the particular measures they ought to follow. Possibly — though we hope not — it may offend the discreet reader by such grotesque misstatements as that the million negroes of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida have been reduced to slavery recently, by the act of President Lincoln! But it will do good by the mere vividness and force of conviction with which it is written. It will do good as the incandescence of Northern principle touched with Southern fire. We welcome it as the testimony, brave and sincere, of one whose moral nature has outgrown the conditions of

* The Golden Hour. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

his earlier nurture, and who bears eyewitness of the quality of that thing which with a righteous zeal his soul has learned to hate. The testimony is the more valuable, because the writer's birth and experience have put him *en rapport* with the spirit of slavery, and have given him a comprehension of it different from what is possible to one born in colder latitudes and studying it only afar off.

With the praiseworthy vehemence that belongs to ardent faith, Mr. Conway sees no salvation except in the instant accepting of it. A month's delay in the conversion of our vast population seems to him perilous, almost certainly fatal, to the very existence of our nation. That we have not at the head of the government a man who combines the moral elevation of a Channing with Cæsar's imperial will and the political genius of Napoleon, is to him not simply that ordinary condition of events under which republics suffer and are made strong, but is a calamity of the darkest dye, to be overcome, if it were possible, by some magnificent *coup d'état* of some saint or hero hitherto unknown. With a cavalier antipathy to legalism, and a transcendental hate of formula, he would (if we understand him rightly) have the republic governed purely by the virtuous emotions of its rulers. And he obligingly offers to relieve the President of all responsibility, by issuing the proclamation of emancipation himself.

While indicating what seems to us the weakness of the book, we copy, in recompense, the admirably condensed statement and argument of the following paragraphs: —

"These slaves of the loyal States we take because they are essential to any permanent peace in the country, and if we are compelled to abnormal strife for peace, we have a military right to strive for a permanent peace, and not merely to defeat an army in this or that engagement. We take these slaves as we have taken the houses and stock of loyal men on our march. Let them bring in their bills. Doubtless we shall have to pay more than the number of loyal slaveholders would warrant; for we shall be sure to find, when pay-day comes, that every slaveholder had been all along a very Abdiel for fidelity: but who shall stop to count the money that goes to ransom a race and a nation from the slavery which buys and sells the bodies of the one and the souls of the other?

"We shall need liberation *first* in these Border States, not only because we must make a clean sweep of the evil, but because these Border State negroes are to be our guaranties of good faith to the more Southern negroes; they are to be both our banners hung out upon the outer walls, and our telegraph lines along which the electric word of Liberation shall flash." — pp. 149, 150.

The new Continental Monthly has, in its half-year's existence, done good service in the cause of emancipation, and perhaps in no way better than in the story of Southern life which has appeared in it.* It is not in novel form, and for some time we supposed it to be, like Olmsted's travels, a genuine account of a tour, — a delusion rendered more easy by the occasional digressions upon questions of Southern economy and industry. The reader is a little annoyed at finding that what im-

* Among the Pines. By Edmund Kirke. New York: J. R. Gilmore.

presses him as entirely truthful is after all fiction, and that what is to him a very persuasive argument against slavery is not sufficiently authoritative to quote as such. Extensively circulated, — as we are glad to learn it is to be, — it can do incalculable good in opening the eyes of those who cannot or will not see the abstract sin of the system to its vile realities and criminal wastefulness, and to the intensity of the passion for freedom in the most intelligent of its victims. It is altogether a most timely publication. Compared with the grandeur of the subject, the details of manner and style are insignificant. But here it need not fear criticism. The incidents are perhaps crowded, but well told, and the author vouches for their individual truth. The various classes of society are depicted with infinite humor, the dialogue is animated and characteristic, the dialects well sustained, the characters very natural, and the tone is throughout kindly. Slavery, as a system, receives no mercy: but even the renegade Yankee, Moye, wins at last a gleam of pity from the reader. The two negroes, Scip and Jim, the corncracker Barnes, and the staunch Unionist Andy Jones, are especially noteworthy. Andy's speech and letter are perhaps the richest things in the volume.

THE second utterance of the noble Frenchman who dares to vindicate a brave and suffering people against the calumnies of their foreign enemies * is a worthy sequel to the first, which told of "the uprising of a great people." In spite of all the untoward events of the war, — of Bull Run, and the Trent, and the removal of Fremont, — Count Gasparin continues to believe that the cause of the North is just, that it is in the interest of freedom, and that it deserves the sympathy of all enlightened and Christian men. His book now is for rebuke of French and English critics, and for cheer to loyal Americans. With some things, indeed, he is not entirely satisfied, and he points out without acerbity some mistakes that have been made. But in the main he justifies the course that the American President and the American generals have taken, and sees in this year of war a providential year. The tone of his reflections and his advice is hopeful and confident. He does not believe that the North will be defeated, or that the Union will be dissolved, and he exposes admirably the sophisms by which the English have allowed themselves to be deceived.

Count Gasparin's book is in six parts. The First is upon the "Attitude of Europe." This is deplored as a strange and lamentable hallucination. England was wrong at the start in recognizing the South as "belligerent," and in refusing open moral sympathy to the North. The clear-sighted Count sees through that lie by which the English writers have veiled their selfishness, — that their "neutral" position required them to treat both parties as "belligerents." He shows that this apparent neutrality was simply encouragement to the guilty and rebellious party.

* America before Europe. Principles and Interests. By COUNT AGÉNOR DE GASPARIN. Translated from advance sheets by MARY L. BOOTH. New York: Charles Scribner.

The Second Part is especially devoted to England, its conduct and motives. Count Gasparin discovers in England two nations, — one cold, selfish, prudent, and sceptical, the other generous, broad, and humane, ready to aid in any cause of human freedom. The first of these nations had voice and way at the beginning, but the second now has come forward to change the course of sentiment, and to say and do better things. We commend Count Gasparin's charitable judgment, but we cannot see so distinctly as he sees that "second" English nation. We are not yet able to discern any considerable change in English opinion concerning American affairs, or to find that the progress of our struggle has brought that rich and conceited Pharisee to any righteous judgment concerning our American affairs. At no time have Americans been less likely to find favor with the aristocrats and cotton-spinners of the English realm than now. The Count's view of the English policy and feeling is too favorable, severe as it may seem to their self-righteousness. He condemns too mildly, though he condemns very decidedly. He does not allow weight enough to the feeling of national jealousy and the notion of commercial interest.

Part Third deals with five propositions, which have come to pass current in Europe as axioms. These are, that "slavery has nothing to do with the war"; that "civil war ought to be avoided before all things"; that "the South had a right to secede"; that "the South, if conquered, will not be brought back to the Union"; and that "the South will not be conquered." Each one of these axioms is shown to be weak, unfounded, and delusive, and the first to be a palpable absurdity and falsehood. Count Gasparin affirms that slavery is the sole cause of the war, — that nothing else did cause it or could have caused it; and he scouts, as puerile and preposterous, the talk about Cavalier and Roundhead, patrician and plebeian, two races and separate interests, tariffs, and the like. To him this war is a war suggested, inspired, and sustained by slavery, and sure to cease when slavery is killed. He believes that it is a righteous and holy war on the part of the North, and a wicked and monstrous war on the part of the South, that the South had no right to secede, and that they will be conquered, and will submit when they are conquered. His hope of this result is more sanguine than the hope of most American writers.

Part Fourth, on the "Interests of Europe in America," maintains that it is better for the nations of the Old World that the United States should remain one nation than that it should be divided, and earnestly deprecates the revival of foreign interference in American affairs. Count Gasparin looks with no favor upon the attempt of any European power to establish itself on our side of the Atlantic, and thinks England better off with America powerful than with America weak.

His Fifth Part prophesies the success of the war in abolishing slavery, in purifying the nation, and in setting it in a larger place. He believes that failure is barely possible, while success is next to certain.

The Sixth Part is upon the course which Christians in England and America ought to take and are taking. It is a source of mortification

that the churches of England have so readily forgotten their anti-slavery professions, and a source of joy that the American churches have so nobly aided the cause of justice and freedom. A few "documents" are appended to the volume.

A work so able and encouraging ought to secure for its author the deepest gratitude of the people whom he vindicates. And the author should be grateful to the translator for giving his thoughts such wide diffusion and such quick publicity. Every one, of course, will read, and probably most have already read, the book. With the exception of a very few trifling errors, (of which the worst is to render *communes* by "commons," instead of "municipalities,") the translation is entirely faithful to the original.

As a writer, a reasoner, and a scholar, M. Carlier is by no means to be compared with Count Gasparin or with Augustin Cochin. The tone of his treatise on Slavery * is not high, nor are his views comprehensive; yet there is unfortunately too much truth in his strictures, especially in what he says of the social condition and legal disabilities of free Negroes in the Northern States. He is scandalized by the insults and deprivations to which this race of pariahs are subjected by their white brethren, and he cannot believe that emancipation will be any boon to the inferior race, unless it shall secure to them a better social standing along with the abstract rights of freemen. Of the scheme of colonization M. Carlier has not a favorable opinion. It is expensive, perplexing; and, as a solution of the question in its vast proportions, nothing less than ridiculous. "Liberia" he regards as a failure. What the States ought to do is to stop fighting, and give themselves at once to the work of educating the Negroes and preparing them for freedom. The Abolitionists of the North must consent to be silent about the evils of slavery, and the Southern Secessionists to give up their claim and bend their energies to hinder the violent overturn of their social state. M. Carlier's counsels are well meaning, but they have little chance to be heard in the present stage of proceedings. They are too late by more than a generation.

No reader can have forgotten the unique picture of human life given a few years ago by Mr. Mayhew in the remarkable work whose second volume has lately appeared.† As the Advertisement truly says, "It stands alone as a photograph of life as actually spent by the lower classes of the metropolis." The present volume contains a more distinct exposition than the former did of the plan of treatment which justifies the name Cyclopædia found upon its title-page. The treatment is characteristically English. It is a philosophy whose key-word is industry. Human society, seen from the writer's point of view, is divided into four main classes, — those who work, those who cannot,

* De l'Esclavage dans ses Rapports avec l'Union Américaine. Par AUGUSTE CARLIER. Paris: M. Lévy Frères. 8vo. 1862.

† London Labor and the London Poor. Those that will not work. By HENRY MAYHEW. London: Griffin, Bohn, & Co.

those who will not, and those who need not work. The minute subdivision and the careful classification of them, covering fifteen large pages, makes a most curious and instructive study. A type of its thoroughness, and of its loyalty as well to the person as the idea, is found in its putting the sovereign of the realm at the head of the second subdivision in the fourth class of workers, — that of Protectors, — the four classes being Enrichers, Auxiliaries, Benefactors, and Servitors. A proof of its minuteness is, that in the first class (Producers) it reckons seventy-four; in the second (Helpers), a hundred and nine; in the third (Benefactors), twenty-four, being twelve sorts each of Educators and Curators, and in the fourth, seventy-nine; — in all, two hundred and eighty-six branches of human industry, distinct enough to be separately characterized and defined. This classification of existing facts is of the highest value to every one who would study the laws of human society, either as philosopher or as moralist. This, or something like it, must be comprehended and assumed by any one who undertakes to theorize upon the matter at all, — as Plato opens his "Republic" by reciting that simplest division of labor which must lie at the foundation of a commonwealth; his four classes of laborers, if we remember right, being farmers, builders, tailors, and shoemakers. The science of "Social Statics" has considerably advanced since then.

"Those who cannot work" require no special mention here; neither "those who need not work," — that is to say, people who live by the income of their property, or by the labor of other persons. Still more suggestive and curious, perhaps, than the classification of the workers, is that of "those who will not work," — the outlaws of all honest society, — comprising the three classes of Beggars, Thieves, and Prostitutes. Of beggars we find eight classes, and twenty-eight varieties; and are further lucidly informed that "the several varieties of beggars admit of being subdivided into patterers, or those who beg on the "blob," that is, by word of mouth, and screevers, or those who beg by written documents, setting forth imaginary cases of distress, such documents being either slums (letters) or fakements (petitions)." A very entertaining story is given (pp. 406 – 409) of the marvellous success of the begging-letter imposition, as practised by "the Raggs family," unworthy relations of our old friends the Micawbers, who joined them afterwards in Melbourne. Of thieves we find five classes, and forty-eight varieties, including — (we give the sub-titles under the head "Sneaksmen, or those who plunder by means of stealth") — drag-sneaks, snoozers, star-glazers, till-friskers, sawney-hunters, noisy-racket men, area-sneaks, dead-lurkers, snow-gatherers, skinners, bluey-hunters, cat-and-kitten hunters, toshers, and mudlarks. When will a lexicographer arise of courage and resources to interpret to us these strange dialects of the English tongue? The largest part of the present volume is taken up with the third sort of those who will not work, — the Prostitutes, — distributed in three classes and twenty-four varieties, in numbers, it is said, full eighty thousand in London alone. It is preceded by a sketch, filling 175 pages, of the condition of women (especially of the outcast and abandoned class) in all ages and coun-

tries. This is curious in some of its particulars, and perhaps useful to the student of social phenomena; but he might find the materials better elsewhere, and it seems to us rather out of place.

The volume has an interest, but rather of a painful and unhealthy sort. It is at best an exhibition of the moral pathology of society; and it does not quite escape the objection that lies against making hospital cases matter of public exhibition. One cannot but feel that the nicety of one's moral taste is endangered by the very attempt to make such topics generally interesting. Even this book — prepared with motives of humanity beyond question, by men who earnestly devote their lives to remedy the evils which they expound, and teach us, perhaps for the first time, of the noble and disinterested toils of Christian missionaries in these dark places — gets unpleasantly familiar with the vocabulary of slang, and retails whole pages of testimony in a style and manner we are apt to associate rather with the Police Gazette. We may be doing injustice to this latter publication, with which we are profoundly unfamiliar. And we do not think it is any undue anxiety for the proprieties which society weaves so assiduously as a veil to its deformities that leads us to regard the fault we have spoken of as impairing both the interest and the value of this book. To students, however, of these phases of human condition, it will remain a unique and invaluable work of reference.

Mr. Mayhew has had the assistance of several other writers, and has added to the value of his book by statistical tables and maps, showing very suggestively the distribution of such social phenomena as density of population, the proportion of female to male inhabitants, and the locality of different sorts of crime in England.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

In the first part of his able survey of Syria in 1861,* M. Saint-Marc Girardin states the facts as they are, and are proved, concerning the condition of the Christians in that land. His calm figures confirm all the worst stories of rapine, massacre, and devastation. The whole number of Christians driven from their homes is not less than 120,000. Of the 25,000 Christians who were in Damascus, not more than one or two thousand remain, and these are kept there against their inclination and will. The number murdered exceeds 14,000, — almost all of them adult males. It was the policy of the Turks to save the women and children, and make of them Moslems after their fathers and husbands were destroyed. In the cities of the coast, Beyrout, Sidon, Tyre, and Tripoli, there are at the present time more than 30,000 fugitives, most of whom are entirely destitute, and supported by charity. Justice and reparation are freely enough promised by the Turkish rulers, but are not easily secured, and are very slow in their operation. All sorts of evasions are practised by the officers of the law, and Lord Dufferin,

* La Syrie in 1861. Condition des Chrétiens en Orient. Par M. Saint-Marc Girardin, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Didier. 1862. 12mo.

the English envoy, even while pledging of his own fortune an immense sum for the relief of the sufferers, favors light penalties for the Turks and Druses convicted of outrage. It is plain that, like most Frenchmen, M. Girardin believes that the Maronites were victims, and the Druses assassins.

The second part of the work of M. Girardin is devoted to a very able discussion of the "Eastern Question." None of the theories of its solution altogether please him, and he seems to think that the best way is to let the East alone, to work out its own destiny. He expects its regeneration, from the substitution of a Christian rule and civilization for the present wretched Turkish oppression, by which Syria is wasted and depopulated, but would not hurry this by the usurping act of any of the great Western powers. He has less faith in the fancy of a new Byzantine Empire; and more faith in the gradual concession of rights, if this is only carried out. Foreign intrigues are not an advantage to the Christians of the East. It is better to aid the material improvement of the land than to meddle much with its politics. M. Girardin professes to be very much concerned for the regeneration of the Eastern world; but he would have the expense of this regeneration met by the East itself, and not by Western nations, whom it but slightly concerns. The only desirable interference is that of Christian philanthropy, not so much in the form of missionary teaching as in the form of enlightened colonization. No European Congress can settle the affairs of Turkey or Syria, — can decide to whom it shall belong or what is to be its future.

From articles upon Asia Minor and Syria, written several years ago by the Princess Belgiojoso, in an extinct Paris journal, an exceedingly interesting volume of Turkish travel is furnished to the American public, under the attractive title of "Oriental Harems."* The Princess, who had already shown her bravery by raising a battalion of republican volunteers against Austria, proves a daring, energetic, and vivacious traveller. With but a slender escort of rather a poor sort, she passes twice through the most of Asia Minor and Syria, endures every hardship, encounters every peril, and returns after eleven months' absence to her temporary home in the heart of Turkey. Mistakes abound where her narrative ought to have been the most accurate. She imagined that two wells claimed the honor of Jacob's name near Mount Gerizim. She speaks of only three different communions frequenting the St. Sepulchre Church. She finds the tomb of Isaiah where that of Jeremiah was commonly shown a year previous to her visit. She does not understand that admittance was necessarily refused to her on the ground of her sex, at Santa Saba. She fancies that part of Solomon's temple may be now standing in the fairy-like Mosque of Omar. She finds a cave behind the Mary Chapel on the Mount of Olives, where "Jesus would have been seized and strangled." She is

* Oriental Harems and Scenery. Translated from the French of the Princess Belgiojoso. New York: Carleton.

careless enough to say that the theatre of all the great events of the Old and New Testaments is placed in subterranean grottos. And yet there is so much life in her narrative, so much beauty in her descriptions, so much truthfulness in her general views of this decaying Turkish empire, that her book is certain to be popular. Her picture of the towns in Asia Minor, as made up of heaps of filth interspersed with half-ruined hovels, with wild dogs, jackals, and birds of prey serving as scavengers, is only a slight exaggeration of a universal experience. And, while she does justice to the many virtues of the Turkish race, she does not feel or give much hope of their recovery from approaching dissolution. She rather satirizes the missionary work in Syria, and laughs over their pretended conversions from Judaism. The little that she has to say about harem-life is nothing new. Over-painted women, of sluttish habits, feeble health, and utter indolence, disgusted this spirited lady: her interviews with these ignorant, vain, stupid, sensual toys of man's appetite were few and short; she refused, in all cases, to sleep in their filthy apartments; and while she does ample justice to the beauty of a few, she declares that there are nowhere more degraded creatures than the wives of the middle-class Turks, — that the expression of their faces is a compound of stupidity, gross sensuality, hypocrisy, and insensibility, — and that they give no evidence of any principles of morality or religion.

SINCE the days of honest Izaak there has no better book on Game-Fishing than that just published in our sister metropolis; * none certainly more in the spirit of humanity, which is the spirit of political economy too. "Barnwell" urges our thoughtless communities to save rather than destroy the diminishing tenants of our ponds and rivers; he condemns with some eloquence the suicidal policy of clearing our forests of trees, our woods of wild animals, our inland waters of their once abundant food. He urges the passage of such laws as have been for several years past spreading the protecting wings of a wise providence over Canadian streams. Nothing can be more cruel on the face of things than to grant a drunken Indian the privilege of procuring rum by spearing salmon when they are working up the river to spawn, destroying by a single stroke perhaps fifty thousand future fish, worth more than as many dollars, and threatening to drive away the noblest creature of its race from the "free hospitals of piscatory lying-in." Nature herself protests against this wilful murder of these anxious parents just as they are hastening to multiply the very richest food the waters furnish, by making the exhausted bodies of the salmon at that season the least palatable, attractive, and wholesome. The laws ought to second this providential indication, and make the spearing of salmon everywhere a penal offence, and their capture when they are preparing to spawn nothing less than a crime. Dams ought to make some provision for the fish impelled by a wise instinct to ascend the

* Game Fish of the Northern States of America and British Provinces. By BARNWELL. New York: Carleton.

stream to the necessary hiding-places. Nets ought never to be suffered across an entire stream, so that none of the more vigorous mothers may escape to perpetuate their tribe, replenish earth, and bless man. Even sportsmen should forbear, after all their wants of food are supplied, and turn their attention to the destruction of such fish as would destroy others every way more valuable than themselves.

After treating most affectionately all our Northern river fish, and explaining by drawings the best methods of capture, "Barnwell" very properly urges sportsmen to jot down their observations upon insect-life, to investigate their habits, and discover their various uses to the world at large. He gives his own studies upon flies particularly, in a most interesting chapter, comforting us at this season with the assurance that the mosquitos are tormented quite as much as they torment us, — are preyed upon by bloodthirsty parasites, who leave them as little peace as they permit others.

Rev. Mr. Underhill's narrative of a missionary visit to Jamaica principally, and partly to Trinidad, Hayti, and the Bahamas,* will be less satisfactory than Sewell's recent work; because Baptist clergymen may be expected to speak hopefully of the emancipated Creole, for whom and with whom they have suffered so much; and because their point of view concerns the spiritual, not the commercial, results of emancipation. But this missionary examiner is at great pains to exhibit the picture in all lights, — to show the decrease of sugar culture, the diminished church-going, the wide-spread ignorance of the former slaves, the preference of independent labor for their own benefit to that work upon the estates which would count up in sugar and coffee. And besides this apparent truthfulness in admitting that Jamaica has forfeited its place among productive communities, Mr. Underhill's report has the rare advantage of describing parts of the island most seldom visited, and of bringing to our acquaintance the remotest rural settlements. The Creoles, as he presents them, are unwilling to do plantation-work whenever they can work for themselves, because it is demoralizing, irregular, underpaid, and sometimes not paid at all. They consider idleness, however, a still greater disgrace than being hired men, are unwilling to have their churches supported by foreign charity, and have the good sense to prefer white ministers to men of color. Some touching instances of gratitude are given in emancipated slaves contributing to the support of their former owners, watching over their masters' children, and trying to save them from the ruin of self-indulgence.

His conclusion is, that emancipation has brought even to Jamaica an amount of happiness, improvement, material wealth, and prospective social elevation, in which every lover of man must rejoice.

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* The West Indies, their Social and Religious Condition. By E. B. Underhill. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1862.

NOVELS AND TALES.

THEODORE WINTHROP'S literary reputation has had a rapid and somewhat peculiar growth, — partly from his heroic death, which attracted all eyes to his character and genius, partly because it rests almost wholly on posthumous works. Hardly was there time to ask who wrote the two striking narratives of the war in the Atlantic Monthly, when the question received a sudden and sad answer by the unfortunate affair at Big Bethel. Soon it was announced that the young martyr to liberty had left several works in manuscript, ready for the press, and after some months' interval there appeared those remarkable books, "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent," which must, we think, speedily have achieved a reputation for their author, even had the public been unprepared for them. These two, with all their life and vigor, their racy dialogue and vivid pictures of life and manners, are after all in a high degree *personal*. One never loses sight of Winthrop himself in them. They are, too, so to speak, each other's complement, as much contrasted in spirit and style as wild Utah and luxurious New York. So far this personal character of his books was very attractive; but what more had he now to say? One could not help feeling that in future, unless he would repeat himself, he must leave himself behind, and write in a more purely *objective* manner. That he had the power to do this is shown on a small scale in that charming little tale, "Love and Skates."

It was perhaps a consciousness of this necessity that led Major Winthrop to attempt an historical novel; and if "Edwin Brothertoft" gives less satisfaction than his previous works, it is because this is a class of writing for which he was less fitted.* He was — as he himself hints more than once — too entirely wrapped up in the mission of his own country and age to enter heartily into any other. A true instinct led him to select the period of the American Revolution, for here it was his own America, and it was the same struggle against oppression in which he finally gave his own life. In this he has achieved a partial success. We do not believe that the spirit of our Revolutionary struggle is anywhere better appreciated than in "Edwin Brothertoft"; and the glimpses, for instance, of Washington, Putnam, and André are genuine bits of historical portraiture. He always bears in mind and well illustrates the truth, often forgotten, that human nature is always the same, and that the same great movements have been going on in all ages; but the corresponding, equally vital truth he overlooks, that its manifestations differ very widely in different ages. Spite of its great merits in this respect, the book is sheer nineteenth century.

"Edwin Brothertoft" has the same merits and the same defects as "John Brent" and "Cecil Dreeme," — the faults a little more marked, the merits a little less. There is the same sparkling wit, but oftener strained and ill-timed; the same dashing, brilliant style, but less graceful and flowing, sometimes abrupt to *jerkiness;* the same fancy for

* Edwin Brothertoft. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

highly-wrought — almost melodramatic — incident. Characteristics that were fresh and original in his earlier works (we take for granted they were earlier) seem mannerism in this. We do not think there was a real deterioration of his mind, or that he was "written out," for the pieces we know to have been written last, "The March of the Seventh Regiment," and "Washington as a Camp," are perhaps his most finished productions in point of style; but he seems not to have been entirely at home in his new field, and so there is a little awkwardness, not hidden by an assumption of ease. Withal, we are ready to pardon all faults of form to the noble spirit we see on every page, the lofty enthusiasm for liberty and detestation of all that is base, the impatience at the short-comings of the actual, the high aspirations after the ideal. Everything marks the Christian gentleman, the scholar, the connoisseur, the fearless explorer, the traveller, who never forgot that his home was America, the patriot who sealed his faith in his country's destiny with his blood. The characters are admirably drawn, and the reader who has learned to feel a sort of personal affection for the circle of friends whose appearance and reappearance give a family character to the former series of tales will not be sorry to recognize in the gay and gallant hero, Peter Skerrett, the ancestor and prototype of his namesake in "Love and Skates."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Secret Archives of the House of Este, to which the learned since the days of Leibnitz have longed in vain for access, have been opened at last to the historical inquirer. The general director of the Tuscan Archives, the Cavalier Francesco Bonaini, was commissioned by the government of Piedmont, in the autumn of 1860, to examine the public archives in the annexed provinces of the Romagna, Modena, and Parma. A late number of the *Giornale storico degli Archivi Toscani* contains a detailed account, by Bonaini, of the various archives of Modena, from which Muratori drew much of the material for his great work. They are not less than thirteen in number, beginning with that of the municipality, which is of great value, not merely for local history, but for the history of all Central Italy, as well as for the history of jurisprudence, and was much consulted both by Muratori and Tiraboschi, as well as by Saviola for his Annals of Bologna. But we are able to speak only of the Archives of the House of Este.

When, after the loss of Ferrara by its annexation to the States of the Church by Clement VIII., in 1598, Duke Cesare d' Este removed his residence to Modena, he carried with him all his family papers, by agreement with the Papal legate, Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, who retained only such documents as related to Ferrara. Under Duke Francesco II. (1662 – 1694), these papers fell into great disorder, in which they continued at the time of Leibnitz's visit in 1689 – 1690, — a visit which may be found treated of in the third volume of the *Beiträge zur Italienischen Geschichte*. In 1701 Duke Rinaldo summoned Muratori from Milan to arrange them, and appointed him both Libra-

rian and Archivist, two offices which he held for half a century. But he had hardly begun his labors when, in 1702, they were again removed. In 1796 Duke Ercole III. took possession of a part of the family documents, as also Francesco V. in 1849, who again, a couple of years ago, before the annexation to Piedmont, retained many more.

These Archives of the House of Este are contained in four rooms. In the first are papers of the most various sort, alphabetically arranged according to their subjects, together with the correspondence of the residents at foreign courts and of the agents in various cities. The second and third rooms contain documents relating to the titles and dignities of the house, and to the government, and treaties with foreign courts. In the fourth room is the private correspondence of the princes. The oldest part of the Archives consists of parchment documents and the so-called registers. Among the former are about 2,826 documents relating properly to the House of Este; 600 papal bulls and other ecclesiastical documents, running from the year 965 to the nineteenth century; from five to six hundred documents of various sort from the year 1000 and on; about a thousand relating to the Abbey Marola from the year 1103 to 1695; and lastly, 351 relating to the Cloister Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, at Ravenna, from the year 956 to 1537. It has been supposed that the Ravenna documents, of which Muratori gives one dating from the year 896, were carried to Modena at the plundering of Ravenna in 1512; but it is said to be more likely that they were deposited by some one of the cardinals to whom the Abbey of Cosmedin fell. Of particular importance is said to be the *Regesta Feudorum*, or the *Liber Iurium Marchionum Estensium*, in three parts, the first of which has reference to the feudal relations to the Pope; the second contains the imperial privileges from the time of Henry IV.; the third, treaties with neighboring states and princes. Among the registers are the inventories, &c. which were consulted by Tiraboschi, as well as recently by that industrious inquirer into the history of art, Giuseppe Campori, whose work respecting the employment of foreign artists in Modena is not without value. The greater part of the Court Archives are in the Ducal Palace, where in 1851 it was proposed to rearrange them, — which, however, has not yet been done.

One cannot speak of the Archives of the House of Este without thinking of Torquato Tasso and the Princess Leonore. Some proofs there ought to be there touching a relation so much disputed about, — in Serassi's excellent biography, by the Count Alberti, by Rosini, and Gaetano Capponi, and Cavedoni, and lastly by that intelligent writer, Guasti, in his new edition of Tasso's letters. The Marquis Campori has examined the correspondence of the Princess and the papers of contemporary members of the house. But the result, he says, was wholly unsatisfactory. Thus far nothing has been discovered in Tasso's relation to the Princess which could be a ground for his imprisonment. On the contrary, the new documents have only strengthened Campori in the opinion, which he has formed from a critical comparison of the letters and poems of Tasso, as also from the testimony

of contemporaries, that the cause of his imprisonment was no other than his periodical fits of insanity, which not only drove him to the most irrational actions, but made him suspicious of everybody about him. Five unedited letters of Tasso, discovered by Campori, have been published, with other documents, by that most industrious of the historians of Piedmont, Luigi Cibrasio. Many letters and papers of Ariosto have also been discovered, dating from the time when he was governor of the Garfagnana, — which he pictures in one of his liveliest satires. The archives of Florence and Lucca contain also various letters of this period of Lodovico, the speedy publication of which is promised.

THE Poems of the lamented Arthur Hugh Clough, announced some months since, are at last published by Ticknor and Fields, in blue and gold.* The two longest pieces, "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," and "Amours de Voyage," as well as some of the Minor Poems, are already well known in this country. A third poem of considerable length, "Mari Magno," written shortly before his death, is now published for the first time. It does not rank with the "Bothie" as a work of original and vigorous genius, and (especially from never having been revised) is rather more defective in form, especially in metre, than usual; but it is simple and natural in style, and contains many beautiful passages, and truthful, natural descriptions. The lesser poems please us better. It is remarkable that while our first impressions of Mr. Clough, derived from the "Bothie," were entirely of a healthy and joyous nature, high animal spirits, and an active, genial temperament, these pieces give, almost without exception, the other side of his nature, and bear the mark of the mental struggles and sufferings through which he passed. The delightful Memoir prefixed to the volume throws light upon this twofold character of his productions, and gives the picture of a man whom it must have been a privilege to know. These poems are for the most part pensive and tender; occasionally there is a little vagueness and obscurity, but many of them will rank with the very best poetry of this generation. Some, as "Qua cursum ventus," have already won this place for themselves; "Ite domum saturæ," and "Come home, come home," are, we think, not inferior. Here and there we find a lively piece, like "Spectator ab extra," and "How in Heaven's name did Columbus get over," and once or twice the sadness passes into petulance and impatience, as in "Duty — that's to say complying," and "Blessed are those who have not seen." As a neat and effective bit of satire, we copy

"THE LATEST DECALOGUE.

"Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, save in the currency:
Swear not at all; since for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse:

* The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough. With a Memoir, by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. 16mo. pp. xxxvi., 299.

At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
Honor thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall:
Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive:
Adultery it is not fit
Or safe (for woman) to commit:
Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When 't is as lucrative to cheat:
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly:
Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
Approves all forms of competition."

As a contribution to the history of the present war, the monograph of Mr. Woodbury has great value.* It is confined to what the author actually saw, and to events in which he bore an honorable part. It avoids the fault of newspaper correspondents, who, in their eagerness to make out a complete account, pick up all manner of hearsay reports, and give them out for history. It is especially interesting for the personal and affectionate testimony it bears to the admirable officer who led the regiment in that eventful, brief campaign; and, in particular, it gives us one of the most satisfactory accounts we have of the celebrated battle and retreat which closed the first period of the war.

No one who passed through the feverish days of April, 1861, will fail to remember the historical regiments of that memorable month,—the Massachusetts Sixth and Eighth, the New York Seventh, and the Rhode Island First. Each had its own claim to commemoration. The New York Seventh had long been the model volunteer regiment of the United States, and when it marched to the war the conservatism and aristocracy of the North went with it, and declared for the nation. The two Massachusetts regiments were fair representatives of the New England militia, and with them the masses of the North, its democracy, struck for national unity. When the New York Seventh and the Massachusetts Eighth marched into Washington together, they typified the aristocracy and democracy, the culture and the industry of the country, striking hands in defence of a common nationality. These three regiments were already organized, and had only to come together and march.

The Rhode Island First was perhaps the best illustration of what an American community can accomplish under the pressure of a strong necessity. The call of the President for seventy-five thousand militia for three months' service hardly found the shadow of an organized militia in any State, except Massachusetts and New York. The capital was almost cut off from supplies, and threatened with immediate attack, and in nearly every State the troops had to be raised and organized before they could be despatched to its defence. It is the peculiar glory of Rhode Island that she was the first to accomplish this, and that this

* A Narrative of the Campaign of the First Rhode Island Regiment, in the Spring and Summer of 1861. Illustrated with a Portrait and Map. By Augustus Woodbury, Chaplain of the Regiment. Providence: Sidney S. Rider.

regiment, which set out for the seat of war in less than a week after the President's call, was distinguished for its splendid equipment, its well-ordered camp, its thorough drill, and its fighting qualities. Rhode Island owes this distinction in great degree to two men, — Governor Sprague, whose political antecedents peculiarly fitted him to be the leader in the union of parties, and whose large fortune was lavished without stint to secure the comfort and efficiency of his regiments, and Colonel (now Major-General) Burnside, who left home and a lucrative business at a moment's notice, to devote his thorough military training and splendid abilities to his country's service, in command of a regiment of militia. Mr. W. H. Russell was never tired of speaking of the disgraceful conduct of the Fourth Pennsylvania, in "marching away to the sound of the enemy's cannon," but says nothing of the Fourth Iowa, who fought so gallantly, after their time was out, at Wilson's Creek; the Sixth Massachusetts, who stayed on guard at the Relay House until immediate danger was passed (more than a week, we believe, after their time); and the First Rhode Island, who offered to stay as long as needed. General Scott assured Colonel Burnside that Washington was in no danger. He led home his regiment to receive well-deserved ovations, and then returned himself to serve his country wherever he might be needed.

It is not long since we heard a gentleman of large general cultivation and much political experience regret the difficulty of finding an authentic record of events less than five years old, before they have been condensed in histories, or got wrought up into standard literature. Every one must have felt this annoyance; and, if his life has reached its middle bound, must have been amused to see how vaguely the horizon of years shifts in the perspective, for want of clear landmarks to note the distances. Such a landmark — a noble milestone on the historic highway — the Messrs. Appleton have just set up; * and we are forward to recognize our great indebtedness to them. The volume of the new annual is similar in size and style to those of the New American Cyclopædia, with which all our readers are familiar. As its title may suggest, the topics are arranged alphabetically, — two hundred and thirty in all, — while a copious Index at the end (a feature greatly wanted in the other work) makes it very convenient indeed as a book of reference.

The titles are of topics of special interest as connected with the year 1861. Of those belonging in particular to this country, we have reckoned names of States, as to which the history for the year is given in more or less detail, 33; localities in the United States, 75; persons of note in our history, mostly obituaries, 28; other topics belonging specially to our history, 36; — in all, 172 articles strictly American, or about three quarters of the whole. Besides the histories of States (ranging from a column in length to 20 pages), the titles "Bull Run"

* The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1861. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

(16 pages), "Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States" (20 pages), "Public Documents" (37 pages), "Navy of the United States" (13 pages), and "Slaves" (5 pages), indicate the character and value of these articles. Of foreign countries, Austria, Canada, France, Great Britain, India, Italy, Japan, Mexico, and Russia are treated in separate articles. Biographies are given of eminent persons abroad who have died within the year, the following: — Abdul Medjid, Prince Albert, F. C. Baur, Mrs. Browning, Lord Campbell, Cavour, Frederick William IV., Sir James Graham, the Duchess of Kent, Lacordaire, and twelve others. Among the American names the most distinguished are Mr. Douglas, Sam Houston, General Lyon, and Major Winthrop. The articles whose titles indicate a more general interest are, Antiquity of the Human Race, Agriculture, Architecture, Artesian Wells, Astronomical Phenomena, Earthquakes, Epidemics, Geographical Explorations, Great Eastern, Insurance, Literature, Metals, Petroleum, Piers, Subterranean Railway, Spectrography, Taconic System, Wool and Flax. This list is rather a slender one, and indicates that the chief value of the work must be sought as a register of events. It by no means supersedes the use of a Scientific Annual as the record of the year. Even the few papers we have named are most unsatisfactorily brief and incomplete, — for instance, that on Spectrography, of which the value might easily have been doubled.

The characteristic of the book is as a register of topics especially associated with the year 1861. A deficiency, which will strike every reader who consults it, is that it contains *no chronological record of events*, — an omission which we find it difficult either to understand or to pardon. Another is its want of completeness (which might easily have been supplied) as a scientific register, a record of discoveries and inventions. The few titles which occur in this department are taken almost at random. If we might suggest what in our view are the most important features in an Annual Register, they would perhaps be the following, in their order: —

1. A Chronological Record of Events, with a Summary of Public Laws.
2. Statistical Tables for the Year.
3. Progress of Discovery and Invention.
4. Record of Literature and Art.
5. Obituary of the Year.
6. Historical and Biographical Notices, followed by an Index of the whole.

We trusted to find at least the materials of such a work in that before us. The publishers have not undertaken precisely that; and it would be ungracious, for want of it, not to acknowledge, with all gratitude, the very valuable compendium which they have given us.

THE last volume of Appleton's New American Cyclopædia, the fourteenth, fully sustains the character which the previous volumes have won. Two more, it is announced, will complete the series. No other similar work compares with it in the amount it gives of excellent and popular reading-matter.

THE publication of Chambers's Encyclopædia, by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. has been continued through the 51st number, and the article *Gas*, which consists of sixteen columns, amply illustrated. The beauty and completeness of this publication, as well as the singular compactness and excellent proportion of its articles, put it quite at the head of its own class of works for general reference. In all its externals, — type, paper, illustrations, and maps, — it is carefully and admirably adapted to the uses of such a work.

SEVERAL articles in the recent English Reviews on the subject of India since the Mutiny are very instructive. We particularize two. One in the National Review for January exposes fully the cruel injustice towards native cultivators, — particularly by dealers in indigo, — which have since been effectually done away. We refer to it at this date, because a paper in "The Exchange," a new monthly journal with a considerable American circulation, appears to take ground against the justice of the complaints which won the ear of the government. The whole account is a very interesting exhibition of the honor and good faith which, on the part of the better English officials, are fast healing the wounds of the great Mutiny.

The other is in the Westminster for July. It is a striking, even magnificent picture, which is given in it of the system of public works going into execution throughout that imperial province, and of the advantage which has followed the substituting of Parliamentary rule for the anomalous dominion of the Company. We refer to it partly in honor of those noble qualities which the recent English administration there exhibits, and partly to copy the following paragraphs, which have a particular interest and value to us in connection with our own Rebellion, and those measures of conquest forced upon our government.

"Oude was the most momentous victim to Lord Dalhousie's system of unscrupulous annexation, and joined the war of the mutineers with an enthusiasm entirely national. The task of subduing Oude was morally dreadful. One might have expected this province to be the permanent hot-bed of disaffection, and a future centre of revolt. The good news seems almost too much to believe, that, on the contrary, this very district is likely *to vie in loyalty with the most loyal*, if indeed it do not prove also the earliest to win political institutions analogous to those of free Europe."

"During the American struggle, the doctrine has been repeated dogmatically over the breadth of the land, and been so echoed by the press and in company as to put us out of breath with amazement, that widely-extended dominion is unnatural, artificial, untenable; that a sea-coast 2,000 miles long under one power is an injurious monopoly; that a state containing nations of very diverse temperament can only be held together by force, and is not worth holding; and more to the same effect. . . . . Great and small are relative words: to those who live under railways and electric telegraphs, what *was* the unwieldiness of a vast dominion vanishes entirely. . . . . The vaster and the more diverse in character are the parts of a great empire, the less is its policy to be feared, as possibly unjust, by other great powers, if only its own members possess a fully-developed freedom. . . . . The parts of a complex and wide empire have no interests whatever in common, except the interests of justice. It cannot in general be just to its own members, except by prac-

tising justice to the world without: hence its growth in magnitude, if accompanied by internal freedom in all the parts, gives to it (taken for all in all) a more and more friendly aspect to the world at large. . . . . Whatever is infinite works out its own harmony; and in human affairs it appears to be ordained, that vastness, in struggling to exist, must struggle for moral law if it have any intelligence."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Reconstruction of Biblical Theories; or, Biblical Science improved in its History, Chronology, and Interpretation, and relieved from traditionary Errors and unwarrantable Hypotheses. By Leicester Ambrose Sawyer. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 195. (See p. 282.)

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

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UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY WELCH, BIGELOW, AND COMPANY.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CCXXXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

BOSTON:
BY THE PROPRIETOR,
At WALKER, WISE, & CO.'S, 245 Washington Street.
LONDON: EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178 Strand.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by T. B. Fox, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

The Christian Examiner.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

ART. I. — CHRIST THE SPIRIT.

Christ the Spirit: being an Attempt to state the Primitive View of Christianity. 2 vols. New York: James Miller. 1861.

In many respects this is a very remarkable book. It is remarkable as being the production of a soldier in the regular army of the United States, who has spent the greater part of a life now well advanced in active military service on the field and the Indian frontier, away from libraries and the association of thinking men, and has risen by merit to the rank of Brigadier-General. In 1855, General Hitchcock, for he is the author, left the army, but on the breaking out of the present war, the Administration, anxious to secure the service of his tried ability, commissioned him a Major-General, and tendered to him very important military commands. These he declined accepting; but being called to the important post of military adviser at Washington, he continued until recently in that office, the duties of which he discharged in a manner highly honorable to himself and satisfactory to the government. The book is remarkable for the spiritual, we may almost say the mystical, character of its thought, for the serenity of its view, the purity of its speculation, the unceasing boldness and unaffected loftiness which we are apt to regard as the solitary student's peculiarity, and which we find it difficult to associate with the military habit of mind. It is remarkable again, and still more remarkable, for the lovely temper in which it is written. A sweeter moral atmosphere

we never breathed than pervades every paragraph of the two volumes. There is no harshness, there is no intolerance, there is no aggression, there is no disagreeable dogmatism, no assumption of superior wisdom. Its charity is perfect, for there is no air of charitableness about it; it is the good-will of an honest, believing, and gentle mind. We can scarcely think of a theologian, living or dead, who might not with profit sit at the feet of this brave soldier, and listen to him as he talks about religion. "I would ask," he says, "with as much earnestness as may not compromise a reasonable degree of diffidence, that the suggestions in the following pages may receive the attention of those who feel that they do not well know what to make of the miraculous portions of the Scriptures; not, indeed, as a final solution of the multitude of problems that may arise on a perusal of the sacred volume, but as furnishing some clew to a method of study by which, with patience and the Divine blessing, some valuable results may be obtained." We quote this beautiful paragraph, instead of others equally beautiful, of which there are so many of similar strain that the selection would be embarrassing, because it indicates one of the motives of the author — perhaps we may call it his chief motive — in offering his work to the public. He would aid those who are stumbling over the miraculous portion of the Scriptures. He has no scruple about showing openly the side which will be most offensive to the readers of such a review as this; but he has not the least intention of making himself offensive to anybody, nor does he seem to suspect that he may be making himself so. He is quietly persuaded that multitudes of men are stumbling over the supernatural in the life of Jesus, and that great numbers will thank him for removing that stone of stumbling from their path. He assumes the mythical character of the miraculous portions of the New Testament, without the least reserve, the slightest emotion, or the feeblest apology. "If," he says, "we accept the miracles as historical realities, we must refuse the idea of law altogether, and must admit that there is no truth in the doctrine which affirms an order in the course of nature; we must then deny the possibility of science in all its branches; and this must be extended to logic and

reasoning, for these depend upon the permanent operation of our faculties; and then we must hold our hands and receive everything as equally possible, and must live in an acknowledged anarchy of both nature and intellect." It will be perceived that the writer carries the mythical out to its full conclusions. What Strauss intimates at the end of his work, Hitchcock avows at the beginning of his. Strauss labors through his heavy volumes to destroy the historical character of individual narratives, and finally puts forth the philosophical principle that makes his previous labor needless. Hitchcock asserts the principle, and declines the labor. But this is not the whole extent of his iniquity, as most will esteem it. The German critic, terror of his time, who was thought to have made havoc of historical Christianity, and who drew down on his head the condign wrath of the defenders of the New Testament, not only allowed a substantial basis of honest literal fact in the story of the Evangelists, but endeavored, while setting the supernatural aside, to show a basis of literal fact beneath much of the marvellous itself. He resolved the supernatural into the natural. The American thinker not only admits no basis of fact for the miraculous, but concedes only the faintest vestige of literal truth to the unmiraculous portions of the biography. The whole story is to him a mythus. The entire narrative is poetical in its nature. The Gospels are not biographies of a living person, but are poems setting forth philosophical truths under the form of symbol. The miracles are symbolical; the life, in which the miracles are set, is symbolical; the main figure, by whom the miracles are said to have been wrought, is symbolical. The writer is ready to grant that such a person as Jesus may have existed; on the whole, he is inclined to believe that such a person did exist, and did lay down his life as a martyr to a higher truth than his age could understand; but the historical existence of Jesus is of no importance to his argument, as he admits himself; and to us it seems a blemish, if thus unimportant. The theory is more complete if the Christ is made as mythical as his deeds; for after all he is significant only as a mythus. It is only as a mythus that he is introduced; it is only as a mythus that he is used.

General Hitchcock's theory is, we venture to say, the boldest ever propounded as an account of the composition of the New Testament. It is bolder than Baur's, for Baur proceeds according to the rules of historical criticism, and moreover does leave a foundation of literal truth in the Evangelical biography, though he finds it impossible to determine just what it was. But the author of the volume before us cuts all the cords of historical tradition, and the mighty fabric of Primitive Christianity floats like a magnificent bubble in the air. Let us not be understood as casting any reproach on the hypothesis before us by the terms in which we describe it; we simply wish to present its features by the fewest possible touches of the pen. Far less would we throw the thinnest shadow of doubt over the author's purpose in framing and making exposition of it. He writes, as we fully believe, and as he earnestly asseverates, in a mood of utter reverence, and in the interest of a pure intellectual faith. He writes with a sincere desire to relieve the doubting from the weight of their doubt, to remove obstacles that lie in the way of faith, to offer deeper views of truth, and to plant the verities of religion on everlasting foundations. He says: "In order to reach a right conception of the spirit of the [New Testament] writings, it seems necessary for modern Christians to look upon the Scriptures, not with less, but with more respect and awe than they are commonly supposed to do. The Scriptures must rise, or be exalted in their estimation to that point of holiness and sacredness when they shall seem as it were to touch divinity." Again: "So far as the seeming historical is herein denied, it is only denied in favor of the spiritual. As mere history, the Gospel would be a thing of the past; but as a divine allegory, it was designed to teach the ever-living truth. To hold pertinaciously to the letter, is to lose its significance to the spirit; but to yield the letter, not in a spirit of doubt or denial, but in devotion to the truth, is to find the very spirit from which the letter proceeded."

Once more, speaking of infidelity, he remarks, with a touching beauty: "Man loves truth instinctively, and hates falsehood. Give him truth, indeed, and if he understands it, he will drink it as the water of life. Error is only ac-

ceptable when it wears the face of truth. A reputed infidelity turns out almost always to be a protest against a real or an apparent falsehood. For truth is an eternal virgin, and the first love of all mankind, the first-born among many brethren. To wander from it is to love, that is to worship, some mistaken image or shadow of it: and this it is that leads man into the wilderness, through and out of which, however, every man carries with him a Moses, a Joshua, a Jesus, — a word in the heart, an angel, a prophet, — through whom the pure wine of truth may be brought to that soul which hungers and thirsts after righteousness."

So much for the general character of this book, for the spirit in which it was conceived, and the object for which it was composed. Let us now examine with some care the account it gives of primitive Christianity. The writer was led to the opinions he holds respecting the character of the Gospels by a course of study in cabalistic literature running back through a considerable term of years. His first investigations — and they were very diligently pursued — were directed towards the people who devoted their lives to a search for the philosopher's stone. The result of these investigations he published in 1857, in a small volume entitled "Alchemy and the Alchemists," the purpose of which was to show that the philosopher's stone was spiritual truth; that these strange old men were not trying to find the charm which converted the baser metals into gold, but were trying to find the charm which converted the earthly dross of mortal existence into immortal wisdom; that the paraphernalia of their pretended science — their elixirs and essences, their acids and alkalies, their astrolabes and alembics, their lilies, lions, and dragons — were but the occult symbols of things they dared not utter in common speech, the grotesquely painted curtain behind which they carried on researches into the inmost nature of moral truth, and entertained speculations concerning the sublime verities of the soul.

In the course of these studies on the alchemists he came, by natural sequence, to Swedenborg, in whom he detected a member of the same great fraternity of seekers behind the veil, — men who talked in symbols, and uttered their profound-

est thoughts in the unknown tongue of allegory. The conclusions of his research into the philosophical character of Swedenborg were given to the world one year later, in a second volume, called "Swedenborg a Hermetic Philosopher." By this time General Hitchcock was deep in the allegorical literature. He was introduced to the mystical fathers of the Church; they passed him on to the Alexandrine chambers of imagery, and brought him into acquaintance with Philo, the metaphorical; he told him of the Essenes, that strange sect among the Jews, whose character has given rise to much speculation, whose relation to Christianity has been the ground of so much uneasy surmise, but whose name cannot be traced certainly to its origin, and whose very existence, as a Hebrew sect flourishing when Christ was born, has been denied.

The Essenes, it was discovered, on evidence which only literary Quixotism, like De Quincey's, could think of calling in question, were a small body of Jews, numbering about four thousand, — at least one hundred and fifty years old at the time Jesus lived, and perhaps much older, — who lived in the "wilderness" bordering the Dead Sea. They were "Come-outers" from the Hebrew Church and State, took no part in national affairs, withdrew from the centres of the popular life, and passed their days in homely industry, in the cultivation of personal, domestic, and social virtue, and in the performance of religious duty. In many respects they resembled the Shakers, in the western part of Massachusetts. There was a mystery about them, — about their forms, their opinions, their origin, and their purpose, — the mystery that always attaches to the unknown, the solitary, — the mystery of the desert. It was reported of them by Philo and Josephus, that they had occult doctrines, which they covered over by cabalistic signs, and protected from the vulgar gaze by solemn oaths and initiations; that they used figurative speech, — dealt in symbols and parables, which veiled the naked form of high spiritual truths. This was interesting.

But this would never have drawn the Essenes from their obscurity, or fixed on them the gaze of Christendom, had it not been for the wonderful resemblance of some of their moral teachings and practices to those of the early Christians. This

resemblance attracted our author, as it has attracted a great many before him. He found that the Essenes, as the cardinal principles of religion, announced Love of God, love of Goodness, love of Man. De Quincey, who exercises his utmost ingenuity in establishing the identity of the Essenes with the Christians, sums up the points of similarity in the following order. They were both distinguished for their close affection towards one another. They both had all things in common. They both were "given to hospitality." In travelling they carried no purse, but went from house to house among the brotherhood. They held solemn worship before sunrise, with prayers and hymns. They neglected marriage, though they did not absolutely condemn it, giving more praise to continence. They were eminent for fidelity to personal trusts. They were peacemakers, denouncing war, in usage and principle. They abjured oaths, except in their initiations, discountenanced all exaggerations of speech, were scrupulously true to their word, and held a promise to be as holy as a bond. By temperance in food, drink, and all sensual indulgence, they lived to a great age, a hundred years and more, — so says Josephus of the Essenes, and so reports tradition of St. John. They exhibited a wonderful contempt for pain and death, a fact which attracted particular notice in the case of the Christians, and which goes far to establish their identity with these old mystics, of whom the same is recorded.

Nor was this all. Eusebius found a striking similarity between the religious practices of the Essenes and those of the Christians. The meetings of both, and the exercises performed at their meetings, were in all main respects precisely the same. In Passion Week, preceding the Easter, they held a solemn festival, when they passed the time in fasting, watching, and the study of the Divine Word. They had a mystical supper, too, and sung hymns, precisely as the Christians did, and the Christians alone.

There was something startling in this close resemblance — this more than resemblance — this identity of thought and practice in points of fundamental importance and distinctive character. It raised a very serious question, — Who were these Essenes, and what relation existed between them and

the Christians? We must pass over the answers given to this question from different sides; — the answer given by the enemies of the religion, that Essenism anticipated Christianity in its most essential features; that Christianity was but Essenism under another name, having no claim to originality, and no title to peculiar respect, being in fact but a republication of an old idea; — the answer given by the defenders of the religion, that the priority of teaching belonged to Christianity, of which Essenism was only a poor imitation; — the answer of Eusebius, that the Essenes existed as a sect, but subsequently to the time of Christ; — and the answer of De Quincey, that they never existed as a Jewish sect at all, but that the early Christians, in order to protect themselves from their foes, to preserve their organization, and to promulgate secretly their opinions, assumed this name of Essenes as a mask; so that Josephus, in describing the Essenes, describes the Christians, and does, after all, bear testimony to the existence and the power of the Church. All these answers, and others that invite remark, must be left uncriticised. We must proceed at once to the answer suggested by the author of "Christ the Spirit."

That the Essenes could claim priority of the Christians was certain. That they constituted a distinct sect in Palestine admitted of no doubt. That their ethical principles and religious observances were in some respects almost identical with those of the New Testament, was very clear. What then? Why, they were one and the same people, — that is to say, the Christians were Essenes; the New Testament writings were Essene writings.

Philo, in his report of the Essenes, speaks of their custom of assembling to hear interpretations of the Hebrew sacred writings from their elders, which interpretations "are delivered by mystic expressions in allegories; for the whole of the law appears to these men to resemble a living animal, the express commandments being the body, and the invisible meaning lying beneath the plain words resembling the soul." In another place, they are described as "taking up the Sacred Scriptures, and philosophizing concerning them, investigating the allegories of their national philosophy, since they look on

their literal expressions as symbols of some secret meaning of nature intended to be conveyed in those figurative signs." Philo also mentions writings which their ancient men had left behind them, of an allegorical character, intimating at the same time that the allegorical style of composition was still fashionable among them. Then comes in Eusebius, with a statement made in the interest of Christianity, but easily turned against him, that in all probability the commentaries which the Essenes had were the very Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament.

What follows? This, of course: that Essenes composed the books — the biographical books at least — of the New Testament. But inasmuch as the Essenes composed none but allegorical writings, these writings must be allegorical; and, since the Essenes used allegory to veil their interpretations of the Hebrew Scriptures, and wrote allegorical books with the design of conveying thus the interior sense of the law as they understood it, it must be the design of these books to convey that interior sense, — to teach, under the form of mythus and parable, the spirit of the Scriptures.

This, then, in brief, is the theory of the work under review. "The Gospels were designed originally as interpretations of the Hebrew Sacred Scriptures, after a mystical method, for the use or edification of a secret society among the Jews." In fulfilment of this design, the spirit of the sacred writings is brought into a temporal scene, under the form of a person, whose introduction is accomplished poetically by the help of supernatural machinery. Once on the stage, the writers of the seeming histories invent situations, put in according to fancy the graphic or dramatic details, devise symbolical deeds and sayings, so as to make Jesus, their chief personage, represent by his words and actions what, in their opinion, the Hebrew Scriptures in their spirit say to the believing soul, and work in the believing heart. Christ is the personified spirit of the ancient Law; he is the heart of the Bible in a figure; he is the interior Word, represented as moving about among men. Whether a person bearing his name actually lived or not, is of no consequence. In the intention of the Gospel writers, he was a mythus; his biography is not a biography, but a

metaphor; his life is not a life, but a sermon; his actions are emblems; his experiences are tropes; his miracles are parables in the guise of history; the men and women who surround him are figures of rhetoric.

We ought to say, perhaps, that, before pushing his conclusion to this length, our author had been struck by the evidently allegorical character of much of the New Testament. There was a great deal of metaphorical language, and there were at least some metaphorical facts. The words *water* and *spirit*, *flesh* and *blood*, *bread* and *wine*, used in contrast, conveyed a palpable hint of the distinction between the literal and the spiritual sense. The miracle of the water changed into wine, of the penny found in the mouth of the fish, of the multiplication of loaves, the stilling of the tempest, the walking on the sea, the flowing of the water and blood from the wounded side of the Crucified, suggest at once the doctrine of the hidden sense, and have always been "improved" for teaching. Once on the scent of mystical interpretation, the chase is endless; one starts a symbol at every turn; the whole field is covered with emblematic pearls. The larger part of these two volumes is devoted to the allegorical interpretation of the Gospels under the light of the author's hypothesis. The second volume is given entirely to the mystical exposition of the Gospel of John. We cannot commend very highly General Hitchcock's success in these illustrations: we are presumptuous enough to fancy that we could do this part of his work a great deal better. Some of his explanations are strained, some are prosaic, some are flat, some are trivial. This, however, is his defect, not the defect of his theory, which should not be burdened with the sin of his imperfect imagination. He argues better than he illustrates, and is far more ingenious in defending his view than he is brilliant in setting it forth.

That the Gospels are not historical books, containing the authentic biography of Jesus, may be made to appear, he thinks, altogether apart from the intrinsic probability of the case. The strange silence of history respecting so wonderful a person as Jesus under their representation must have been, is a staggering fact, never yet explained, and alone sufficient

to cast suspicion on the presumed biographies. Then, again, they are written in Greek, the language of the allegorizers; they abound in parables; they contain frequent and impressive warnings against literal constructions; they describe themselves in many parts as containing hidden wisdom which the initiated only can understand; they were received as allegorical writings by some of the fathers of the Church, conspicuous among whom was Origen, who said, "The Sacred Scripture is like a man; for, as a man consists of a rational soul, of a sentient or sensuous soul, and of a body, so, in like manner, have the divine books a threefold sense, — an historical or grammatical sense, a moral sense, and a spiritual sense."

That the Gospels are Essene writings he argues, in addition to the other evidence, from the fact that the Essenes are not mentioned in them; that the Essene doctrine of the letter and the spirit runs through them; that the great foes of the Essenes, the Scribes and Pharisees, are vehemently denounced on almost every page; that the only opinions which receive any commendation at all are those which were entertained by the Essenes.

The author's supposition is that the Gospels were composed, not for the people who were "without," but for the use of the Essenes alone; and for a considerable period were kept exclusively in their hands. They were secret books, containing a secret doctrine. And they might have remained secret books forever had not St. Paul — who, if not a member in regular standing in the society, held substantially the opinions which the society held — openly preached in such a manner as to attract the public attention to the sect and to the books. Great numbers of the uninitiated became acquainted through him with the hidden doctrines of the sect; the line which divided them from the world was broken down; the books were forced out of their hands, and made common property; the admixture of foreign elements changed their character, and altered their attitude in history; converts from other parties — Sadducees, Pharisees, Greeks, Romans — succeeded in getting into the brotherhood without getting into the wisdom; differences of opinion in regard to the truth itself found entrance and foothold; literalists read the mystical

writings as literalists always will, with the eyes of the understanding, not with the eyes of the soul; the myths were interpreted as history, the metaphor was accepted as fact, the allegory was received as biography, the figure of speech became a living man. A new sect, as it might be called, grew about this personage, increased, built up an organization of its own, became known as a distinct body, — either split off from the original Essene community, or, being the more numerous, absorbed it, received a new name, *Christians*, at Antioch, and stood before the world the heralds of a new religion. From this time the spiritual element declined in force. Partly because it was disabled by the unrepealed obligation of secrecy, and partly because the spiritual element is always surpassed in demonstration of power by brute mind and practical organization. Many of the Fathers of the Church were members of the order, and adhered faithfully to the original tradition respecting the authorship and character of the New Testament; but they were forbidden to divulge what they knew, and their knowledge passed away with them, or was long concealed in obscure corners of the mind of Christendom. The historical tendency overwhelmingly prevailed; and it was not long ere the truth was publicly lost sight of, and pronounced to be heresy.

Such is the theory. We have stated it briefly, but with perfect fairness, and have carefully avoided every expression that might seem to carry with it a shadow of prejudgment. It might have been stated more strongly if stated at greater length; but those who can read intelligently will understand the strength of it from the hints given; others would require much more explanation than a paper like this could supply. It is certainly an interesting, ingenious, and suggestive view of primitive Christianity; and we happen to know that to many minds it has come, as the writer desires it may come, as a welcome and grateful relief from the difficulties that encumber the popular theory. Perhaps the serene, spiritual beauty of it has fascinated a few who have not cared to observe its exceedingly radical character, and who would probably be shocked if set face to face with its literal results. We shall not occupy much room in recording the reasons of our dissent from the

critical conclusions of this book, but it is necessary to indicate them.

That these conclusions rest upon no solid foundation in historical or literary fact, — that the theory comes about as near being pure theory as ever theory did or can, — is an objection, and a serious one, but not absolutely fatal, in this department of inquiry. Every account of the origin, the authorship, the construction of the New Testament, is largely made up of hypothesis. The account that is generally received is perhaps quite as largely made up of hypothesis as any other. So little is really known in regard to primitive Christianity and the earliest Christian literature, that the plain truth of history is not to be obtained. One theory may be more plausible than another; but, inasmuch as we can have nothing better than theory, no writing can be condemned on that ground alone.

The chief weakness of the author's position consists in the exaggerated importance that he attaches, and that others have attached, to the resemblance between Essenism and the primitive Christianity. No doubt this resemblance is very curious and very close in some particulars. The ethics of the Essenes and the ethics of the New Testament are nearly identical. If to account for this it were necessary to suppose an historical connection between the two, it would be sufficient to say that the systems touched at this one point. The Evangelists may have belonged to the "brotherhood," and may have given their coloring to the precepts of Jesus. Numbers of the early disciples may have entered the Church from the brotherhood between the death of Jesus and the composition of the New Testament. There is no difficulty in presuming that Jesus himself was intimately acquainted with the members of a sect which had so much that was in unison with his own cast of sentiment, and which would naturally impart something of its own temper to one endowed and moved as he was. A contact with Essenism at this single point, where alone the similitude is very apparent, does not involve an intimate alliance with it, far less need it imply a vital dependence on it, or an absorption in it.

But it is not necessary to suppose even thus much historical

connection between Essenism and Christianity. For that which they held thus cordially in common, they both held in common with all the spiritualists of that epoch and of that quarter of the globe. The lofty ethics of the New Testament were not peculiar to those purists of Palestine. If the Essenes had them before the Christians, the Therapeutæ of Egypt had them before the Essenes, and the Persians had them before the Therapeutæ. They are not Syrian, but Oriental. They are all found in their elements, some of them are found fully stated, in the books of the Old Testament. The writer of "Christ the Spirit" admits and argues that these precepts contained only the spirit of the Law; if that is so, they were the common heritage of all illuminated Jews, to whatever sect they belonged. They were the exclusive possession of no party and of no person; and their presence in the New Testament is no more strange, and no less strange, than their presence in other spiritual writings. Why should we allow to the Essenes a monopoly of moral insight? Why admit that this lofty virtue when found in a Pharisee's possession must be attached as stolen property? Why fear lest Christianity should lose its prestige of originality, because it must share with others what belongs to all, since it possesses this on those high conditions which the truly original alone enjoy?

We hold, then, that this ancient apprehension of the secondary origin of Christianity on the score of its Essenian character is groundless. The similarity brings no grave historical consequences with it. But this is not the whole case. A great deal has been said about the agreement between Essenism and Christianity. There is on the other side a great deal to be said about the disagreement between them. There are considerations which make it quite impossible to believe that either was derived from the other. Primitive Christianity was, past all doubt, Hebraic; Essenism was deeply tinged with the mysticism of Oriental thought. It is reported to have had secret doctrines, which were imparted only to the initiated. What those doctrines were is not positively known; but so far as they are known, they suggest the theosophy of Parsism. The Essene Deity was wholly unlike the Hebrew Jehovah; there was a philosophy of the

spiritual world such as certainly did not prevail in the early Church, such as certainly did prevail among the people beyond the Euphrates; there was a philosophy of angels, of which great account was made; there was large parade of occult wisdom; there was the Eastern speculation in regard to the soul and the body, the impurity of the flesh, the uncleanness of the world, the expiatory design of human existence. The elements of Pantheism lurked there, as Philo intimates distinctly enough. The Essenes raised the symbol of the sun to such dignity, that many have suspected them of being fire-worshippers.

Something of all this appeared in the Christian Church of the second century, and it may have been introduced by the Essenes; but if it was, it was introduced as a corruption. Ewald contends that it was thus brought in. Ewald — whose authority on such a matter stands high as the highest — gives it as his opinion that the Essenes, being a "close communion," having no share in the popular life, and no intercourse with other sects, for a long period kept aloof from the Christian fraternity; but, as in course of time the new religion spread and made its influence felt in the remote corners and among the secluded people of the country, many of them were drawn to it by spiritual affinity. These retained their peculiarities of faith and observance as far as it was possible, and endeavored to carry them over to the new sect. As their numbers increased, their success in leavening the still unorganized mass of the Christians became palpable and apparent; so much so, that the genuine spiritualists took alarm, and proceeded against these intruders as heretics. Paul especially held them in distrust, warned the churches against their fanciful speculations, and assailed them as the representatives of that hard, narrow exclusiveness of mind, that obstinate formalism, that stiff Hebraism, which, in his view, hindered the spread, polluted the purity, and smothered the genius of the faith. The Essenes are reported as being strenuous observers of the Law, and jealous guardians of its privileges. They were of the native Hebrew party; of course, the Apostle to the Gentiles found among them no friends.

But whether Ewald be right or wrong in his conjecture that

the Essenes, instead of being the originators of Christianity, were the perverters of it, and instead of being its purifiers were its corrupters; that, instead of losing their influence early, and gradually diminishing in importance, till they died out, leaving the Church in the hands of the literalists, they gained their influence late, and steadily increased, keeping the Church in the hands of the literalists; — thus much is pretty clear, that the Essenes, if they are correctly described by Philo and Josephus, could not have written the New Testament as it stands. They could have written, "Cast not your pearls before swine"; "Go not among the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not." Could they have written, "They shall come from the east and the west, and the north and the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God"? Could they have invented the story of the Canaanite woman, or fancied the Christ journeying among the people who kept swine?

They held very sacred the prejudices of caste; they abhorred the uncircumcised; they would eat no food that was not prepared by their own cooks; they respected the sanctity of social distinctions, and, hating the Pharisees, carried even beyond Pharisaic limits the pride of the "elect." Could such people have penned the beatitudes, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven"; "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"? Could they imagine their immaculate spirit offering its intimacy to publicans, and breaking the bread of life with "sinners"?

They were the severest of precisians; would they be likely to personify their Christ in the attitude of sending an adulteress away uncondemned, or pardoning a "woman of the town"?

They were Sabbatarians of the straitest sect; how could they paint their symbolic person as a Sabbath-breaker? How could they put into the mouth of their incarnate spirit those stern rebukes of their own holy bigotries? How could they imagine Jesus plucking the ears of corn on the Sabbath, and then flinging in the teeth of his enemies the declaration that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath? The supposition that they did so is inadmissible, wholly. If

it is urged that, in all he said and did respecting the Sabbath, Christ did not go beyond the spirit of the Law, that may be granted; but he certainly did go beyond the Essene conception of the spirit of the Law.

The Essenes were ascetics; they discouraged marriage; they ate no flesh; they used no oil. The New Testament describes the Son of Man as "eating and drinking," contrary to the usage of the ascetic Baptist, and presents him — in metaphor if you will — as honoring with his company a marriage feast, and furnishing more and better wine to guests who had already well drunken. Has not allegory its moral as well as its literary laws? May one metaphorically violate his principles? Is it legitimate, even in poetry, to contradict in the form of the representation the doctrines that are propounded in the substance of the truth conveyed? If the New Testament is a poem, it is a poem conceived in a higher strain than the members of that secret brotherhood heard floating on the air in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea.

We here dismiss the theory which this book, entitled "Christ the Spirit," was written to advocate. But we are not yet prepared to dismiss the book itself, which contains very much more than its theory, and very much better. The title suggests thoughts which the volumes, in their purpose, fall short of and disappoint; and the author plainly has thoughts that are too large to be contained in his hypothesis; for, in trying to tell his readers what this Spirit is which Christ symbolizes and personifies, he draws lines of definition so wide and all-embracing, that the sect of the Essenes can hardly be seen within them, and the place occupied by the Hebrew Scriptures is only a corner. "In the main," he says, in delightful inconsistency with his chief view, "this truth might have been seen in or through the older Jewish Scriptures; yet, in its own nature, truth transcends those records. Hence, while Christ represents the truth of the Jewish sacred writings, he is made to represent a higher order of truth at the same time." Again: "Not only is the truth exhibited in a higher form in Christ than in the old Law, but he is represented as promising a still further advance." Once more: "We have no adequate idea of truth when we imagine it can be exhausted and limited

by any writings whatever. It judgeth all things, but is itself judged by no man." Farther on: "We must consider Christ, not as a person, nor merely as the Spirit of the Hebrew Scriptures personified, but as speaking in the name of the Infinite Reason itself." Grand words, — worthy of the radiant promise held forth by the title; but where were the Essenes who could have uttered them?

This Spirit, now, what is it? We know it by its effects. "It has brought to life in millions of men a power that has enabled them to overcome the world, raising them absolutely above the fear of death; but this can hardly be attributed to any of the direct teachings of the Bible itself." What then? What is this Spirit? It is no less and no other than the "law in the heart." If any one word must be used to define it, the author would select *conscience* as that word. Not that this selection is wholly satisfactory; not that conscience is the only principle illustrated in the life of Jesus; not that there may not be a higher principle; but this higher principle, if there be one, can only be found in a pure heart. By conscience is meant the moral nature of man, involving reason, affection, and will. This is the Spirit that knocketh at the door of every human heart, asking admission, and which we are warned not to grieve away. This is the Spirit which was before Abraham, whose coming has been the prediction of all time, at whose coming the world is judged. This is the Spirit which is with us in heaven, and no less in hell, — the Maker of both. This is the Spirit which saith, "No man cometh to the Father but by me"; "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This is the Mediator by whose instrumentality men are united to each other, and all are made one with God. This Spirit has a pentecostal power; it speaks all languages, and every man hears it in his own. It says, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me." This is the Angel sent to guide us in the right way; this is the Prophet like unto Moses; this is the Spirit of truth, the Comforter. "The mystery of redemption lies in the mystery of the conscience. To awaken the conscience in a man is to awaken a principle which, faithfully

followed, may bring life and immortality to light in the soul." Simply regarded as the sense of duty, the conscience "is an undying principle, superior to all temporal power, and manifesting a divine spirit in man." But it is more than this: it is a principle of love, making duty delight, and bringing one immediately into the kingdom of heaven.

In such lofty style as this, the good soldier takes up and carries on his theme, letting us clearly perceive that his Christ is the spirit of humanity; the spirit in man that seeks the beautiful, the true, the good; the spirit of aspiration, of justice, and of charity; the spirit that is in all men darkly, that shines in them to testify that they are sons of God; that burns and blazes in them to make them so indeed. As this conception comes full-orbed into our minds, the Christ becomes something far greater — shall we say far more substantial? — than a being of flesh and blood. The local, the temporary, the national, is shed like the skin of a serpent. He appears in a new form, a living person in the world, not of incidents, but of thoughts. He is a symbol, but the symbol has in it the very breath of life. He is an ideal form, but yet so real that all other forms flit by it like shadows; it dilates with time, and space, and the expanding horizon of the mind; it palpitates with the heart-beats of mankind; its veins are ruddy with the tide which courses through the vital channels of the nations. It speaks, and its words are words of pure wisdom from the oracles of the universal conscience. Its eyes moisten with tears: they are drops of compassion from the universal pity. Its hands work wonders: they are wonders of the charity that never faileth. It is the form, not of a man, but of Man: it is a form as of the Son of God.

Is this language extravagant? We mean it shall seem so; for we wish the reader to demand an explanation of it.

The objection is commonly brought against the doctrine of the spiritual Christ, that it is a vague and impalpable doctrine. Christ the Spirit, it is said, is really no Christ at all, but only the ghost of a Christ,—a shade, or even the shadow of a shade. Strip him of his flesh and blood, he dies, past resurrection. Take him out of Palestine, he is nowhere. Detach him from Hebrew history, and he goes flitting about over the fields of

conjecture, taking as many shapes as a cloud. Open a seam in his Jewish gabardine, and you discover nothing inside: the person has vanished. You must hoop him round with bands of very literal fact, — you must bind him in parchment bonds, — or you cannot be certain that you have him. The historical Christ is the only real Christ. Such is the common persuasion.

It is not the persuasion of the man who gives us this book; and it is not our persuasion. We have no purpose, saying this, to bring the historical Christ under suspicion. Leaving the historical Christ unharmed, it is nevertheless true that the historical Christ is not the real Christ: the real Christ is the spiritual, or the Spirit. Without the Spirit, the historical Christ is naught. Without the historical Christ, the Spirit is himself.

Spirit is reality; it is the substantial, the solid, the permanent, the palpable thing. It is the base of all existence. We speak of occurrences in the natural world as "phenomena," *appearances*, — a phrase which implies that there is something beneath and behind them which is not an appearance; that something is Spirit. Creation sprung into being, say the old Scriptures, at a word; the word was the airy form of a thought; the thought was the ethereal expression of a being. The real part of the Christ is the spiritual part, by universal admission. It is his faith, his love, his humanity. What historical believer hopes to be saved by touching the hem of his Hebrew garment, by having a remnant of his seamless coat? The virtue of the miracles, even to them who believe the miracles, and believe that not to believe the miracles is not to be saved, lies in the loving will that wrought the miracles, and in the loving sentiment that informs them. Who goes to Christ for anything but his thought? Who hopes to be helped by anything but his affection? Who expects to be blessed by anything but the communion of his life? Who opens his soul to anything but the breath of his aspiration? The Christ you love, O literal and matter-of-fact brother, is, after all, the spiritual Christ. The Christ of the sectarian, of the dogmatist, is the spiritual Christ, if it is any Christ at all. It is the truth in the creed that enlightens and redeems, not the words in the creed. The

Christ of the formalist, the ritualist, the ecclesiastic, is the spiritual Christ, if it is any Christ at all. The bread and the wine would be inoperative if they were not the body of God. The prayer is not addressed to the image, but to the divinity behind the image.

True, it is replied; but the divinity would be nothing to us without the image. How could we see the spiritual Christ, if he had not flesh and bones as we have? How could we find him, if he had not a local habitation? How should we know him to be the person we were looking for, if he did not present himself with open credentials of a very unmistakable kind? The spirit must be authenticated, otherwise we shall find ourselves believing every spirit, and shall miss the true one. Now there is no mistake. This book, we know, contains the literal fact; this article, we are certain, embodies the pure truth; this shrine holds the real divinity. Are you sure of that? It seems to us that, if spirit possesses one quality above another, it is this of being self-evidencing. It is its own witness, and its own demonstration. They who know it, know it under one form as well as another. It knows its own, and is known of them. Instead of being authenticated by the form, it authenticates the form. The doctrine proves the miracle, not the miracle the doctrine. We do not accept Beelzebub on the strength of wonders, nor would any number of marvels convince us that Judas was the Christ. Scepticism always assails the letter first, even if it carries its assault further. It is harder to verify the history, than to accredit the person of whom the history tells; it is harder to legitimate the creed, than to assent to the truth it embodies; it is harder to justify the rite, than to receive the idea which the rite symbolizes. The beauty of the Christ's moral character needs no evidence; it burns through the ages like a star; it sails through the cloudy skies of controversy like the moon. However it may have been with those who saw its earliest appearing, it has been so long with us that we know it without putting our hands into its side. That person stands out plain to all eyes, serene, majestic, well defined, not a feature erased, not a line weakened, every trait fairly and broadly marked, its glory confessed by all lookers-on, its truth ac-

knowledged, its beauty admired; but among those who lovingly bend before it are some who have torn his historical garb all to tatters, who have stripped him of his Messianic robes, taken off his crown of miracle, made huge rents in the tissue of narrative on which his figure is painted, and abandoned the hope of ever knowing how he looked to the eyes of his contemporaries. The seamless coat of his history can no more be reproduced; but the spirit it clothed is abroad in Christendom. Is that spirit nothing, because the date of its advent on the stage of time is lost, and the accurate record of its deeds has been rubbed out by the flowing years? Is it nothing, because the antiquarian cannot identify the sacred places, and the historian cannot vouch for the authenticity of every recorded incident? Is it nothing, when it has become idealized by the loving sentiment and transfigured by the adoring imagination of mankind? Is it nothing, when the mind surrounds it with a halo of splendor, when the heart clings to it with its tenderest affections, when the soul sits at its feet in humility? Is it nothing, because it is universal? Spiritual things are not only spiritually discerned, they are spiritually propagated. Great souls require no history; it is of no consequence where they were born, when they lived, what dress they wore, what fortune they met, what wealth they possessed. Of some of them it may be said that they had no history whatever; hardly a cord of trustworthy tradition holds them attached to the earth. We have them, nevertheless; they lived, they are ours; the scantiness of their clothing permits us to see the majestic grace of their march. To be born into the spiritual world one needs not an earthly father or mother. Was not the Christ born of the Holy Ghost? The Muse of history never introduced anybody to a child of God. The best she can do is to bring one to the door. He may come to the door, and yet not be seen.

A question of priority is raised between spirit and form. One says, form precedes and creates spirit; spirit is an effluence from matter. The Church preserves the mind and generates the life of the Christ. It is by joining the Church that one puts himself in communication with that august soul. It is by believing in the creed that one appropriates

the truth which the creed contains. It is by studying the New Testament that the impression of the image fixed there is retouched and revived. Not only does the Spirit Christ live for us in these symbolical forms and doctrines and books; he is perpetually created anew by them in the hearts of believers, and without them he would not exist. Suppose the Church gone, the sacraments gone, the creed gone, the Gospels gone, where would be the Christ? We reply, where he was before church, sacrament, creed, or Gospel came into being. There was a time when he was, and these were not. There were churches before there was a New Testament; and very living, faithful churches, too. There were apostles before there were churches. There was a teaching, working, self-sacrificing Christ before there were apostles; and before there was a teaching, working, self-sacrificing Christ, — a Christ with articulate utterance and manual performance, — there was a still, interior, meditating, musing Christ, — a soul communing with the Infinite, breathing in the Eternal, fortifying itself with faith, hope, and charity, and accumulating the virtue which afterward streamed in loving light from his form, dropped beneficently from his fingers' ends, and flowed, a healing power, from the hem of his garment. This fair image reproduced itself by its own sunlight on the heart-tablets which were sensitive enough to receive the impression, and was again and again reproduced from the "negative," which never faded. The friends of Jesus had no New Testament. It is not likely that they put together his sayings and doings, and so made a comparative estimate of his character; for there was much in those sayings and doings which they could not understand; much that conflicted with their prejudices; much that grieved them, and in spite of which they must love him, if love him they did. It must be that a virtue came out of him, too fine to be articulated or demonstrated in acting; an aroma, in which this great soul transpired and communicated itself. His friends knew more of him than he showed them, — had a more perfect likeness of him than he painted.

They attempted to describe him afterwards in the Gospels of the New Testament; not very successfully, being unskilled in

verbal description, and out of the abundance of the heart being unable to say much. They described him much better in their obedience to him, in their personal and social virtues, in their hopes, aspirations, endeavors, in their love-feasts, their care for the poor and sick, their respect for the slave, their earnest humanity that made the Gentiles stare, the nobleness and willingness of their self-sacrifice, the beautiful ideal of character which they cherished, and their daily prayer that the kingdom of God might come on the earth. They showed whom they had been with, and in that way exhibited him. The longer this image was in the world, the clearer it became, and the more powerfully it wrought on mankind. The Spirit Christ wrote his autobiography in large letters that burned with light. He moved Augustine, Bernard, Gerson, Tauler, Kempis, Fénelon, to illustrate him in their writings. He wrote many a hymn, he dictated many a sermon, he inspired many a prayer, — each of which brought out into relief some lineament of his, or drew a delicate line of that divine countenance which grew more divine as the light of larger intelligence fell on it.

The doctrine that Christ the Spirit, as a living person, precedes in point of time the historical Christ, is quite in accordance with the tradition of the Church. It is suggested in the story of his being the child of a virgin by the Holy Spirit, his birth being the advent of a spiritual person, who needed only this much of mortal parentage for his manifestation. It is directly taught in the dogma of the pre-existence. Christ the Spirit had been already in the world. Before Abraham was he was, — not as a conscious individual, but as the soul of many individuals; his features not all set together in one countenance, but distributed among many; his attributes not gathered up in one soul, but animating a long line of souls, and pouring their brilliancy from numerous centres of light. The elements of which he was composed were elements that had been floating in the moral atmosphere from the first dawn of the conscience, and only waited the touch of Time's finger to crystallize in this diamond point. The perfect beauty of that crystallization we probably appreciate better than the men of any former period. The New Testament does not

show us all the facets of this eminent gem. We need the full radiance of our modern knowledge to flash them all. We speak of the historical Christ; but the true historical Christ is the Christ of modern history, — the Christ who is painted for us by the experiences of the last ten centuries, — who has come to men living and real since the fall of the Roman Empire. The scepticism which assails the authenticity of the New Testament, so far from touching the genuine Christ of history, does but touch the records, which tell feebly and partially — how partially and feebly few pause to think — what befell before his historical career had fairly opened; the facts which it disturbs are but so many literary statements committed to paper concerning him, — statements exceedingly interesting and valuable, but comparatively unimportant by the side of the ideas he has planted, the institutions he has reared, the monuments of faith he has upraised, the churches he has builded, the massive lives he has placed like granite sphinxes along the avenues of civilization, the groups of lives that he has gathered in knots and set in all the desert places of the earth.

But the Christ Spirit must have a form? Surely. A visible form? Undoubtedly. A form palpable to the touch? We do not deny it. We only deny that he is confined to this form or that. We assert that he is seen under numberless forms, and equally well seen. He dwells in the Duomo of Milan and in the Quaker meeting-house in Salem. The Catholic priest presents him in the sacrament of Transubstantiation; the Unitarian "communes" with him in his simple memorial rite; the silent Friends have him nearest of all. The creed of thirty-nine articles, or the creed of five points, or the creed of "Love your neighbor," each may contain him if either may. Here he is dressed out in glory as the King of heaven; there he is pictured as walking barefoot among the poor, in the garb of a mechanic. Here he is adored as the ideal of humanity; there he is revered as humanity's loftiest saint; in another place he is honored as the world's martyred reformer; elsewhere, again, he is loved as the friend and comforter of the needy. He is portrayed as second person in the Trinity, Saviour, Mediator, son of the carpenter, — Christ the Spirit in all, and as much in one as in another. He is a

Proteus. The truth seems to be that the Spirit creates its form according to its need, and drops its forms one after another, as the old ones become exhausted and new ones are required. The Church of any period was not manufactured; it grew. De Quincey, speaking of the dense obscurity that hangs about the early period of the Christian Church, — and, indeed, clouds the history of Christianity for some hundreds of years, rendering it extremely difficult to trace events to their causes, or to find the threads by which operations were guided, — attempts to account for it on the ground that the moving power was supernatural. Its machinery was not, therefore, like ordinary mechanism, open to human inspection, but was concealed by its very nature. The footprints of the god cannot be traced on the ground. Even if they could be seen, it would be necessary to cover them up, that men might not be utterly confounded by such close contact with the immortals: but to cover them up was needless; they covered themselves up, and in so doing left vast spaces of vacancy where active causes should be found. De Quincey's explanation of this very remarkable fact is purely fanciful, but it falls in with the idea we are advancing; namely, that the Spirit took possession of such forms as were waiting to receive it, filled them as long as they would contain it, then abandoned them to their fate. The Christ's coming was without observation: silently he pushed open the door of the deserted temples, made them his Shekinah for the time, then departed, and mysteriously glided on. The creeds were accretions; the sacraments made themselves; the "conscious stones" grew to beauty under the hand of architects who builded better than they knew. Protestants are generally of opinion that the forms under which the Church of the Middle Ages presented Christ are now but empty vessels, with just the faintest aroma of the spirit they once contained hanging about them. In passing from one phase of Protestantism to another, — from Lutheranism to Calvinism, from Calvinism to Socinianism, from Socinianism to Unitarianism, from Unitarianism to Rationalism, from Rationalism to Transcendentalism, — the Christ Spirit has been continually dropping its old garb, and putting on new, without giving the least

symptom of exhaustion in so doing, or intimating that it passes through any change save a change from glory to glory.

Why fear, then, that the destruction of any particular form, or of any particular set or system of forms, or of all existing and prevailing forms, is to be the destruction of the real Christ? He is indestructible as humanity. A form of some kind he will be sure to have, he must have. If it is a mighty form, he will fill it. If it is a slender form, he will swell it out to his own proportions. The infinite is in the atoms. It may be an organization or an individual. If an organization, he will be able to animate it with a single soul; if an individual, he will be able to give it the force of a multitude of souls. It may be a literature, as the New Testament is, or it may be a spoken word passed along on the breath of tradition. If it is a literature, the various books which compose it will be made to repeat the same image; if it is a word, the heavens and earth shall pass away while that endures. Yes, the heavens and the earth of Jesus's day have passed away in all but their material aspect. They are not what they were to the minds of men. The stars are not groups of spirits; the moon is not a goddess; the sun is not a divinity; the prince of the powers of the air has taken his flight from the empyrean with his foul band of demons; the centre of the earth is not a realm of ghosts; Sheol has gone; Tartarus has vanished. There are the same skies; there is the same earth; but all that made them what they had been to the human soul, has passed irrecoverably. There are literally new heavens and a new earth; but the word which he committed to the air speeds on with that ripple whose movement never ceases. The tiny pulsations beat the mind's ear, and knock with light finger at every heart; the eternal doors fly open at the airy touch; the Teacher comes in, — the Comforter, the Inspirer; the angelic train follows, filling the soul's outer court with the rustling of wings, and making the dome ring with chanting choirs. Is the word inaudible? It has but gone within. The Spirit may not read to you from holy book, but it will look at you from holy eyes, it will breathe upon you in holy atmospheres, it will communicate itself to you through holy characters. "The true Shekinah is man." No church is so magnificent as a

noble soul; no sacrament is so efficacious as a pure heart. When the Christ has arrived at this form, the temples may fall. The saving rites are deeds. They never grow old; they never lose their virtue. The recorded actions of Jesus are standing communion-tables; they are cups which have held their wine of life for two thousand years, and are as full of virtue now as they ever were. Every ecclesiastical form has altered; but these remain unchanged. His recorded treatment of the Magdalene, of the adulteress, of the woman who poured the oil on his feet, his praise of the widow and her two mites, his silence before Pilate, his patience under the hands of the soldiers, his prayer on the cross, and a score of lovely things beside, are better than altars and masses and creeds to refresh the fainting soul of mankind.

No less beautiful, no less plenteous in grace, are the deeds he has inspired. The actions of noble men and women stand like wayside shrines all along the path of history. What individual recalls not one sweet life, one gracious heart, one blessed achievement, which to him is a deep fountain of spiritual water? Say what we will about permanent ordinances, the truly permanent ordinances are pious works. The colonel who allowed himself to be taken, in order that his wounded men might escape in the overloaded boats; the student who swam the Potomac three times in face of hostile bullets, pushing a raft covered with disabled soldiers; the lieutenant who, hurt to death, begged, commanded his friend, because he was hurt to death, to leave him, and give his care to those whom there was yet hope of saving, — have set up — we say it with all reverence — have set up among their friends, in the households of those who know them, very sacred ordinances, very holy shrines. To think of such deeds will be for them like touching the hem of Christ's garment; to penetrate into the heart of them will be better than going to mass or attending vespers. The sanctities of heaven and earth meet in a deed of saintliness; and the mystery of transubstantiation is repeated as often as these are remembered by believing souls.

Why, then, be apprehensive lest the Spirit Christ be left naked and nebulous among mankind? The danger is not so much that Christ the Spirit will have no form, as that the

form, historical, literary, ritual, will stand unoccupied by Christ the Spirit. To recover him at any cost is the great labor and duty of the time. We can arrange his wardrobe after we have found his person. It might be a good thing to allow him for once to make his own choice of garments from the now richly furnished wardrobe of the world. He has fashioned so many already, that we are very sure he can fashion more. He has already cast aside so many, that we have no fear of his being left unclothed, even should the proud robes which men have hung on his shoulders be dropped by the wayside, or divided, like St. Martin's cloak, among the poor. The clothes question quite aside, we must have Christ the Spirit, — that first, that by all means. It will be as much as we can achieve to open our doors to him in any dress, and give him a chamber in our hearts.

We have no intention and no desire to act the part of destructives. We would never shatter an idol that revealed a God. But knowing as we do know how many see no God behind the idol, — knowing as we do know how many, believing the historical Christ to be shattered, fear that the real Christ is gone, — we would, passing by the others as not needing what we have to say, speak our word of encouragement to these. We have wished to detach the immortal person from his temporal environment; we have wished to show how little he has been injured by the falling of his house made with hands; we have wished to make him appear walking triumphantly over its ruins.

Art. II. — WAS THOMAS À KEMPIS THE AUTHOR OF "THE IMITATION"?

Preuves que Thomas à Kempis n'a pas composé L'Imitation de N. S. J. C. Par Philippe Jamisey de Larroque. Paris: A. Durand. 1862. 8vo. pp. 82.

So close is the association in the minds of English readers of the name of Thomas à Kempis with the book of "The Imitation of Christ," that a suggestion of any question concerning the authorship will perhaps seem to them shameless, if not profane, — near even to a denial that the several Gospels of the New Testament were written by the authors whose names they bear. Very few who rest in this confident belief are aware that no literary dispute is more ancient, more obstinate, and more inexhaustible than the dispute about the origin of this classic of piety. Centuries before the letters of Junius were written, the honor of writing the "Imitation" was assigned to several claimants, and the final verdict in the case seems to be as far off as ever. There is no way of deciding it; the tradition concerning it has no unity, nor has any name a substantial majority of suffrages. The reasons for believing that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, that David wrote the Psalms, that Solomon wrote Ecclesiastes, and that John wrote the Apocalypse, unsatisfactory as many of these are, are more numerous than any which sustain the claims of rival monks in the mediæval book of devotion. The best that impartial investigation has been able to do has only proved a ***negative***. Contending partisans have discredited each other's theories, but have not established their own.

To prove a negative is all that M. Philippe Jamisey de Larroque pretends to do in his ingenious essay. His aim is not to show who *is* the author, but that one at least of the supposed authors is *not* the real author. He is quite satisfied to correct a mistake, even if he cannot furnish any substitute of truth for the error. If he cannot explore the White Nile to its source, he will at least show that the Blue River is not the head branch of the Father of waters. If he cannot show where the Garden of Eden was, he can at least show

that it was not the region around Damascus, where the Arab legends have placed it. M. de Larroque is a conscientious critic, who has no preferences of his own, and comes to the case with true scientific calmness and indifference as to the result. His work is a skilful dissection, out of which he has no idea of raising any new or special construction. At the close, indeed, he advances a theory of the kind of person that the writer of the "Imitation" *must have been*, but does not presume to say who he was, when he lived, or where he lived. He simply sets aside the pretensions of one favorite claimant, leaving it to other investigators to do the same work, if they can, with the pretensions of the other claimants. He does not allow himself to be biassed by the authority of great names, but discusses the question entirely from the internal evidence furnished by the book itself. He makes Thomas à Kempis himself the decisive witness, that he is not the author of the book attributed to him.

According to their character and spirit, the disputes concerning the authorship of the "Imitation" may be classified either as *national* or as *monastic*. Nationally classified, we may reckon three parties, the German, the Italian, and the French. The German party uphold the claim of Thomas à Kempis; the Italian party uphold the claim of John of Cabanaco, more frequently called Gerson; while the French party are strenuous in maintaining the claim of the more celebrated Gerson, Chancellor of Paris. It must not be supposed, however, that all the writers on this theme, in each of these nations, are united in their opinion. There are French writers who defend the Italian claimant, and Italian writers who defend the German claimant. Farandi in the seventeenth century, Fovra in the eighteenth, and Cesari in the nineteenth, all of them Italian monks, have given their voices for the Teutonic candidate; while the Dutch Canon Weigl decides for the mythical Piedmontese, taking care only to insist that he was German by lineage, and was baptized as a German. France, moreover, has generously furnished defenders for all the candidates. Naudé, Janvier, Quérard, and Lalanne, with others that might be mentioned, are zealous "Kempists"; while Marillac, Valart, Languinais, Nolbac, Buchan, Mon-

talembert, and Renan are as decided "Gersonists." But, on the whole, the opinion of each nation has been given in favor of its own son. Germany, Holland, and substantially all nations speaking Teutonic dialects, have agreed that Thomas à Kempis shall be the author of the sacred book; the Canon Weigl is almost a solitary renegade. Here Protestants and Catholics alike consent that the monk of Saint Agnes, and no other man, shall have the great honor. In Italy, the voice is nearly as unanimous for the ascetic of Piedmont; the dissenters are few in a large company. And in France, if the arguments have been more moderate in tone, and the heretics more numerous, the conclusion of the majority asserts the "Imitation" as a lawful work of the great orator of the Council of Constance, the champion of learning and liberty.

There are French writers, nevertheless, who, even in abandoning the claim of the Chancellor Gerson, still maintain that the "Imitation" is a genuine French production. Michelet, Ampère, and J. V. Le Clerc are the eminent advocates of the long and multifarious origin of this marvellous book. It is a French growth, in successive ages, and its authors are "legion." These critics assign such an origin to "The Imitation of Christ," as some German critics have given to the poems of Homer, and others to the books of Moses; it is a compilation of fragments by many hands. Not a Frenchman, but France itself, has produced this immortal religious song, better as the work of a nation than the work of a man. The book was built like the cathedrals of which it was contemporary, by the steady piety of succeeding generations. This theory is pleasant enough, but not more tenable than the theory of the Homeridæ. If any devotional book has unity of style, unity of sentiment, unity of tone and thought, it is "The Imitation of Christ." It were as reasonable to deny the unity of Thomas Aquinas's "Sum of Theology," or of Augustine's "City of God," as of "The Imitation of Christ." In these compositions the spiritual identity and coherence are far less striking than in the "Imitation." This theory, it may be remarked, is not original with these liberal critics of our own day. It was sustained two centuries ago by sound Catholic authority. In 1662, the librarian of the Vatican, a

bishop as well as a scholar, published a quarto volume, in which he gave the names of four separate authors of the several books of the "Imitation," leaving only to poor Thomas à Kempis the humbler task of compiling and setting in order these earlier writings.

In the *national* dispute concerning the authorship of "The Imitation of Christ," there are *three* parties; in the *monastic* dispute there are only *two;* on the one side are the Augustinians and Jesuits, on the other, the Benedictines. Even in the lifetime of À Kempis, in 1464, the Augustinian Buschius had claimed for his order the paternity of the "Imitation," and a long line of regular canons of the order followed and repeated his opinion. From the time of Sommalius, in 1600, the Jesuits, to a man, have espoused the same cause. To deny the right of Thomas à Kempis in this book is, in Jesuit judgment, as much sacrilege as to deny the right of the Pope, or the holiness of Saint Ignatius, or the dogma of the God made man. To the Benedictines, on the contrary, it is a matter of duty to assert at all hazards that the "Imitation" is the work and property of their order. Gerson, and not À Kempis, is the author, because Gerson is a Benedictine. No matter how fit the one or how unfit the other may be for the composition of the book, it is enough that the ecclesiastical relation of the one is right, while the ecclesiastical relation of the other is wrong. "The Imitation of Christ" is not the only religious book which has been claimed by one order or another on this purely monastic ground. "The Spiritual Combat," a famous Catholic work, is disputed by Benedictines, Jesuits, and Theatins, the first assigning it to the Spaniard John of Cattanisa, the second to the Jesuit Gagliardo, and the third to the Theatin Scupoli. Brignon, a French Jesuit, who published, in 1688, a translation of the work from Italian into French, very quaintly remarks in his Preface, that he will not venture to decide in the dispute, since he prefers to leave each party in possession of its own rights, rather than make enemies by coming out openly for any one of them.

The claims of the French and Italian candidates not being here in question, we shall make no further mention of them; observing only in passing, that some sagacious critics are bold

enough to doubt if the very existence of "Gerson" be not a myth, — a hasty and forced deduction from very insufficient philological premises. The history of the "Gerson" theory is one of the curiosities of Italian literature in the seventeenth century. Thomas à Kempis, with whom here we have to deal, is in no sense a mythical character. His lineage, his age, his place of birth and of death, his occupation, capacity, and temper, are all perfectly well known, — as well known as those of any historical personage of the fifteenth century. His father, Hemerken, was an humble artisan of Kempen, in the diocese of Cologne. His brother, John à Kempis, fourteen years older than himself, began to serve in a Dutch convent when he was fifteen years of age, rose by successive steps to be at the head of more than half a dozen large monasteries, and at his death, in 1432, was equally distinguished as a builder of religious houses, a copier and illuminator of religious manuscripts, and a framer of rules for the brethren of his order. Thomas à Kempis followed and surpassed his brother in the walk which he had chosen. At twelve years of age, in 1391, he was a pupil in the school at Deventer; at seventeen, he belonged to a religious fraternity, associated to pray and study together and to copy manuscripts; and at twenty, he was a novice in the monastery of Mount Saint Agnes, near Zwoll, of which his brother was at that time the Prior. From a novice, he became in due time a monk, and received priest's orders from the hand of his brother. His preaching gift soon became widely known; students flocked to his teaching, and novices besieged his monastic abode. He was chosen Sub-Prior; accompanied his monks in their exile and dispersion; and, after a life of various and harassing toil, died in 1471, at the great age of ninety-two years. His character was elaborately drawn by more than one contemporary biographer. A brother of his convent writes, in rather rude Latin: "Frater Thomas à Kempis sustinuit ab exordio monasterii magnam penuriam, labores et tentationes Scripsit autem Bibliam nostram totaliter et alios multos libros pro domo et pro pretio. Insuper composuit varios tractatulos ad ædificationem juvenum plano et simplici stylo, sed prægrandes in sententiis et operis efficacia. Fuit etiam multos annos amorosus in pas-

sione Domini et mire consolatorius tentatis et tribulatis." This description of the pious monk's style is, as we shall have occasion to see, not absolutely accurate. The "opinions" may be "prægrandes," but the diction is certainly not plain or simple. Another biographer somewhat more eloquently says of him: "Thomas à Kempis fuit brevis staturæ, sed magnus in virtutibus; valde devotus, libenter solus et nunquam otiosus; custos oris sui præcipuus et tamen cum devotis valde libenter de bonis loquebatur, ut puta de antiquis moribus et patribus et tunc proprie jucundus erat. In loquendo et scribendo magis curabat affectum inflammare quam acuere intellectum. Compositus erat in moribus; ab aliena et secularia referentibus recedens; incompositos et excedentes diligenter redarguit; monebat dulciter, adhortans ad meliora; dulcis et affabilis erat omnibus, maxime devotis et humilibus."

Putting out of view the great work on "The Imitation of Christ," which is disputed, the number of genuine works of this famous monk is very considerable. They have been published in every form, — folio, quarto, octavo, — and translated into several languages. The German translation, published in 1834, is in four quarto volumes. Though the subjects are various enough, nearly all the treatises have an ascetic tone, spirit, and purpose. There are thirty Sermons to the "Novices"; nine Sermons to the "Brethren"; a "Soliloquy of the Soul"; on the three tabernacles, "Poverty, Humility, and Patience"; "The Little Garden of Roses"; "The Valley of Lilies"; "The Discipline of the Cloister"; "The Hospital of the Poor"; "Dialogues of the Novices"; "Spiritual Exercises"; a "Manual for Youth"; on "Compunction of Heart"; on "Solitude and Silence"; on the "Recognition of one's own Frailty; on "Mortification"; "Humility"; a "Peaceful Life"; and others, the titles of which we have no space to insert. A volume of "Spiritual Songs" also came from his hand, for a part of which he composed the music. The manuscript Bible transcribed entire by the hand of Thomas à Kempis was in existence in Holland in the seventeenth century, in four folio volumes, but has since been lost. A manuscript New Testament transcribed by him, however, is still remaining, and other manuscripts by his hand are in the libraries of Holland.

The fame of Thomas à Kempis chiefly rests on his supposed authorship of the book which, next to the Bible, is regarded by the majority of Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, as the holiest of books, — which has been repeatedly called the "masterpiece" of all *human* compositions, the Bible being inspired, and therefore *divine*. The arguments which vindicate his authorship have been collected and digested in the exhaustive work of Malon, Bishop of Bruges, a third edition of which was published in 1858. The six contemporary witnesses whom he cites, companions or disciples of Thomas, seem to him sufficient and entirely trustworthy. If the testimony of the Fathers, from Papias to Jerome, is to be taken as sufficient in proving the genuineness of the several Gospels, surely this testimony of men who lived with the writer ought to be received in his favor. Beyond this, Malon cites as evidence manuscripts of the "Imitation," apparently from the hand of Thomas. Then, for internal evidence, he contends that there is entire harmony between the doctrines of the "Imitation" and the principles of the life which Thomas led, and that many of the expressions used are expressions which he would be likely to use. It is on this last point mainly that M. de Larroque joins issue with the Bishop. To him it is clear that the doctrines and the style of the "Imitation" are not those of the other writings of Thomas, and not such as might have been expected from him. And he specifies *forty* distinct heads of difference, which, in turn, might have been more minutely subdivided. In reviewing his specifications, we shall omit and condense.

According to M. de Larroque, the *verbal* differences between the "Imitation" and the genuine works of Thomas à Kempis are so numerous as to be unaccountable on the supposition that they come from one author. Some strong expressions of the "Imitation" are not found at all in the works of Thomas. The word *abyssalis*, describing the depth of God's being, does not appear in any writing of the monk, where it would be very convenient. The "Imitation" uses *absorptus* in an address to God, — "quando ero tecum unitus et absorptus"; in vain we look for this in the other works of Thomas. In the 4th book, ch. 1, the "Imitation" calls the Eucharist "immortali-

tatis alimonium." Now Thomas had frequent occasion to write about the Eucharist, but he never uses this word *alimonium*. No writer more than Thomas would find it convenient to use such words as *contradicere* and *confortare*, which are frequent in the "Imitation." Yet we find neither these words nor their derived nouns, *contradictio* and *confortatio*, in any of his works. In the "Imitation" (Book 3d, Ch. 5) we have the highly poetic phrase, "In amore liquefieri et natare," to be melted and swim in love. The word *liquefieri* seems to be entirely unknown to the ascetic writer. The same remark is true of the word *nihileitas*, an original and untranslatable word, of the word *mobilitas*, and of the words *resignare* and *resignatio*. The "Imitation" calls God "Conditor mundi." Much as Thomas à Kempis writes about the Deity and his works, he never avails himself of this fine epithet. He calls God almost everything else but this, the description used by the writer to the Hebrews.

It is curious, too, to note the difference between the *adverbs* of the "Imitation" and of Thomas à Kempis. Those of the "Imitation" almost all end in *e*, while those of the monk end in *ter*. In the one, we read *abnegate*, *caute*, *circonspecte*, *discrete*, *desperate*, *distracte*, *dejecte*, *fruitive*, *laboriose*, *mirifice*, while the other gives us *æternaliter*, *æquanimeter*, *alacriter*, *ardenter*, *consequenter*, *constanter*, *cordialiter*, *desideranter*, *difficulter*, *dignanter*, and a multitude more of the same kind. On some pages of Thomas à Kempis, these formidable and sonorous adverbs are found to the number of eight, nine, and even eleven! To use M. de Larroque's comparison, the adverbs of the "Imitation" are like flakes of soft-falling snow, which descend gently, and leave beauty and purity upon the page, while the adverbs of Thomas à Kempis are like great driving hailstones, which crash upon the roof with intolerable clatter.

> "Quam multâ grandine nimbi
> Culminibus crepitant."

The adverb *alacriter*, which the monk uses continually, is not to be found at all in the "Imitation," while the adverb *abnegate*, used often in the "Imitation," is never used by Thomas à Kempis. Indeed, all derivatives of the verb *ab-*

negare seem to be rejected from his sentences, a fact the more remarkable that his writings are so much concerned with *self-denial*, the denial of appetites and passions. The awkward, sesquipedalian word which À Kempis substitutes is *abrenunciatio*, for which we look in vain through the chapters of the other book.

When these writers, again, have occasion to mention the *trumpet*, they employ different words. The "Imitation" calls it *buccina*, a soft and musical word, — "clangore buccinæ," (Book 4, Ch. 1). Thomas à Kempis, on the contrary, invariably calls it *tuba*, a more monastic word. Not less than twenty times does he bring forward this harsh-sounding instrument. In one of his panegyrics he speaks of a brother as having "*vocem* virilem et *tubalem*." Only two musical instruments are mentioned in the "Imitation," the *buccina* and the *cithara*, both of them mentioned in the Vulgate, while Thomas à Kempis speaks of the *drum* and the *flute*, and of many others.

So it is with the word "bed." The "Imitation" uses the beautiful word *cubile;* À Kempis, on the other hand, has much to say about the *lectus*, the *lectulus*. In his "Spiritual Exercises," in the chapter where he treats of going to bed and the manner of sleeping, denouncing feather-beds, telling them not to turn over too often, but to lie still, as if the bed were a tomb, *lectus*, and not *cubile*, is the word employed. "Sit tibi lectulus tuus sine plumis."

And this use of *lectulus* leads us to observe that *diminutives* are much more frequent in the writings of À Kempis than in the "Imitation." In the one they abound, while in the other they are very sparingly used. In the whole of the "Imitation" there are hardly half a dozen, while the monk seems hardly able to finish a paragraph without one or more of them. Some of his diminutives are ridiculous, such as *sermoxinatio*, *quæstioncula*, *infantulus*, and the like. The "Imitation" does not descend to such puerilities.

Both writers have frequent occasion to speak of "great men" and "princes." The one calls them simply (following the Scripture) *magnates;* the other goes into detail, and tells us about *dukes*, *counts*, *barons*, and *nobles*, none of whom

find any place in the "Imitation." Thomas à Kempis prefers always to have a superfluity of substantives, while the "Imitation" is in this respect very economical. It has no wish to classify the hierarchy of heaven, or introduce there earthly distinctions. When he speaks of the heavenly host, he speaks of them simply as *angels*, only once mentioning any *archangels*. Thomas à Kempis, on the contrary, draws out the ranks in order, tells us that there are three grades among the angels, and not less than *nine* "*choirs*" of them. The angels, he says, are like the birds of heaven, since they call the pious to sing by the flapping of their wings. We look in vain in the "Imitation" for a conceit of this kind, which seems even irreverent.

And the descriptions of *heaven* by the two writers are very unlike. The dignified moderation of the one becomes mean and tawdry in the epithets and antitheses of the other. Nothing can be more noble and inspiring than the vision of the home of the elect, which we find in the 49th chapter of the 3d book of the "Imitation": —

"Sed pensa, fili, horum fructum laborum, celerem finem, atque proemium nimis magnum; et non habebis inde gravamen, sed fortissimum patientiæ tuæ solamen. Nam et pro modica hac voluntate, quam nunc sponte deseris, habebis semper voluntatem tuam in cœlis. Ibi quippe invenies omne quod volueris, omne quod desiderare poteris. Ibi aderit tibi totius facultas boni, sine timore amittendi. Ibi voluntas tua una semper mecum, nil cupiet extraneum vel privatum. Ibi nullus residet tibi, nemo de te conqueretur, nemo impediet, nihil obviabit; sed cuncta desiderata simul erunt præsentia, totumque affectum tuum reficient, et adimplebunt usque ad summum. Ibi reddam gloriam pro contumelia perpessa; pallium laudis, pro mœrore; pro loco novissimo, sedem regni in secula. Ibi apparebit fructus obedientiæ, gaudebit labor penitentiæ, et humilis subjectio coronabitur gloriose."

Compare with this spiritual presentation of the reward and privilege of the heavenly state, the weak antitheses which we find in the tenth sermon to the novices, in the collection of Thomas à Kempis, where he shows the saints crowned with imperishable gold and clothed in white robes, rejoicing in Paradise with the angels. "There the voices are sweet without harshness, the songs resound without fatigue; there is a

great peace without fright, a joy without grief, a love without envy, a science without error, abundance without consumption, dignity without contempt, health without accident, enjoyment without tears, security without fear, pleasure without vice, satiety without weariness, brightness without cloud, truth without doubt, purity without suffering, liberty without hinderance, conscience without scruple, and supreme felicity without end." What can be more tasteless than this string of comparisons? Who will believe that they came from the author of the description in the "Imitation."

And this suggests the remark, that in the use of the figure of antithesis the two writers differ very widely. Both make a great deal of use of this figure, and, in fact, "The Imitation of Christ" is one long antithesis, in which the soul and the world, the heavenly life and the earthly life, time and eternity, are sharply contrasted. But the antitheses of the "Imitation" are of thought and idea, while those of Thomas à Kempis are mostly a play with words, conceited and superficial. Who will show such a passage in the "Imitation" as this which we find in the description of the Saviour's Passion by the monk of St. Agnes? "Instead of pearls and diamonds, they give him hard blows; instead of a royal crown, a garland of sea-rushes; instead of a golden collar, an unmerciful buffet; instead of a silver belt, a rag of bad fabric; instead of a horse, he had an ass; for bridle, a small cord; for his sword, a stick; for his buckler, a bough; for boots, he had bare calves; for gloves, he had fetters on his hands; and instead of gilded spurs, he had iron nails in his feet." No one familiar with the antitheses of the "Imitation" will believe it possible that the author could lapse into such tricks of style as these.

Another marked peculiarity of the genuine writings of Thomas à Kempis is their assonance and alliteration. His prose has the jingle of rhyme, and can be easily arranged to look like verse. He seems always to be seeking musical effects, and to be willing to sacrifice the sense to the sound. The more rhymes he can multiply, the better is he satisfied. Take, as an instance, the description of Christ's suffering from page 251 of the folio edition: —

"Ecce altissimus, deprimitur; Optimus, vituperatur;
Nobilissimus, dehonestatur; Doctissimus, fatuus reputatur;
Speciosissimus, sputis inquinatur; Amantissimus, oditur;
Sapientissimus, deridetur; Veracissimus, abnegatur;
Potentissimus, ligatur; Dulcissimus, felle potatur;
Innocentissimus, flagellatur; Benedictus, maledicitur;
Sanctissimus, spines coronatur; Pacificus, molestatur;
Mitissimus, colaphisatur; Justus, accusatur;
Ditissimus, depauperatur; Innoxius, condemnatur;
Largissimus, spoliatur; Medicus, vulneratur;
Castissimus, denudatur; Dei Filius, crucifigitur;
Dignissimus, blasphematur; Immortalis, occiditur;
Deus pro servo suspenditur."

Why, after seventeen repetitions, he suddenly drops the superlative, does not appear. Apart from the absurdity of applying to Jesus such epithets as *ditissimus*, *doctissimus*, and the like, the whole description is such a foolish play upon sounding syllables as we shall nowhere find in the "Imitation." The assonances in this are unavoidable, are never far-fetched, or sought for effect. The writer does not care to have a dozen words begin with the same letter, or end with the same syllable.

In the "Imitation" there is unquestionably much metaphor. We read of the "winds of doctrine," the "shadow of death," the "net of falsehood," the "bonds of charity," the "valley of tears," and many more of this kind. But the metaphors of this book are always natural, intelligible, and, if not directly borrowed from Scripture, such as are familiar in common speech. The writer does not, like Thomas à Kempis, call the Deity a "drum," a "grove," a "phantom," an "apothecary"; does not speak of the serpent coming through the *windows* of the body into the *bed-chamber* of the heart; does not tell us about "spiritual nuts," and "spiritual grapes," and that "profound abyss and divine sea which cannot be crossed, in which *spiritual fish* swim to and fro, only to be caught in the net of faith." Thomas, indeed, seems to have been very fond of fish, and a good ascetic epicure, skilled in the discrimination of qualities by much ritual fasting. "If thou piously dost meditate Christ's Passion,"

says he, "thou eatest cooked fish." *Psalmi miki salmones*, "the Psalms are my salmons," is a characteristic ejaculation attributed to him by one of his biographers. He appears, too, to have delighted in sweet-scented flowers of all kinds, especially in *roses*. He speaks of the "*rose* of charity," and one of his treatises is styled *Hortulus Rosarum*. Everything must exhale sweet odors. "He who reads and piously repeats the words of Jesus, spreads sweet perfumes upon the nostrils of his hearers." "Every time that a brother chants with less of fervor, he loses a precious pearl from his crown, and allows a beautiful and fragrant rose to be carried off by the enemy from the sanctuary of God." In another passage the name of Jesus is brought into very incongruous association. "He who gets for a brother a precious book, gives Jesus Christ an excellent wine to drink. He who prevents one from speaking idle words, drives the flies away from the table of Jesus. He who refuses to listen to slanders, and reproves those who say disgraceful things, beats and drives out from the house of Jesus a black dog. He who, during the meal, reads in a voice both loud and clear, regales the guests at the table of Jesus with a celestial beverage, and intoxicates those who are thirsting. He who reads badly lessens the savor of the viands, and he who hesitates often soils the napkin of Jesus." No such gross writing as this can be found in the "Imitation."

As little is the "Imitation" given to the enumeration of many qualities, and the multiplication of epithets and comparisons. When we have many words to complete a description, there is in these a logical sequence and climax. Especially sparing is the "Imitation" in epithets which describe God. It has the reverence of not often attempting to present him by earthly symbols. Thomas à Kempis, on the contrary, piles up epithets without regard to their relation or connection, apparently only for the purpose of seeing how much he can say. In one place he has fifty consecutive phrases which begin with *qui*. In another, he gives twenty-five times *ubi*, followed by *ibi*. And especially in speaking of Deity does he make an incongruous catalogue of all imaginable similitudes, prefixing a *tu* to every epithet. He calls God, in one

breath, "my music, my lyre, my drum, my psalm, my hymn, my song, my joy, my helmet, my cuirass, my bow, my sword, my treasure, my gold, my silver, my talent, my house, my camp, my palace, my buckler, my flag, my tower, my defender, my garden, my flower-bed, my grove, my refreshment, my court, my table, my meat, my drink, my cinnamon, my balm, my spikenard, my myrrh, my rose, my lily, my bouquet, my crown, my chamber, my bed, my sheet, my lantern, my lamp, my candle, my star, my book, my Bible, my master, my reader, my professor, my physician, my apothecary." Nowhere are the pages of the "Imitation" encumbered by such an array of irrelevant words.

Thomas à Kempis, again, is very fond of telling stories, and relating trifling incidents, to illustrate his point, and uses very often the manner of fable, wanting only the force of fable. In reciting the glories of St. Agnes, he tells how a good brother of the convent, getting choked by a fish-bone, was relieved by calling upon the saint at vespers, and threw up the bone "cum saliva oris," as he was chanting prayers, and how a horse, which had been stolen from the pasture of the convent, knowing that he had been unlawfully appropriated, slipped his bridle deliberately, and came back to the gate of his proper home. In the "Imitation" there is only *one* story, and that of quite another kind. The author does not interrupt the flow of his serious discourse to relate trifles.

And when we find proverbs in the "Imitation," they are usually the proverbs of Solomon. Where the proverbs so abundant in the writings of Thomas à Kempis have come from, it is impossible to tell. Some of them would not be mistaken for proverbs, unless he had kindly furnished the witness that they are such ("proverbium veridicum est"); — such as, "One who will not listen to his master shall be struck like a stupid ass"; "When one who is blind or lame attempts to go out, he seldom comes back safe and sound"; "Pleasant pastures lead fools to wretched lodgings"; "An empty vessel gives us nothing to drink"; "Perfection is a rare bird upon the earth"; "Fine words will not fill a bag"; "All that glitters is not gold"; &c. The same thing is true of the *allegories* in the writings of Thomas à Kempis. We rarely

find these in the "Imitation," but the monk is very fond of using them, and in a very preposterous way. The description of the three beautiful garments of St. Agnes and the circles of her golden crown is no better than the riot of an insane fancy. The whimsical writer has surpassed himself, however, in his account of the "four conditions pertaining to the edification and ornament of the house of God." He represents the soul as a house which must have humility for its foundation, the four Gospels for walls, seven clear windows always open to receive the light of heaven, but always shut against the thunders and lightnings of the Devil, which seven windows are the emblem of the Holy Spirit's gifts. These windows must not be darkened by the smoke of anger, by the clouds of sadness, by the dust of vainglory, — must not be broken by hard words, or spattered by the mud of evil suspicions. The house must have four solid beams, — justice, strength, temperance, and prudence. The roof must be framed of the wood of constancy and perseverance. In fine, the tiles to cover the house, that it may resist the wind of pride and the winter of carnal delights, are the examples and the words of Jesus Christ. There is nothing in the "Imitation" which in any way resembles this kind of allegory.

And the difference between the writers appears in their way of *quotation*. It is the almost invariable habit of Thomas à Kempis to begin his chapters or treatises by a quotation from the Scripture. The only exception to this remark in his Sermons, his Meditations, and his various Manuals, is the eighth chapter in the "Manual for Youth." If the "Imitation," in its opening, makes any use of the sacred text, it is so incorporated with the words of the writer as not to be distinguishable. The "Imitation" very rarely makes a rhetorical commencement from Scripture. And when Thomas à Kempis quotes, he takes pains to give his authorities, to tell from whom he quotes. His writings are pedantic in the extreme. Not only does he make mention of David and Solomon, of the "blessed James" and the "blessed Paul," but he is careful to show that he is acquainted with the works of the Fathers, and frequently calls by name Augustine, Bede, Bernard, Fulgentius, Pope Gregory, Pope Leo, Isidore, Origen, Maximus, Chrysos-

tom, and the leading Christian writers, ancient and modern. And, not content with citing their names, he must stop to describe, to eulogize, or to invoke them. When he summons David, it is as "that truly great prophet before the Lord, filled with the Holy Ghost." Solomon is always the "wise king" (*sapiens rex*); and St. John must be illustrated as "summæ Trinitatis limpidissimus inspector ac setator, columna primitivæ ecclesiæ, rector ac fundator totius Asiæ." For St. Paul he has a large variety of titles, not the least frequent of which is the *vas electionis*. Now, of all this we find in the "Imitation" no sign or trace. Using very largely the ideas and expressions of St. Bernard, so much so that ingenious writers have pretended to discover all the book in the works of the great ecclesiastical doctor, it never mentions the name of Bernard; and it is equally silent in regard to Thomas Aquinas, though also largely indebted to him. The author of the "Imitation" was evidently anything but a pedant.

The pedantry of Thomas à Kempis, too, is pietistic. His citations are almost exclusively biblical or ecclesiastical, and he makes little or no use of pagan authors. The "Imitation," on the contrary, does not shun references to pagan writers when these will serve its turn. In the 2d chapter of the first book, we find a phrase borrowed from Aristotle's Metaphysics. In the 13th chapter of the same book, we find a couplet of verses from Ovid; and in the 20th chapter is a fine saying from Seneca. All the books of the "Imitation," indeed, show a mind very familiar with the best thoughts of the pagan classics, and not afraid of their study. The religion of the "Imitation" is not narrow or timid, but large and free, ready to borrow from all sources and to drink at every fountain.

The tone of the writings of Thomas à Kempis, again, is far more *monastic* than the tone of the "Imitation." The monk writes with monks and for monks, always from and to and for his ascetic brethren. *Homo* with him is equivalent always to *monachus*, and there is no other life than the monastic which is worthy to be considered. But the "Imitation" is not specially, not chiefly, a convent manual. It is for the religious life of men in the world, as well as of men in the cell. The sins of which it speaks are sins which beset men in the

world. The virtues which it commends are those which can be practised without any ascetic seclusion. Queens have taken comfort in reading this devout treatise, — philosophers in their studies, soldiers in the field, and prisoners in the dungeon. Its finest teaching, we may say, is for those who have experience of the varying fortunes of life in the world, who know the cares and the trials, the gains and losses, the joys and sorrows, of these natural human relations. The writings of Thomas à Kempis have as little help for the laborer or the mourner as they have for the philosopher. They are only suited to the cloister.

A close scrutiny of the works of the Prior of St. Agnes seems to show that he was not acquainted with those scholastic disputes, the terminology of which appears in the pages of the "Imitation." We read in this of "genera," "species," of *cavillatio*, *cognitio*, *exceptio*, *litteratura*, — all words of the scholastic philosophy, yet which never appear in the writings of À Kempis. It may seem strange that one with such reputation for learning should be ignorant of these scholastic arguments, but we have to remember that the education of À Kempis was in the convent, and not in the school; that he was not a university pupil, but was from the beginning kept under monastic influence. To him probably these scholastic disputes were alike useless and impious. As he rejects Aristotle, he does not care to honor those who only reproduced the Grecian sage, baptizing his philosophy, but hardly regenerating it.

In the treatment of certain great themes, Death, Hell, the Devil, the Cross, the Virgin, upon which Catholic writers might be expected to enlarge, there is a marked difference between the "Imitation" and Thomas à Kempis. Nothing can be grander or more solemn than that "meditation of death" which is given in the 23d chapter of the first book of the "Imitation." Nothing can be more frivolous than the same meditation as we find it in the 25th chapter of the "Valley of Lilies," — a series of commonplace antitheses between Now and Then, To-day and To-morrow; or, as we find it in the 7th chapter of the "Manual of the Poor," — a list of twenty-eight kinds of persons that die, arranged in fourteen

pairs, of rich and poor, young and old, high and low, learned and ignorant, master and servant, professor and student, canon and monk, white and black. Hell and the torments of the damned are not a frequent or a favorite theme with the author of the "Imitation." Only in a single short passage has he given any description of these torments. Thomas à Kempis delights in these descriptions, loves to tell of the "boiling oil," the "raging lions," the "voracious dogs," the serpents, crabs, dragons, and the like. His hell is a menagerie of wild animals, as well as of malignant demons. He thinks that the damned will be troubled in hell on account of its "high temperature," will cry out *præ nimis calore;* and he shows us a host of dreadful demons, who roar, and torture the flesh of the damned with red-hot forks, — their faces black as coal, and horridly leering. The physical agony of hell is more to him than its spiritual woe, and there is no such balance of punishment and sin as we find in the "Imitation."

And the Devil throughout the "Imitation" is kept in the background, is only seven times mentioned by name, while in the writings of Thomas à Kempis he comes up on all occasions; more than three hundred instances may be found where he appears in person. His various names are profusely used, he is called *Diabolus* more than two hundred times; *Satanas*, forty times; *Lucifer*, a dozen times; and at other times *hostis malignus*, *malignus spiritus*, *tentator*, *serpens antiquus*, *fraudulens serpens*, *princeps tenebrorum*. In one of his sermons Thomas gives a genetic history of the Devil, as curious, if not as long, as the recent thick octavo of the Abbé Lecanu. The Devil is his especial enemy, against whom he is appointed to strive; and, as in the life of Antony and Luther, so in the life of À Kempis, a nocturnal conflict of the monk with this enemy of souls is minutely recorded.

Both writers have special chapters upon the Cross of Christ; but in the one the tone is spiritual, while in the other it is all material and sensuous. Totally unlike that beautiful passage in the 12th chapter of the 2d book of the "Imitation," on "The Royal Way of the Holy Cross" (*De Regia Via Sanctæ Crucis*), is the agglomeration of physical images which we

find in the first "Sermon to the Novices." With the one, the symbol of the cross as the emblem of humility, patience, and triumph in suffering, is uppermost; with the other, the actual wood of the cross, the cross as a *tree*, is celebrated with extravagant laudation. "O precious, lovely, and healthful wood of life, blessed above all the woods of Paradise, to be honored by angels, to be adored by men, to be kissed by pious lips, and embraced with extended arms; the salvation of believers, the glory of apostles, the buckler of martyrs, the praise of confessors, the diadem of virgins, the consolation of widows, the strength of the aged, the discipline of the young, the mirror of the pious, the refuge of the afflicted! O Cross, more dazzling than the stars, more beautiful than the moon, whiter than the sun, enlightening heaven and penetrating to Tartarus!" It is in this style that Thomas à Kempis discourses concerning the great Christian Mystery. Apart from the unsound theology of placing the Cross in hell, it may be remarked that the word "Tartarus" is never used in the "Imitation." Such an antithesis as this of Thomas à Kempis about the Cross, "altitudine tangens cœlos, profunditate penetrans inferos," quite sacrifices the doctrine of the Councils to rhetorical effect, and is only a weak reproduction of the idea of God's knowledge as it is expressed in the 139th Psalm.

But in nothing is the difference between the "Imitation" and the writings of Thomas à Kempis more marked than in the way in which the Virgin Mary, the "Mother of God," is presented and described. The monk of St. Agnes has no bound or modesty in his attachment to this holy person, and his language about and toward her is as erotic as the language of the Canticles. "Would God," says he, in one place, "that to satisfy my desire to honor and praise thee with all the strength of my heart, all my members could become tongues, and every tongue a voice of flame, to celebrate thee worthily." More than two hundred times in the writings of Thomas à Kempis is the Virgin Mary mentioned, and in many places she is made the theme of elaborate and fulsome eulogy, in which all imaginable charms are ascribed to her. But when we examine the "Imitation," in all the four books and one hundred and fourteen chapters, we find but *two* instances

in which the Virgin is mentioned at all, and in each of these the mention is incidental. There is no apostrophe to the Virgin, no enumeration of her graces, no invocation of her aid. Even when mention of this blessed saint and intercessor, this spotless one, would be natural and tempting, it is avoided. The subjects with which the name of Mary is connected in the writings of the monk are wholly destitute of this ornament as they appear in the "Imitation." This last fact is justly regarded by M. de Larroque as the most positive and decisive of all the reasons for refusing to Thomas à Kempis the paternity of the "Imitation." It is impossible that so zealous and devout a worshipper of the Mother of God should have excluded or forgotten her in the most exalted and interior of his religious discourses.

Such, greatly abridged and condensed, is the argument from internal evidence that the writer of the "Imitation" is not the Dutch monk, to whom it has been, by the Teutonic authorities and in the popular speech, so commonly ascribed. With these positive reasons for denying his right, M. de Larroque finds it easy enough to answer the few arguments in favor of the popular hypothesis, and succeeds entirely to his own satisfaction in establishing a very strong presumption for his negative view. As we said at the outset, he does not attempt to show what particular person is the author of the "Imitation," but only devotes a few pages at the close of his treatise to a statement of the "manner of person" which it seems to him the writer of the book *must have been*. It seems to him very clear that this author was a monk, but a monk whose life in youth and early manhood had been worldly, secular, perhaps even sensual. He finds in the book a knowledge of human motives, thoughts, cares, and desires entirely inconsistent with a life always passed within the cloister and in the practice of ascetic virtues. The author was a man who had sought refuge in the convent from the vanities of which he had had large experience, yet who remembered in his seclusion the world that he had left, and sent out a warning and saving voice to this careless world. An old man, too, seems to him to be clearly indicated by this grave, measured, and sober style, this wise and wide survey, this freedom from all haste and all

invective, this air of resignation and serenity which is thrown off in all the pleadings. It is the work of one in the evening of life, gathering the fruit of ripened knowledge, and the residue of all the pains and pleasures, the fears and the hopes, of many years.

The patriotism of M. de Larroque urges him to claim "The Imitation of Christ" as of French origin: yet he candidly confesses that the *country* of the book cannot be inferred from anything in its pages, — that, for all that appears there, it may belong to any Christian nation. There are in it no modes of thought or turns of expression peculiarly French. He could only fain believe that the unanimous admiration which this greatest of uninspired books has found in France, from writers of all classes, Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Deist, in the nineteenth as in the sixteenth century, is an "instinctive national homage, the love of a mother for her child." In no other land has the "Imitation" been so often translated, so widely diffused, and so ardently praised. Fifty years ago, Barbier asserted that there were more than one thousand French translations of the "Imitation," and M. de Larroque states positively that there are now more than fifteen hundred! The translation of Lamennais had reached its twelfth edition in 1844! Not only such writers as Massillon and Bossuet, Chateaubriand and Montalembert, but Renan, Sainte-Beuve, and even Balzac and George Sand, have given their voices in praise of this classic of religion. It is taught in the schools, it is analyzed by the critics, its sentences, rhymed and set to music, are sung in the choirs, and it goes where the Bible, the priest, and the oil of final unction go. No book has so many "editions of luxury," sumptuous in print, binding, and decoration; no book can be procured so cheaply. For a franc, a pocket-edition, with the New Testament attached, may be purchased on the quays of Paris, while, in the Imperial Library, the copies of "The Imitation of Christ" are among the richest treasures. If France be not the native land of the book, it has at least found in that land the widest welcome and the most lavish honor.

Art. III. — NEW TRANSLATIONS OF THE "VITA NUOVA."

1. *The New Life of Dante. An Essay with Translations.* By Charles Eliot Norton. Riverside Press: H. O. Houghton & Co. Cambridge. 1859.
2. *The Early Italian Poets, from Ciullo d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri,* (1100–1200–1300,) *in the Original Metres; together with Dante's Vita Nuova.* Translated by D. G. Rossetti. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1861.
3. *The Vita Nuova of Dante, translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by* Theodore Martin. London: Parker, Son, and Bourne. 1862.

It is a happy chance in letters, when the same subject of thought, object of study, work of illustration, commends itself to several scholars at the same time. A full treatment is the result, and it is pleasant to see how different minds approach the same thing. We congratulate ourselves that, in the case of the *Vita Nuova*, this happy chance has engaged three so competent as Mr. Norton, Mr. Rossetti, and Mr. Martin. The book has not always had treatment so comprehensive of its meaning and scope, and so sympathetic with its spirit.

All who can, of course, read the original. It gives a pleasure unlike that of any other book. It is a thing by itself, singular as Dante himself is in history and in literature, and so is the pleasure it gives. The poet's seclusion and remoteness from the common way are marked as strongly in the peculiar, unique charm of the *Vita Nuova*, with its exquisite blending of sweetness, tenderness, and truth, as in that sublime impulse, which, with full intellectual satisfaction and spiritual inspiration, is the proper gift of the *Divina Commedia*. This charm, singular, like the little book and the author of it, is fully caught only from the original. Something of its delicate quality passes in a version. Yet they to whom the direct way is closed may well be felicitated in having such entrances open to the enchanted region and its delights as the volumes whose titles are here given.

We hold, with Don Quixote, that in general a translation

is "like viewing a piece of tapestry on the wrong side, where, though the figures are distinguishable, yet there are so many ends and threads, that the beauty and exactness of the work are obscured, and not so advantageously discerned as on the right side of the hangings." In a work worth translating there are niceties of expression, a delicacy of character, some fineness of make, which can no more be transferred than the volatile breath of flowers can all be seized by ever so cunning a distilment. The curious Eastern may put a whole rose-garden into a flasket, but the subtile fragrance of a single fresh rose is worth more than all he has kept. This hovering, fine scent, like the soul of the flower, eludes him with all his art. The version, be it ever so good, comes short of the original. The colors are blurred, the forms are confused, which were so glowing and so clear. If it is literal, it is bald and meagre. If it is free, it is loose and incorrect. For the most part, it is but a makeshift for the benefit of those who cannot otherwise read the work. And at the best, when it is a labor of love, and done with the success which follows hearty admiration and sympathy, some beauty or strength departs in the process. The translator finds some felicity of manner, some tenderness of feeling, some refinement of thought, some vigor of imagination, which escapes him, — some quality intrinsic, and, as it were, spiritual to the work, which cannot be conveyed, though it be caught.

The wise-mad knight's comparison is a good one. But we have had too much reason to thank translators, to quite go with him when he says, further, that translation is "a barren employment, which can show wit or mastery of style no more than copying a piece of writing from a precedent." With these excellent versions from Dante before us, the wholesale denunciation appears to be of his folly rather than of his wit. It were ungracious to call translation a barren employment, when we have just proved what pleasure and noble instruction it may furnish. Surely, it will be fruitful of honor also to the translators. Their work is, to be sure, not addressed to the many. The best book of the three, being privately printed, would seem to admit this, perhaps to claim the privilege of it. Like the original, the versions may not draw

the general attention. But their audience is sure, of the number of those judicious whose judgment, whether for praise or censure, outweighs a whole theatre of others. It is chosen of those

> "amanti di pregio,
> Che sanno con prudenza Amor seguire."

We put Mr. Norton's name first, because we esteem his book before the others. Yet they are of signal excellence, and worthy to stand with the best. Mr. Rossetti's is a simple translation, without comment. It is faithful, and betokens an artist and poet-mind in its author, accordant with the great poet's whose work he renders. Still, we would rather place Mr. Norton's book in the hands of one unable to read the original. For the portions translated are just those which are of most importance, while the place of the parts left out is more than supplied, to a complete understanding of this singular work, by the running explanation and comment, and the appended notes. Mr. Martin, like Mr. Rossetti, translates the whole, but gives, besides, a full Introduction, and many notes. The same ease, felicity, and faithfulness which mark his Horace mark this version, and his Preface and notes prove that he has gone beneath the letter, and entered into the spirit in which Dante wrote. Mr. Norton's treatment, however, is in closer sympathy with the poet's passion and its varying moods. The shifting phases of that vital experience, the motive of so much that he was and did afterward, are noted with a more delicate sense of their intellectual and spiritual bearing. There is a charm of style, besides, which reflects the matchless refinement of the style of the *Vita Nuova* itself. And, throughout, the work shows a delicacy of comprehension kindred with the "white, celestial thought" which it illustrates.

When this Essay appeared, originally, in the "Atlantic Monthly" of 1859, we thought it memorable as being of far more than the transient worth of a common magazine article. We ran, perhaps, the risk of over-admiration, because it happened to have a special and uncommon interest for us. But we found it highly prized by skilled judgments, seldom at fault, which we always put before our own. Aside, then, from any personal liking, or fitness of the Essay to our thought and

study, we were sure it would have its place as a real contribution to the literature of a subject on which so much has been written that is foolish, strained, and unworthy. We took occasion in this Review * to quote Mr. Ruskin's praise of it, and to express the hope that it might one day be put into a shape better suiting its worth, than the scattered numbers of a magazine. The elegant book now before us answers that hope, and, with its valuable additions to the original papers, more than bears out that praise.

When Mr. Ruskin speaks of it as "tender and just," he touches, with that felicity of judgment and of phrase which belongs to him, the precise point of the excellence of it. It would not be so just, if it were a whit less tender. It would not be tender as it is, if it were any the less just. For the essence of justice lies in completeness of comprehension; and to understand fully comes only by the penetrative sympathy which is substantial tenderness. Of all books, the *Vita Nuova* suffers most from the rude handling of a cold and conceited treatment. The delicate Psyche of it will not bear the marring, destructive touch of coarse and ungentle fingers on her wings.

Mr. Ruskin's epithets exactly describe this Essay of his friend. It is tender by a refined apprehension which reaches the inmost of Dante's early mind and experience. It is tender by hearty — and the word is significant — appreciation of what the poet thought and felt and was in his time of young passion, — in those years when he was dreaming the dreams, lifted in the transports, perplexed in the struggles, abased by the sorrows, of that affection which was at length to turn to peace, and be sanctified by the one last grief into the quietness of a spiritual, ideal love. It is just with the conscientiousness of insight, with the integrity of that imaginative sympathy which alone makes men or books wholly just. Being so tender and so just, it is not to exaggerate its worth to call it the last word on the "New Life" of Dante. It does not claim the distinction, and those wedded to some far-fetched theory may not allow it. For ourselves, it is the *ottimo comento*, the best

* *Vide* Christian Examiner for January, 1861.

elucidation of that fateful time of the poet's life, and of that intellectual and spiritual experience so prophetic of his great work.

To Mr. Norton, as to the more distinguished among the modern European scholars of Dante, the *Vita Nuova* is the proem to the *Divina Commedia*. "It contains," he says, "the first hint of the great poem itself, and furnishes for it a special, interior, imaginative introduction, without the knowledge of which it is not thoroughly to be understood." This is, beyond doubt, the true view. It commends itself at once to the simple, unperverted judgment. It is borne out by both the books, when they are not strained beyond their plain meaning, and not wrested from their pure poetic intent, to shore up a conceited and prosaic theory. If only they had been allowed to throw light on each other, what might have not been spared of the vanity and dulness of the commentators! But, from the Bible down, the critical folk have been ready with their notions, and have made the inspired text of good books a peg on which to hang their fancies. Never was book more overlaid with the stuff of comment for comment's sake than the "Divine Comedy." And the "New Life" has not escaped the fantastic tricks which theorizing likes to play. Dante wears his heart of fire on his sleeve, and the daws have pecked at it to the top of their bent. The fancifulness of commentators has been illustrated more than the book. Who has not heard good, dull people read a poem with tone and accent as if they had said in beginning, "This is verse; let us not, however, be taken in by the vanity of rhythm and musical flow, but turn it to good, set prose"? To read some of the comments on the *Vita Nuova* is to listen again to those good, dull people. It is a simple, charming, and most pathetic confession of true love, of joys and sorrows which true love brought with it, and of the inward change which true love worked. It was the change of consciousness, of intellect, affection, will, spirit, — as if a new element entered into the nature, — which every real experience, according to the measure of its vitality, works in every man, according to the measure of his sincerity. In a soul sincere like Dante's, working, as it did, through an experience which to the reality

of the actual had the profounder reality of the ideal added, the change was complete, — from old life to new life, the regeneration of his mind, the new birth of his imagination, the palingenesis of his spirit. Yet this record of an aspiration mingled of the passionate affection of the lover, so loving that change and fate and death cannot kill his love, and of the prophetic insight of the poet, thrilling with an access of the faculty divine, and feeling the strong wings of his imagination fledged now and rustling for a flight unattempted yet in prose or rhyme, has been treated as if love and poesy had nothing to do with it. The bright central figure of it has been fancied away into an allegory, a show, a nothing or anything save the mistress of the poet's heart and the glorious lady of his mind. But if Homer and Shakespeare can be juggled out of existence by the potential might, could, would, or should of conjecture, why may not Beatrice be reduced to a phantasm? Against conjecture, however, stand the two books, the great poem and its proper introduction, each throwing light on the other. And in that light, to every simple-minded reader, unbewildered by the extravagances of miscalled elucidation, the lady of the "New Life" appears one and the same with the lady of the "Divine Comedy," — appears in both books, as we hope to show by evidence drawn from them, the lady-love of Dante, beloved, with lifelong affection, after the high, imaginative fashion of his love. Girl, maid, matron of Florence, glorious dame and blessed saint of the City of God, she is always one and the same, — mistress of his heart and guide of his soul.

As earthly mistress, Beatrice is not less a celestial vision to her lover. She is far above him, as by a heavenly privilege, and differs from all, as by supernal gifts. When she greets him with her salute, she condescends from the remote station of her beauty and gentlehood, with a meek and stooping charity. Likewise, as heavenly vision, she is still his beloved. As she was in the streets and houses of Florence, so is she at the summit of Purgatory and along the circles of Paradise, when his realizing imagination brings her back to him, or, rather, carries him to her. There is a change, to be sure, in both. He wears the homesick, exile look. He is outworn with climbing the stranger's stairs, and meagre with the salt-

ness of the bread of other men. His sacred Poem, to which heaven and earth had set hands, has made him pale and lean. Wandering over nearly all the Italian land, and begging his life, bit by bit, he is disfigured with the wounds of fortune. He shows like a vessel without sail or rudder, driven by that hot blast, the breath of grievous poverty, to diverse ports, estuaries, and shores. He has been down to hell, and come back, as the women in Verona saw him, scarred and singed; far otherwise, truly, than as Giotto painted him on the wall of the Bargello, with the clear-cut features and fresh look of early manhood, and pomegranates of peace in his hand. She wears the sacred brightness of those blessed with the beatific vision. Her maiden loveliness is transfigured to this ideal beauty. There is a change in him by years and labors; in her, by his high imaginings and poesy. But the old love is still substantial to him. He has not moved from the fixed station of his heart. There is the upholding of his inmost life, and he rests in it to the end.

Dante's genius follows strictly in the way of his love. Other poets have written because a woman was fair and lovable. But they do not submit their poetic faculty with so exact and constant obedience to the leading of love. Petrarch, thought to be the very poet of love, does not. In one of his letters he writes of "those vulgar songs done in my youth, of which I am ashamed to-day, and do repent; which are yet, it seems, most grateful to those touched with the same disease." He finds love to have been a disease, and his love-songs something to be repented. Then, neither love nor song could have been quite genuine or pure. Love of the white and deathless sort begets no self-reproach and tempts no disdainful looking back. Many poets, indeed, both of the old time and the new, have written about it and from its inspiration. The songs and sonnets of true love would fill a book. Petrarch would contribute to it out of his finer mood, and Michel Angelo, Shakespeare, Spenser, Shelley, and many more. But the love and verse of none are so at one, in perfect constancy and integrity, as Dante's. Heart and song in no poet move together in such unvarying harmony and to such fine issues.

There is a parallelism, or rather coincidence, between his life-time, life-work, and life-love.

"Io mi son un, che quando
Amore spira, noto, ed a quel modo
Ch' ei detta dentro, vo significando."

In these verses he tells all the story of himself. They are the epitome of his mind and life. Before this avowal, exponent as it is of all that he wrote and was, what paltry prating it seems, the common talk about Dante's coldness, and unloving, sullen temper. When will sentimentalists learn that the central fires decline to boil their tea-kettles? He loved what was lovable utterly, and, by consequence, its hateful opposite was hated by him utterly. Where things were deserving, he gave them their desert. And where men were anthropical, never was philanthropy more quick, generous, and full than his. What he does and was and is, is a *confessio amantis*. But however general you find this confession, and revealing, in the light of his life and works, a feeling, a principle broad, deep, and embracing many things of earth and heaven, the beginning, motive, and symbol of it you will find to be his love of Beatrice. From the beginning of the "New Life" to the end of the "Divine Comedy," his course of life is but the course of love, and the course of his love follows the course which nature, fate, and death take, — the course which his own faith and imagination also take with her. We present now some of the landmarks of this threefold course in one, as they may be met along the two books.

In the "New Life," the little maid, as he first saw her, in the early May of his ninth year and of his love, dressed in goodly crimson, girdled and adorned as best suited her very tender age, grows, in nine years, to be his lady of the salutation. This wonderful lady, dressed in pure white, the destroyer of all evil and queen of all good, passes into the lady of his dreams. In one, he sees her in Love's arms, covered only with a blood-colored cloth, and feeding in dread upon his burning heart; in another, as in death, her head covered by certain ladies with a white veil, and of so humble an aspect as though she had said, "I have attained to look on the beginning of peace"; and again, as an exceedingly white cloud, borne heavenward by angels singing together gloriously, and the words of their song, *Osanna in excelsis*. She becomes

the lady of his waking thoughts, and as she goes along, crowned and clothed with humility, it is a great joy to him to see how folk run to look at her, and to hear it said by many, "This is not a woman, but one of the beautiful angels of heaven." She becomes the lady-wife of Simone dei Bardi, and, a little while after, the spouse of Death; not driven away, her lover says, by winter's frost or summer's heat, but through a perfect gentleness instead.

> "For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead
> Such an exceeding glory went up hence,
> That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
> Until a sweet desire
> Enter'd him for that lovely excellence,
> So that he bade her to himself aspire;
> Counting this weary and most evil place
> Unworthy of a thing so full of grace."

Neither for the honorable death of his passion when she becomes another man's wife, nor for her death, does his love die out. It is as intense and devoted as ever, while it is ennobled and purified. It suffers a change into something richer than the boy's fondness, and stranger than the young man's transport. But the old worship remains, and he looks toward her with his wonted enthusiasm and devotion. His love grows spiritual, like the object of it. But to him the ideal was the real; and the loftier the ideal, the more intense the reality. What was true to his imagination and his faith was as vivid and more vital than the visible and actual. His love, therefore, alters not when it alteration finds, nor bends with the remover to remove. It is not time's fool, to alter with his brief hours and weeks, but bears it out even to the edge of doom. Yes, and further. Shakespeare's noble sonnet does not quite reach the nobleness of Dante's love. He bears it out beyond that fatal edge and verge of darkness. Though she dies to his desire and hope the day she enters her husband's house, and shortly lies dead to all in the grave, she is still the glorious lady of his mind, as really as when he saw her walking after Primavera or sitting where words were heard about the Queen of Glory. He follows her, if with a new, ideal aspiration, still with the actual old-time faith. In the last sonnet his pilgrim

thought mounts to heaven, and sees his lady so bright there, that, like the sun to the eyes, she is hid from his intellect by excess of light. And the book ends with a prayer that it may please Him who is the Lord of Grace, that, after he shall have spoken of her as never yet was spoken of any woman, his soul may go to behold the glory of its lady, the blessed Beatrice, who in glory looks upon the face of Him, *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus!*

It were as reasonable to wrest from its plain meaning the prophecy of the "Paradise Lost" in Milton's tract on Prelacy, as, with dull allegory and theorizing, to pervert the simple intention of the *Vita Nuova*, closed with this aspiration of such clear prophecy, whose plainly-stated purpose is answered so exactly in the *Divina Commedia*. The conceit of critics, illustrating their own wit, and not the book, or the prejudice of interpreters, dazzled with a brand-new theory or purblind from dusty research, were alone equal to such perversion. Well said Voltaire: "Dante has his commentators, which is, perhaps, another reason for his not being understood." Whatever darkness they throw upon it, the argument of this, his first book, is yet all to one point, the reality and lastingness of his love for Beatrice. Through the quickening joy of love, and its sanctifying sorrow, he is born into the new life of conscious genius, religious faith, spiritual insight. That noble and pathetic close sounds the key-note, and the great Poem answers again and again, duly returning to the note, so strong, so dulcet, so tender, of true love. For that is the just law of music, to come back to the key; of the music of voices and instruments and of melodious verse, — of the deeper music, too, which must be in the poet before it can sound in his song, and without which he is a versifier merely, — the music which the poet is rather than makes, for he is fashioned tunable to what is rhythmic and most orderly in nature, and set by God to respond to the divine harmonies in the universal life.

After the "New Life," the "Hell" takes up the testimony, which is borne on in the "Purgatory," and closed up in the "Paradise." The only passage in the "Hell" where Beatrice appears is that where she comes to Virgil. Here, she sends

him to her friend, — "my friend, not Fortune's," — being herself sent by Love, she says, who also prompts her speech. And she tells him further, that it was on behalf of one who loved her that Lucy came to her, where she was sitting with the ancient Rachel, and asked her help, — for "him who loved her so that for her sake he left the vulgar crowd." Thus for love's sake, his love's and hers, she came on this errand, swifter than men seek their good, or flee their hurt. And to her bidding she adds the final emphasis and entreaty of her tears: "she turned away her bright eyes weeping, by which she made me hasten more to come."

In the "Purgatory" is the one passage which, of all the poem, bears with most weight of evidence on this point of the intimate connection of the "New Life" with the "Divine Comedy," and of the substantialness of the poet's love. It is that in Canto XXX., where they meet. If other proof were wanting, this were enough.

There is nothing that we know in poetry more pathetic than the recurrence, throughout this striking scene, of the old feeling and the recollection of the former time. Again and again the bitter-sweet past comes in, like a soft and serious music from far off, or, as in Mozart's "Don Juan," from one scene and act to another is caught the solemn undertone of grave and stately chords which sounded in the overture. It is the ten years' thirst after her which had in it so eager coveting that no sense wakes in him save sight only. It is her holy smile which still draws him to her with its net, as of old. It is to those familiar eyes that the Virtues lead him, to those "emeralds" whence, erewhile, Love had so shot at him. The ancient flame still burns, — *veteris vestigia flammæ*, — and the old heavenly influence thrills him now as in boyhood. He beholds her very former self, though surpassed, and, lover-like, he remembers that just so she had surpassed on earth all other ladies. And it is Beatrice, earth-born woman, who meets him, as well as heaven-sent guide. She wears the same serenity which of old denied him her salute. She is exigent, takes him to task for his forgetfulness and desertion of her "for a slight girl," and mingles the jealous reproaches of human mistress with the high rebukes of celestial monitress.

It is not possible here to allegorize her away into a metaphor, or comment her off into a conjecture, myth, nonentity.

There are single verses, also, strikingly emphatic for this view. They give peculiar support to the argument, because in them the poet's love shows by the way, by chance, as it were, and spontaneously, without the purpose betokened in the circumstance of a set scene. Thus, in Canto XXVII., when they come close to the fire through which they must pass to the last ascent, and Dante holds back, Virgil, to make him bold, has only to speak the name of Beatrice. Then

> "as at Thisbe's name the eye
> Of Pyramus was opened (when life ebbed
> Fast from his veins), and took one parting glance,
> While vermeil dyed the mulberry; thus I turned
> To my safe guide, relenting, when I heard
> The name that springs forever in my breast."

Why, "this is the very ecstasy of love." Here speaks the lover, though he be, besides, theologian, philosopher, statesman, artist, and whatever else belongs to this many-sided man. He chooses the charming fable which is the one love-story of the classic time, the names of which stand proverbially for true lovers, as Pylades and Orestes stand for true friends. He appropriates the one capital touch of nature and of poetic beauty in it, and it is the expression of the tenderness of a passion which cannot die.

> "Ad nomen Thisbes oculos jam morte gravatos
> Pyramus erexit, visaque recondidit illa."

The similitude of his own state he draws from the signal type, among the old fables, of love enduring to the end and conquering fate. Where is allegory to be traced in this verse, so full of gracious memories and regretful affection: —

> "il nome
> Che nelle mente sempre mi rampolla"?

The sentiment of it is one and the same with his confession of "that blessed Beatrice, who lives in heaven with the angels, and on earth within my breast"; a confession which, be it observed, is found in the beginning of that *Convito*, from which the bulk of the argument, as far, at least, as it is sup-

posed to rest on Dante's set statement, is drawn for Beatrice being an allegorical personage.

Then, too, when he and his guide enter within that heat, to which a plunge into molten glass were a bath of coolness, Virgil has only still to speak his lady's name to comfort him. And when at last she appears, he turns toward his master, in a strange trouble and flutter of love, panting like a scared child who runs to his mother's breast, with this cry rising to his lips: —

> "Not a dram
> Of blood remains in me which is not fevered;
> I know the symptoms of mine early flame."

Then the meeting follows which we have noted as explicit in regard to their relation of lover and lady, the eminent witness to that affection in him which her death did not make less real and intense, if it made it more purely ideal.

The "Paradise" presents no passage of such direct bearing and clear proof. Beatrice grows more and more ethereal with every canto. She drops the human more and more as they pass from sphere to sphere. She is changed from glory to glory along the various circles of the blessed state, and the idealism of his love is more and more conspicuous. But to the end it bears the mark of the love of man to woman. There is an intensity in his expressions, as about her eyes and her smile, and an earnestness, a rapture of feeling, quite above the need of simple poetic art, which ill accord with the considerate, cold-blooded, altogether logical following out of an allegory, which has been set up as his main object and the perfection of his work. In those saintly eyes he sees a love such that he cannot tell how great it is. Gazing on her, affection finds no room for any other wish. If he would mark how they rise from sphere to sphere of the heavenly vision and felicity, the gathering effulgence in her eyes is the mark. From her looks both eyes and soul receive equal and entire content. In Canto XXIII. the awful beauty of her smile culminates, and there she reaches the utmost ideal. To shadow forth that divinest beauty, by the thousandth part of it, he needs more than all the help of all the Muses. To be able to look upon that consummate and transcendent loveli-

ness, he needs first to have the vision vouchsafed of the might and wisdom in Christ. Such foretaste prepares for such feast. Such foil has that saintliness and splendor to set it out. Plainly, she is something more than mortal woman here, radiant type of the Divine Wisdom, of Holy Church, of Theology, of Faith, of Grace, of whatever is named highest of heavenly favor to earthly hope. But even before this ineffable beauty, whose whole delight the maker of it only can receive, the lover is not cast out by the worshipper.

> "Dal primo giorno ch' io vidi 'l suo viso
> In questa vita."

What fond apparition is here, in highest heaven, of that May-day in Folco Portinari's house, and of the little girl in her goodly crimson gown! There is something finer in this man and his vision, than scholastic theology. A lover's eagerness follows her, when she vanishes, with the quick question, impetuous and fearful of loss, "Where is she?" It is a lover's satisfaction when, as he looks up and sees her where she sits in her place within the snow-white mystic rose, whose circled petals are the ranks on ranks of the holy army of the redeemed, she looks down and smiles, — lady of the salutation still, as, so long ago, in Florence streets:

> "gli occhi su levai,
> E vidi lei che si faccia corona,
> Rifflettendo da se gli eterni rai;
> . . . . .
> e quella sì lontana
> Come parea, sorrise e riguardommi;
> Poi si tornò all' eterna fontana."

The apotheosis fulfils the promise of the lover of the Florentine lady, "to speak of her as woman never yet was spoken of," and the true devotion breathes still in these last epic verses as in those first sonnets, ballads, and songs, — the devotion which was in the beginning less passion than adoration as of supernal beauty and celestial gentleness. It is Raphael giving to the Sistine Madonna the form and features of his Roman girl, painting her as woman never yet was painted, leaving the memorial of her and of his love in the supreme sacred picture of the world. Idealized into what is

most charming of poetic art and most inspiring of religious faith, in the central symbolic figure of the "Divine Comedy," lives forever the woman Dante loved in the "New Life."

We are well aware that to insist upon Dante as lover only would be a view as partial, though not so poverty-stricken, as that which makes him a bitter partisan, using his poetic gift to vent his spleen and enmity. We remember his other names, — the *Dantes theologus, nullius dogmatis expers*, — a title borne out in his poem, by the system, fulness, and clearness of its confessions of faith; the name also, not of Guelph or Ghibelline, for he was not a partisan, —

"A te fia bello
Aver ti fatta parte per te stesso," —

but of patriot and statesman, lover and prophet of the Italian Unity happily coming to pass in these days, hater of the temporal Papacy, happily drawing near its end, and defender of the Monarchy, his idea of the state, which the historian Schlosser says is found, more nearly than in any other form, in the Federal Union under the headship of the President: "He created an ideal government which was to be realized five hundred years later, and to exist exactly in that hemisphere opposite ours, where the *Divina Commedia* has set the terrestrial paradise." Loyal subject of the Empire, faithful son of the Church, preacher of political and religious order, censor more terribly just than Cato of the men and manners of his time, poet worthily greeted with the acclaim with which he heard Homer and the rest greet his master, *Onorate l' altissimo poeta*, — these names and more belong to him, and we do not forget them while naming him, first of all, lover of Beatrice.

He is of that order of genius not miscalled universal. His poem is epic in a higher sense than as being in form of narrative. It is epic as being comprehensive of a whole age, and exponential of its thoughts, feelings, and work, of the aspects and the ideas which marked it, and of the spirit which moved it. He belongs with the few whose mind and works are a continual study, an exhaustless supply, a new surprise. He is the peer of those whose genius is like truth itself; that

ocean which Newton saw, casting up, in its wrack and drift, something of use, or wonder, or delight to every one who comes; that quarry at which many work, and the labor never ends, of one to dig out painfully a rugged fragment, of another to square a shapely block, of another to carve a beautiful figure. Each finds in them what is proper to his liking or purpose, and, pre-occupied with his own acquisition, perhaps thinks small things of his neighbor's. He looks from his point of view, and runs the risk of being fanatical for it. Like the devotee of a system, to whom all nature and life, after a while, become vocal with proofs and illustrations of his philosophy, the student of Dante learns to hear him speak always to the one argument which he has come to receive and enjoy, forgetting that this genius, which is the image of nature's universality and of the many-sidedness of life, may speak to another in a different strain.

Therefore, one scholar develops the poet's theology, another his politics, another his ideas of reform, another his censure of contemporary men and things, another his love, another his patriotism. They work to good purpose, each according to his skill and sympathy. But the danger is of inquiring over-curiously, of putting conjecture for historical criticism and theory for scientific method, and of pressing one idea too far. This danger is well set forth, and the wrong done Dante's love, likewise, illustrated by the way, in an admirable paper on Dantean Literature in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where the reviewer, after praising highly the work of Philalethes (the king of Saxony), as presenting better than any other the theology of the Divine Comedy, goes on to say: "I regret only that Philalethes recognizes in Beatrice the exact symbol of *gratia perficiens;* let us have done with this indiscreet theology. Grace, — it is God himself; and the woman whom Dante loved, however high she soars in her ideal transfiguration, cannot be confounded with the prime essence. Why wish to be more precise than the poet? Let us say simply, Beatrice is love, love traced back to its source, love divine, without which all the learning of the doctors is a dead letter."

In bringing the reciprocal testimony of his earliest and his

latest book to bear on the reality of the poet's love, and in emphasizing this view, we have not meant to point the moral of the old fable of the gold and silver shield. To us he is not lover only, but lover first of all. Without the touch of love, he might have lived mute and inglorious. It was the prime motive to the learning of the scholar, the science of the theologian, the wisdom of the statesman, the passion of the patriot, the imagination of the poet, the rapture of the mystic, the faith of the believer; all which and more we mean when we name Dante here. It was the magnetic point to which flowed the elements of his genius, and around which grew the entire and perfect chrysolite of his Poem with its Preface.

We ought to say, also, that, in affirming here the reality of his love, we do not forget how explicit he is as to the meaning of his Poem; that it is not simple, but complex, and bears a fourfold sense, literal, moral, allegorical, and anagogical. While vexed with the prosaic comments which, upon this explanation, have been heaped upon his work, we recognize the rich significance, the diverse leadings, the varied correspondences of it. Therefore, while we affirm the personality of Beatrice as his beloved lady, from the first page of the "New Life" to the last page of the "Divine Comedy," we accept her symbolic and mystical character. But we do not forget, either, a certain impatience of Dante's own at his own allegorizing. It is in the letter to Can Grande della Scala, dedicatory of the *Paradiso* to him, where, after stating at length the complex meaning of it, he breaks out as if his grand poetic, ethical genius were restless under this plodding and painful work of his understanding: "But let us leave this subtle investigation, and say simply that the end of the whole, the end of each part, is to snatch the living from their wretchedness and to lead them to felicity." Memorable words! *Removere viventes in hac vita de statu miseriæ et perducere ad statum felicitatis.*

This natural outburst is a better help to a right conception of the poem than that artificial explanation which precedes. Let the spontaneous impulse override the labored statement, and the poesy be the interpeter rather than the scholastic pref-

ace. We appeal from Dante the schoolman to Dante the poet. We allow and rejoice in all that wonderful combination which he was, and take his scholasticism into the account; but we claim him first of all as the poet inspired by love. We put in evidence the quality of his genius before the culture of his understanding.

To refuse the evidence of the books is to miss a capital characteristic of Dante's genius, the assimilation, namely, which distinguishes him, of the real with the ideal. To this point we quote Mr. Norton, and leave it with his admirable statement.

"With Dante, external impressions and internal experiences — sights, actions, thoughts, emotions, sufferings — were all fused into poetry as they passed through his soul. Practical and imaginative life were with him one and indissoluble. Not only was the life of imagination as real to him as the life of fact, but the life of fact was clothed upon by that of imagination; so that, on the one hand, daily events and common circumstances became a part of his spiritual experience in a far more intimate sense than is the case with other men, while, on the other, his fancies and his visions assumed the absoluteness and the literal existence of positive external facts. The remotest flights of his imagination never carry him where his sight becomes dim. His journey through the spiritual world was no less real to him than his journeys between Florence and Rome, or his wanderings between Verona and Ravenna. So absolute is his imagination, that his reader is forced to believe that the poet beheld with his mortal eyes the invisible scenes which he describes."

As we close the book, Mr. Norton's description of the Beatrice of the *Vita Nuova* meets our eye. We cannot do better than to end this paper with quoting it. For in the charm of its style, in the justness of its thought, and the tenderness of its sentiment, it fitly represents the Essay on which we have put a high estimate, but not too high for its rare worth. It fitly places before us the woman Dante loved, and, loving her, sang her praise, first in the "New Life," and then in the "Divine Comedy," in the noble fashion which exalts her, but more exalts him.

"She is no allegorized piece of humanity, no impersonation of attributes, but an actual woman, — beautiful, modest, gentle, with compan-

ions only less beautiful than herself, — the most delightful figure in the midst of the picturesque life of Florence. She is ~~ever~~ smiling and weeping, walking with stately maiden decorum in the street, praying at the church, merry at festivals, mourning at funerals; and her smiles and tears, her gentleness, her reserve, all the sweet qualities of her life, and the peace of her death, are told of with such tenderness and refinement, such pathetic melancholy, such delicate purity, and such passionate vehemence, that she remains, and will always remain, the loveliest and most womanly woman of the Middle Ages, — at once absolutely real and truly ideal."

Art. IV. — ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

1. *Democracy in America.* By Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. Edited, with Notes, the Translation revised and in great Part rewritten, and the Additions made to the recent Paris Editions now first translated, by Francis Bowen, Alford Professor of Moral Philosophy in Harvard University. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1862. 2 vols. Small 8vo. pp. xxiii. and 559, xiv. and 499.
2. *Memoir, Letters, and Remains of* Alexis de Tocqueville, Author of Democracy in America. Translated from the French by the Translator of Napoleon's Correspondence with King Joseph. With large Additions. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 430, 442.

It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance, that the best work on America which has ever been published was written, after a brief residence in this country, by a young Frenchman who had had no special training in political science, and who was not thirty years of age when the first two volumes of his book were given to the world. Yet it is conceded by all that no other foreigner has entered so thoroughly into the spirit of our institutions, or discerned so clearly the dangers to which they are exposed and the inherent strength by which they are upheld, or has so candidly stated the results of his inquiries. If De Tocqueville had done nothing else, he would have ranked among the most distinguished authors of the

century; but this is only one among many incontestable claims to a high place in the literary and political history of France, which his friends might urge. His unstained private life, his disinterested patriotism, his large familiarity with the theory and practice of governments, the sobriety of his judgment, and the liberality of his principles, are among the grounds of that respect in which his memory is everywhere held, and would at any time insure a welcome for a new and revised edition of his greatest work. Such an edition, however, is especially welcome now, when our country is engaged in the fierce struggle into which she has been plunged by the reckless ambition of a few disappointed politicians; and it is fortunate that the preparation of such an edition has been undertaken by a person so competent as Professor Bowen. His peculiar qualifications for such a task — a thorough and accurate acquaintance with our civil history, a just appreciation of the fundamental principles of the American system, a ripe and various culture, and a clear and vigorous style — are too well known to require from us now more than a simple acknowledgment of them; and it is enough to say that his edition will form a needed part even of those libraries which contain the work in the original French. He has bestowed much labor on the thorough revision of Mr. Reeve's translation, which was utterly unworthy of the original, being deficient in freedom, elegance, and correctness; he has translated for the first time, and added to the volumes, an impressive and eloquent Advertisement prefixed by De Tocqueville to the twelfth edition, published in 1850, a luminous and admirable essay on "Democracy in Switzerland," read before the Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences in 1847, and a still more remarkable speech delivered in the Chamber of Deputies in January, 1848, predicting the Revolution which just one month afterward subverted the French monarchy, and prepared the way for the imperial despotism of Napoleon III.; and he has also added a brief and satisfactory Biographical Notice of De Tocqueville, beside illustrating the text by numerous short and well-considered notes, designed merely to correct the author's mistakes, or to furnish more recent evidence on the topic under discussion. When we add that the

volumes have been printed at the University Press, Cambridge, with even more than the usual beauty and correctness of typography which are seen in every book bearing that imprint, we can say nothing further to show that this edition is in every particular worthy of the great reputation of De Tocqueville, and an honorable proof of the esteem in which his book is held on this side of the Atlantic.

It is not, perhaps, essential to the right understanding of De Tocqueville's design in this work, that the reader should be familiar with the personal history of its author; but no one who desires to estimate correctly the influences of birth and education in the midst of which his mind was formed, the patriotic purpose by which the book was inspired, and which gave to every part its peculiar form and color, and to observe the effect of the momentous events of the last ten years of his life on his opinions and feelings, can safely neglect the information on these points contained in the other two volumes named at the commencement of this article. They are based on the work published in Paris by Gustave de Beaumont, and are enriched by copious citations from Mr. N. W. Senior's journal, containing the record of several long and interesting conversations with De Tocqueville on political questions, a letter to the Times newspaper relative to the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, and some other instructive papers not in the original volumes. The Memoir by De Beaumont covers about a hundred pages, and is provokingly meagre; but the Letters, which fill a considerable part of the first volume and the whole of the second, are of the utmost interest and worth to the student of De Tocqueville's writings, though they are necessarily printed with numerous omissions on account of the rigid censorship of the press now existing in France; and for the same reason most of the political letters have been withheld from publication. Beside the Memoir and correspondence, a few unpublished writings of De Tocqueville are also included in the work. Of these the most noticeable are a somewhat remarkable journal of a Tour in Sicily, written in 1827, but of which a part only is now printed, an account of a Fortnight in the Wilderness of Northern and Central Michigan, and two chapters from an unfinished work

on France before the Consulate, which was designed to follow the *Ancien Régime*. From each of these pieces the reader may draw some new light as to the character of De Tocqueville's mind.

As Mr. Bowen has very justly observed, the influences of birth and early education "undoubtedly colored his sentiments and opinions throughout life." His family, which belonged to the ancient aristocracy of France, had been settled for several generations in Normandy, where they possessed an estate about fifteen miles from Cherbourg, and had at various periods rendered important services to the monarchy; his mother's grandfather was Malesherbes, the eloquent advocate of Louis XVI.; and his own father was thrown into prison during the Revolution, from which he was only liberated on the fall of Robespierre. To both of his parents he was passionately attached, and, as his early education was conducted under their immediate notice, these family recollections must have strongly impressed his susceptible imagination, and have helped to waken that "kind of religious terror" under which, he tells his readers, the "Democracy in America" was written. The teaching and example of those whom he loved best could scarcely fail to make him a friend of the Church and of the established order in the state, while his subsequent observation and reflection showed to him that the ultimate triumph of democracy was certain, and that many of the strongest partisans of liberty were among the fiercest enemies of religion. In the Introduction to his great work he writes: "The religionists are the enemies of liberty, and the friends of liberty attack religion; the high-minded and the noble advocate bondage, and the meanest and most servile preach independence; honest and enlightened citizens are opposed to all progress, whilst men without patriotism and without principle put themselves forward as the apostles of civilization and intelligence." The same thought constantly reappears in his correspondence. How to solve the problem here suggested — how to reconcile the interests of religion and liberty, and to guide democracy in its onward progress — became from a very early period one of his chief objects in life; and not only was the importance of this problem impressed on him by all

the associations of his Norman home, but even the form which it assumed in his mind was without doubt affected by parental instruction.

He was born in Paris, where the family were then living, on the 29th of July, 1805, and was baptized by the name of Alexis Charles Henri Clerel de Tocqueville. Shortly afterward he was carried to his father's estate in a pannier fastened on the side of a horse, while his nurse rode on a pillion. According to De Beaumont, his early intellectual culture, which was confided to the care of the Abbé Lesueur, was much neglected; but when he was old enough to do so he entered the College of Metz, of which town his father was then Prefect. Here he did not at first attain a very high rank in the classics, though he soon acquired great skill in French composition, and in 1822 carried off the first prize in rhetoric. On leaving college he determined to adopt the law as a profession, and after completing his legal studies he visited Italy and Sicily in company with an elder brother, the Baron, afterward Vicomte Edouard de Tocqueville. Of this tour he left a voluminous narrative, which he deemed unworthy of publication, as appears from an indorsement on the cover of one of the manuscript volumes. The portion published by De Beaumont after his death is not, however, without interest, and shows at how early an age his strong bias for political and social studies was developed. What struck him in Italy and Sicily were not so much the beauty of the sky and the scenery, and the grandeur of the ruins by which he was surrounded, as the institutions, the habits and tendencies of thought, and the domestic arrangements directly affecting the condition of the people. Thus we find him recording in his journal, immediately after landing in Sicily: "The first thing that struck us was the total absence of glass windows." And in another place he writes: "The visitor who should confine himself to the coast of Sicily might easily believe her to be rich and flourishing, though there is not a more wretched country in the world; he would consider it populous, whilst the fields are deserted, and will remain so till the subdivision of property and an outlet for produce, give the people a sufficient interest in the soil to call them back."

Early in April, 1827, he was recalled to France by a royal mandate appointing him *Juge Auditeur*, a sort of prosecuting attorney, and attaching him to the inferior courts of Versailles. Among his colleagues was Gustave de Beaumont, then a young man of nearly the same age; and between them a friendship at once sprung up, which terminated only with death. Congeniality of tastes and disposition led them to pursue together the same course of historical and literary studies, which were all made subordinate to an investigation into the actual condition of France, with the view of applying the teachings of the past to the wants of the present hour. According to the survivor, De Tocqueville had appeared only a few times in the *Cour d'Assises* before he became distinguished; but we are inclined to think that this is a somewhat extravagant statement. It is probable, indeed, that he was always a grave and impressive speaker, and that "his serious turn of thought, and the ripeness of his judgment," were apparent to every one, even at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three; but in one of his letters, written in the following July, to his earliest and most intimate friend, Louis de Kergorlay, he says, in answer to the inquiry how he likes his new position: "My knowledge of law was about equal to that which a young man who has just left college has of science. I have the raw material in my head, and that is all. When I have to apply the principles, I am quite bewildered; my incompetence throws me into despair. I am certainly more ignorant than any of my colleagues; and though my vanity, which is as great as that of others, tells me that, when I shall have worked as long as they have done, I shall be quite equal to them, I still feel hurt." Nevertheless, it is certain that, while he was profoundly interested in the law as a study, it had few attractions to him as a profession. He continued, however, to discharge his official duties during the remainder of the reign of Charles X. and for a few months after the accession of Louis Philippe, to whose government he gave an unhesitating, though not perhaps a very cordial adhesion.

Animated by an ardent patriotism, and perceiving no way in which he could now render a useful service at home to his country, he determined to visit America, that he might study

on the spot the nature and working of the institutions under which the United States had risen to so marvellous a degree of prosperity, and then carry back to France the lessons of political wisdom which he had learned here. In order to accomplish this design, it was necessary for him to obtain leave of absence from his post, and some kind of official commission to open to him the best sources of information. Accordingly, in connection with his friend De Beaumont, he procured from the Ministry of the Interior an appointment to investigate the penitentiary system of the United States, and especially of the State of Pennsylvania; but that this was not the real object of the travellers is certain from the positive statement of De Beaumont, as well as from the explicit language of De Tocqueville in a letter written at the time. "We set forth," he wrote, under date of February 21, 1831, to his friend Eugène Stoffels, "with the intention of examining as fully and as scientifically as possible all the springs of that vast machine, American society, everywhere talked of, and nowhere understood. And if public affairs at home give us time, we expect to bring back the materials for a valuable book, or at least a new book; for there is nothing whatever extant on the subject." The two friends embarked about the 1st of April, and landed in New York on the 10th of May, 1831. By the help of De Tocqueville's letters and a few extracts from his companion's journal, we can follow their course, and to some extent can trace the progress of his opinions while here. Some of his earliest impressions were singularly false and absurd, but, for the most part, they were correctly taken, and were confirmed by subsequent observation and study: we find them in his later writings in nearly the same words in which they were recorded at first. In prosecution of the avowed object of their mission, the travellers carefully examined the great prisons at Auburn and Sing-Sing in the State of New York, at Wethersfield in Connecticut, and at Philadelphia, beside many other houses of confinement of lesser note; and then they turned their attention more directly to the purpose which they had especially in view. During their visit to this country, they appear to have accomplished two extensive and well-planned journeys. In the first instance,

they ascended the Hudson to Albany, from which place they proceeded to Buffalo, where they embarked for the West, visiting Detroit and other places on the way, and penetrating almost to the northern extremity of Lake Michigan. Of this part of the journey, De Tocqueville left a very charming narrative, which is printed by De Beaumont. On their return, they visited Niagara, spent some time in the two Canadas, and, ascending Lake Champlain, travelled through the New England States. In Boston, De Tocqueville saw Dr. Channing, toward whom he does not appear to have been much attracted at the time, though he was very strongly impressed by Dr. Tuckerman. Referring to the former in a letter written many years afterward, he says: "I thought him cold. I had been excited by his writings, but his conversation froze me. I was somewhat displeased, and never returned, and now regret my lost opportunity. But I knew well the Tuckermans whom you so well describe. Mr. Tuckerman and I were brought together by our common interest in prisons. The attractiveness of his admirable character made me see him frequently. What struck me as peculiarly lovable was, not so much the immense good that he did, nor the labor which he underwent for that purpose, as the pleasure which he took in this sacred employment, and the frankness with which he expressed that pleasure." In the second instance, they travelled through Pennsylvania to Wheeling in Virginia, from which point they descended the Ohio, in December, to Louisville, where they took a stage over the rough Western roads of that day to Nashville. Thence they went to Memphis, in order to embark on a steamer for a voyage down the Mississippi; but on the road to Memphis De Tocqueville was taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and it was not until the 1st of January, 1832, that they reached New Orleans. They returned through the Southern States, and then sailed for France, after nearly a year's absence.

The first-fruits of their Cisatlantic researches were De Beaumont's report "On the Penitentiary System of the United States, and its Application to France," which was published shortly after their return home, and De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," which appeared a few years later. The

first is a joint production, though it is commonly associated with the name of De Beaumont, rather than with that of De Tocqueville, and is a work of great and acknowledged ability. On its first publication, it attained a very considerable degree of success, and was soon translated into two or three languages. But even before its appearance its authors had ceased to have any official connection with the government. De Beaumont, having refused to take part in a prosecution which he deemed discreditable, was summarily dismissed from his office; and De Tocqueville, who warmly espoused his cause, at once tendered his own resignation, and followed him into retirement. The next two or three years were mainly occupied in the preparation of the "Democracy in America," and in the studies connected with the subject. Keeping constantly in view his one great object of deriving from what he had seen here profitable instruction for his own countrymen, De Tocqueville threw his whole energies into the performance of his self-imposed task, and labored with a single-hearted devotion which was sure to be crowned with success. "Though I seldom mentioned France," he says in a letter to Louis de Kergorlay in 1843, "I did not write a page without thinking of her, and placing her as it were before me. And what I especially tried to draw out, and to explain in the United States, was, not the whole condition of that foreign society, but the points in which it differs from our own, or resembles us." In a letter to Mr. J. S. Mill, written several years before, he makes a similar statement, — "America was only the frame, my picture was democracy." When the first two volumes were completed, it was with difficulty that he could find a publisher; and it was only after much hesitation and reluctance that the publication was undertaken by a well-known bookseller in Paris. "On the day before yesterday, I went again to Gosselin," he writes, in a letter to De Beaumont, dated in July, 1834. "If he had read my manuscript, the result of my visit would not have been flattering; for the more questions of his I answered about the book, the more frightened he became." To this he adds, "Gosselin is horribly afraid of losing, or at least of gaining very little, by my book." The edition, we believe, was only of five hundred copies.

The result did not justify the fears of the publisher. The book was read with an avidity and greeted with a warmth of praise which must have satisfied the fondest hopes of its author. He was welcomed everywhere, and received advances which surprised him. Royer-Collard said that it was "the most remarkable political work that had appeared for thirty years," and a similar judgment was pronounced by Chateaubriand and De Lamartine. Men of opposite principles and opinions, and of all parties, vied in their commendation of it. Successive editions were eagerly called for, and it was speedily translated into most of the Continental languages, beside being reprinted in this country in an English version. In the year following its publication, the French Academy, on the recommendation of Villemain, conferred on the author the Monthyon prize, which was raised from six thousand francs, the usual amount, to eight thousand francs, in further testimony of their appreciation of its merits. "Talent, good sense, elevation, a simple, unaffected style, and the love of virtue eloquently expressed, are its characteristics," said Villemain in his report; "and they give the Academy little hope of crowning a work with similar claims." The popularity and reputation which the book acquired at the very outset, it has maintained down to the present time; and its position in literature may now be considered as unalterably fixed.

We have already had occasion to refer so frequently to the author's design, that any analysis of his work and any remarks on his treatment of his subject are scarcely necessary in this place; but we may venture to add a few words on these points, confining our observations at present to the portion of his work which was published in 1835, and which is contained in the first volume of Mr. Bowen's edition. We ought, however, to observe, in this connection, that it forms no part of our intention to point out the special errors into which De Tocqueville has anywhere fallen, or to offer any strictures on the particular views which he has occasionally advanced: we purpose only to attempt an estimate of the general character and worth of his labors; and our further remarks will be subordinate to this object. In reading his book, what first strikes an American reader is the extraordinary minuteness of his information,

even more than the general accuracy of his statements, and the vigor of intellect with which he has mastered the leading principles of our complicated system. Scarcely anything has escaped his notice, while, with consummate skill, every detail is exhibited, not only in its relation to the fundamental idea of the American polity, but also in its relation to the principles of European Democracy, with a specific reference to the institutions and laws then existing in France. He commences his survey with two preliminary chapters, the first giving a brief account of the "Exterior Form of North America," or, as we should now say, the physical geography of that part of the globe, and the other considering at somewhat greater length the origin of the Anglo-Americans, and the important relation which it bears to their history and future prospects. From this point he passes to an examination into the social condition of the people of this country, which he rightly regards as eminently democratic, the general equality of condition being, as he expresses it in his Introduction, "the fundamental fact from which all others seem to be derived." Then follow several remarkable chapters, describing with great minuteness, and for the most part with singular accuracy of detail, the governmental and administrative system, as witnessed in the town, the county, and the State, under their respective organizations, and as embodied in the provisions of the Federal Constitution, together with incidental remarks on Parties in the United States, the Liberty of the Press, and Political Associations. The latter half of the volume, which corresponds with the second volume of the original edition, is devoted to secondary questions, and is mainly occupied in showing what are the real advantages which society in this country derives from a democratic government, what are the consequences of the unlimited power of the majority, and what causes mitigate the tyranny of the majority, and tend to uphold democratic institutions in the United States, the whole ending with some speculative observations on "The Present and Probable Future Condition of the Three Races which inhabit the Territory of the United States."

De Tocqueville's manner of dealing with the various questions involved in this survey is characterized by much candor and impartiality, and by an entire absence of national preju-

dices. He studied our institutions carefully and thoroughly, and he analyzed and described them with the calmness of a philosopher. He freely criticised those parts which he regarded as dangerous or defective, but he also frankly admitted that "there is no country in which everything can be provided for by the laws, or in which political institutions can prove a substitute for common sense and public morality." At the same time, however, it must be conceded that he is not altogether innocent of the charge which has often been urged against his book, that he is too apt to indulge in generalizations, and that he has sometimes inverted the proper relation between his facts and his theories. It was natural, indeed, that he should approach his subject with some strong prepossessions, and that he should sometimes be inclined to make his facts fit into his theories, rather than revise his theories; but it is, nevertheless, a fault, and one, as we have remarked, from which he is not altogether free. With this exception, and with some allowance for mistakes in details and for conclusions which we believe are unfounded and erroneous, the work is a splendid monument to its author's thoroughness of research, his intellectual acuteness and candor, and his sincere desire "to persuade men that respect for law, both human and divine, is the best way to be free, and that to grant freedom is the best way to insure morality and religion."

In the same year in which his book was published he visited England, in company with De Beaumont, and passed a few weeks in the congenial society which his literary success at once opened to him. On his return he married Miss Mary Mottley, a young Englishwoman with whom he had long been deeply in love. Their union terminated only with his death, and proved to him a source of unalloyed happiness. In a letter written a year after his marriage he says, in speaking of a recent visit to Switzerland: "I cannot tell you the inexpressible charm which I found in living so continually with Marie, nor the treasures that I was perpetually discovering in her heart. You know that in travelling, still more than at other times, my temper is uneven, irritable, and impatient. I scolded her frequently and almost always unjustly, and on each occasion I discovered in her inexhaustible springs of

tenderness and indulgence; and then I cannot describe to you the happiness yielded in the long run by the habitual society of a woman in whose soul all that is good in your own is reflected *naturally*, and even improved. When I say or do a thing which seems to me to be perfectly right, I read immediately in Marie's countenance an expression of proud satisfaction which elevates me. And so, when my conscience reproaches me, her face instantly clouds over. Although I have great power over her mind, I see with pleasure that she awes me; and so long as I love her as I now do, I am sure that I shall never allow myself to be drawn into anything wrong." This warmth of affection continued unabated to the last, and twenty years after his marriage we find him, in a letter referring to his father's death, giving a similar expression to his feelings. "I may say," he writes, "that he and my dear Marie were the only two beings who bound me strongly to life, and I tremble when I think that only one of them is left." And in another letter, written a year later, he says, in allusion to the circumstance that his marriage had been childless, "It is terrible to feel that only one single being attaches me to life, and to consider what interest this world would have for me if I lost her."

The first few years of his married life were passed mainly at Tocqueville, which by a family arrangement had come into his possession after his mother's death. In 1837 he offered himself to the electors of the Department of La Manche as an independent candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, and would probably have been chosen by a considerable majority, if a mistaken sense of honor had not led him to do a very weak and foolish act. As soon as Count Molé, who was then at the head of the government, learned that his young kinsman was desirous of entering public life, he had intimated to his friends a desire that they should throw their influence in favor of the new aspirant; but when De Tocqueville heard of this recommendation he was so much annoyed by it that he at once wrote to Count Molé a somewhat hasty remonstrance, declaring that it would be impossible for him to be a government candidate. Count Molé replied in a temperate and manly letter, expressing his regret at De Tocqueville's

decision, and briefly setting forth the principles on which he and his friends in power acted. A further correspondence ensued, without shaking De Tocqueville's resolution, but without seriously interrupting the friendly relations of the two kinsmen; and the government recommendation having been withdrawn, De Tocqueville was defeated. Two years afterward he was more successful, and was elected for the arrondissement of Valognes, in La Manche; for which place he continued to sit until the subversion of the monarchy in 1848, uniformly acting with the dynastic opposition under the leadership of Thiers and Odillon Barrot. As a member of the Chamber of Deputies he never distinguished himself very greatly; he was too fastidious and sensitive, and though he always spoke with ease, and often with eloquence, his voice was too weak for so large an assembly, while his habits as a writer were not such as are likely to render any one successful in addressing a popular body, which needs to be animated and excited as well as to be taught and convinced; his style was too concise, methodical, and exact to be effective; and consequently as a statesman and an orator he never rose to the first rank among his contemporaries. Nevertheless, during these eight or nine years he took part in the discussion of some important measures, and rendered some valuable service to his country. Among the most useful of his acts as a legislator was the preparation, in different years, of elaborate reports on the abolition of colonial slavery, which he warmly advocated, on prison reform, and on the condition and wants of Algeria, a subject which he had twice investigated on the spot, and had thoroughly mastered.

Meanwhile he had not been unmindful of the claims of literature, and the year after his first election to the Chamber of Deputies he published two more volumes of the "Democracy in America," completing the work. The success of the new volumes was not equal to that of the first part; and in this respect De Tocqueville seems to have been disappointed, though in a letter to Mr. Mill he expresses the belief "that the comparatively little effect produced by my book is to be attributed to the original sin of the subject itself, rather than to the manner in which I have treated any particular portion." The

novelty of the subject had indeed worn off, but the excessive tendency to generalize which was apparent in the earlier volumes was now still more evident, and the discussions are often too abstract for the popular taste. Still the second part of the work formed in its author's mind, and is in fact, the necessary complement of all that preceded. It is divided into four books, treating respectively of the "Influence of Democracy upon the Action of Intellect in the United States," of the "Influence of Democracy on the Feelings of the Americans," of the "Influence of Democracy on Manners properly so called," and of the "Influence of Democratic Ideas and Feelings on Political Society." Under the first head are included various observations on the state of religion, literature, and the arts in this country, as affected by democratic influences, with much collateral discussion as to the general tendency of the intellect in democratic times and nations; in the second division, De Tocqueville starts from the proposition that individualism, or the disposition of "each member of the community to sever himself from the mass of his fellows, and to draw apart with his family and his friends," is a plant of democratic origin, and is likely to spread coextensively with the equality of condition, and then proceeds to show how the Americans have endeavored to overcome this tendency, considering at the same time such of the characteristics of our countrymen as are chiefly dependent on the tastes and feelings; the next division is mainly devoted to an account of the state of manners, education, and society in America, and to a consideration of the effect of democratic institutions on the domestic relations, but also includes some remarks on the pacific inclinations of democratic nations, and the warlike inclinations of democratic armies, and on the conduct of military affairs under a democracy; and the last division is occupied in showing that the tendency of such institutions is naturally toward centralization, and in gathering up the general results of the inquiry. "Around every man," he says in conclusion, and it is in the spirit of these words that the whole book is written, — "around every man a fatal circle is traced, beyond which he cannot pass; but within the wide verge of that circle he is powerful and free: as it is with man, so with

communities. The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal; but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness."

Not long after the publication of his first two volumes, De Tocqueville had been chosen a member of the Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences; and in 1841, the year following the publication of the second part of his work, he was further honored by an election to a vacant chair in the French Academy. After the completion of the "Democracy in America" his thoughts appear to have been chiefly directed to political life, and he entered with considerable activity into the stormy debates which preceded the Revolution of 1848. In the remarkable speech which Mr. Bowen has translated and printed in the volumes before us, De Tocqueville attacks the government in general and Guizot in particular with a sharpness of invective and a personality of accusation to be found only in the annals of the Chamber of Deputies during the reign of Louis Philippe; but in spite of the admiration which every one must feel for the transcendent genius of Guizot, his lofty integrity, and his disinterested patriotism, it must be conceded that there was not much of exaggeration in the orator's account of the depraved state of public and private morals in France. It was in this speech that he distinctly predicted a revolution. "I sincerely declare," he says, at the very commencement of the speech, "that, for the first time for fifteen years, I feel a special dread of the future." Elsewhere, in avowing his belief that the opinions then agitated in France "must bring about sooner or later the most fearful revolutions," he says: "This, gentlemen, is my profound conviction. I believe we are, at the present moment, slumbering upon a volcano. I am thoroughly convinced of it." And in another place he asks: "Are you not aware, by a sort of instinctive intuition that you cannot analyze, but which is certain, that the ground is heaving anew in Europe? Do you not feel that the air is already stirred by the coming gust of a revolution?"

When the Revolution actually burst upon France, he at

once ranged himself on the side of law and order, in opposition to the socialistic designs of some of those who were now thrown to the surface of affairs. In the Constituent Assembly which was convoked for the 4th of May, 1848, he sat for the Department of La Manche; and he was one of the members of that body intrusted with the formation of a constitution. In the discharge of this duty he seems to have made profitable use of his observations in this country, and of his subsequent studies on the character and working of the American government; but his views did not commend themselves to the majority of the committee, and the constitution which was finally adopted was not altogether such as he could approve. In the election for President, which soon afterward ensued, he gave a cordial support to General Cavaignac, in the belief that it was more important for France that the right man should be intrusted with the management of affairs than that the constitution should be theoretically perfect. During the brief period in which Cavaignac had already held the supreme power, De Tocqueville had been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the conference designed to be held at Brussels for the purpose of settling the quarrel between Austria and Sardinia, but which, we believe, never met, or at least accomplished nothing. Subsequently he was chosen a member of the Legislative Assembly under the new constitution, and six months after the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency he was appointed to the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in the ministry of Odillon Barrot. At this time he was travelling on the Rhine with his wife; but he immediately returned to Paris, and at once entered on the performance of his new duties. He held the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs till near the close of the year 1849, discharging his delicate and important trust in a manner creditable to himself and useful to his country.

The next two years were among the most active in his political life, though a portion of the time was spent in Italy in the pursuit of health; but the necessary suppression of so large a part of his correspondence renders it extremely difficult to construct a satisfactory narrative of this period, and nearly impossible to show how he regarded the course

of public events. Of the transactions immediately preceding the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, however, we have a very clear and animated account in a letter addressed by him to the London Times a few days afterward. During the whole spring and summer he had seen the approaching storm, and his mind had been greatly agitated by it. "The responsibility of absence in political times," he wrote from Sorrento, in March, to a former colleague, "seems to me heavier than the responsibility of action." Two months later he said: "The constitution, bad as it is, is our only bulwark. Nothing else stands between us and either anarchy or despotism." A fortnight later, in speaking of the revision of the constitution, which in the stress of the times he felt obliged to advocate, he said: "So clearly do I see the dangers of the revision, that I could not bring myself to vote for it, if I saw any other less dangerous course." And finally, less than a week before the *coup d'état* he wrote, in reference to the busy yet peaceful months which he had passed on the shore of the Bay of Naples: "That delicious and tranquil retreat, coming as it did between the Revolution of 1848 and the one which is impending, was like a rest upon some Southern isle between two shipwrecks."

At length the blow fell, and the French Republic ceased to be. The Legislative Assembly had struggled courageously but vainly in behalf of the cause of free institutions, and against the growing power of Louis Napoleon, when on the 2d of December they took the last fatal step, which was instantly followed by their overthrow. On that morning the members learned that several of their colleagues and political friends, including Thiers, Changarnier, Cavaignac, and Lamoricière, had already been arrested, and on attempting to enter their usual place of assembly they were driven back at the point of the bayonet. From this place a considerable number proceeded to the Mairie of the tenth arrondissement, where they immediately organized, and voted a decree to the effect, that "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is deprived of all authority as President of the Republic. The citizens are enjoined to withhold their obedience. The executive power has passed in full right to the National Assembly. The

Judges of the High Court of Justice are enjoined to meet immediately, under pain of forfeiture, to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices; consequently, all the officers and functionaries of power and of public authority are bound to obey all requisitions made in the name of the National Assembly, under pain of forfeiture and of high treason." The decree was signed by the officers and representatives to the number of two hundred and thirty, among whom were Odillon Barrot, Gustave de Beaumont, Berryer, De Broglie, Rémusat, and De Tocqueville. They were all of them shortly afterward arrested on the spot, and marched off to the barracks on the Quai d'Orsay, from which they were transferred, "some to the fortress of Mont Valerien, some to the Prison Mazas in Paris, and the remainder to Vincennes." De Tocqueville's imprisonment was only of short duration, but with it his political life terminated forever.

After his release he withdrew to his estate in the north-western corner of France, and there, with the exception of several visits to Paris and some other journeys, most of his time was passed in superintending the improvements on his land and his buildings, and in literary avocations. Even before the *coup d'état* he had meditated writing a second book, and as early as January, 1851, he intimated to De Beaumont his belief that his fame must ultimately rest on his works, rather than on his career as a statesman. "I have long, as you know," he writes, "been engrossed with the thought of undertaking another book. It has occurred to me a hundred times, that, if I am to leave any traces of my passage through the world, it will be far more by my writings than by my actions. Besides, I feel myself more capable of writing a book now than I was fifteen years ago. I have, therefore, employed my thoughts, in my walks over the hills round Sorrento, in search of a subject." When he could no longer take part in political discussions and the various duties of public life, he naturally reverted to this plan in order to seek relief from the depressing thoughts by which his mind was far too much occupied. With but little hesitation he selected for his subject the French Revolution, not, indeed, with any purpose of writing a history, but rather with a view

of showing the true character of the Revolution, of unfolding the causes in which it originated, and of describing exactly what changes it wrought in the condition of France; and he soon set about his task with as much activity and zeal as the state of his health and spirits would permit. He made large and exhaustive researches in the provincial archives and at Paris, gathering much new and precious material for his work; and in order to fit himself still better for his undertaking he began, at the age of forty-eight, to study German, of which he was entirely ignorant. The work which he proposed to write would probably have extended to three volumes, and was never completed; but in 1856 he published the first part, under the title of *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, and De Beaumont has printed with his Memoir two short chapters on the state of France before the Consulate, which had been written out for the continuation.

De Tocqueville's second book is only a fragment of a much more voluminous work which he had planned, but had scarcely begun to execute, and any attempt to characterize it in general terms must therefore be imperfect. We ought, however, to bear testimony to the amplitude of research, the clearness of statement, and the freedom from partisanship by which it is everywhere marked, as well as to its many graces of style. The special object of the first part was, as he tells us in the Preliminary Notice, "to explain why the great Revolution, which was in preparation at the same time over almost the whole continent of Europe, broke out in France sooner than elsewhere; why it sprang spontaneously from the society which it was about to destroy; and lastly, how the old French monarchy came to fall so completely and so abruptly." After a preliminary discussion as to the general character of the Revolution, which, he contends, was not primarily designed to destroy the authority of religious belief and to weaken political power, but to substitute for the feudal institutions of the Middle Age "a more uniform and simple state of society and politics, based upon an equality of social condition," he proceeds to show that administrative centralization existed in France before the Revolution of 1789, and that in no other country had the metropolis gained so great a preponderance

over the provinces; that nowhere else had men become so much alike, while at the same time they had never before been broken up into so many hostile groups and classes; that in some respects the condition of the French peasantry was worse in the eighteenth century than it had been in the thirteenth; that irreligion prevailed widely; that the French aimed to reform rather than to revolutionize; and that the very attempt to correct existing abuses hastened the Revolution. Such, in a few words, are the chief points in his survey, and all of them, we may add, are strongly brought out and clearly enforced.

As De Beaumont well remarks, the book met with prodigious success, not only in France, but in other countries, and was perhaps even more popular than his first work. It was twice translated into English; and on the occasion of a third visit to England, which he made in the following year, it secured for him a still more hearty welcome than he had received twenty-two years before. On his return to France the English government placed a national vessel at his command to convey him across the Channel, an honor by which he seems to have been much gratified, but which the French papers were not allowed to mention. For the English constitution he had a just admiration; but he was not insensible to the vices of the English character, and, notwithstanding his many personal friends in England, he freely expressed his opinions on this point. "Mr. Grote sometimes delights us by sending English newspapers," he wrote to De Beaumont, in December, 1856. "There is a charming frankness in their nationality. In their eyes the enemies of England must be rogues, and her friends great men. It is their only standard." To Mrs. Grote he wrote, a month later: "In the eyes of an Englishman a cause is just if it be the interest of England that it should succeed. A man or a government that is useful to England has every kind of merit, and one that does England harm every possible fault. The criterion of what is honorable, or great, or just, is to be found in the degree of favor or of opposition to English interests." And he repeatedly expostulated with his English friends on the pusillanimous laudations with which the English press and people bespattered Louis Napoleon.

De Tocqueville did not long enjoy the increased reputation

which the *Ancien Régime* gave him. His health had long been delicate, and he had sometimes been compelled to pass a winter under more genial skies than those of Paris or Normandy; but neither he nor his friends had ever been led to think that his disease was of a pulmonary character. In June, 1858, however, he broke a blood-vessel; and from that time he began to fail rapidly, but without losing hope of ultimate recovery. At length, after four months' delay, he set out for Cannes, in the South of France, to pass the winter. He arrived there in November, and fixed his residence in one of the most charming spots of that lovely neighborhood; but the season was unfavorable, and during much of the time he was confined to the house, and even to his room. His wife and one of his brothers were with him almost constantly, though during a part of the time Madame de Tocqueville was prostrated by severe illness; and it was not until the last that he sent for any of his other friends. One of the most cherished, J. J. Ampère, only reached Cannes in time to assist in paying the last tribute of respect to his memory. He died on the 16th of April, 1859; and his remains were finally laid to rest in the parish cemetery of Tocqueville.

Among the illustrious men whose deaths have made that year forever memorable not one left a purer record; and his name well deserves to be placed by the side of those of Hallam, Prescott, Macaulay, and Humboldt. He had a vigorous intellect, great powers of analysis and generalization, an unspotted character, and a tender and affectionate nature. His wife was bound to him by the closest sympathies, and he never suffered his early or his later friendships to be chilled by absence or the lapse of time. As a statesman he would probably never have risen to the foremost place, though under any circumstances he must have held a respectable rank. As an historian and a political philosopher his pre-eminence is undeniable; and if he had lived to finish his latest work we doubt not that he would have acquired a still higher reputation. The more thoroughly his moral and intellectual character is studied, and the more carefully his writings are examined, the more deserving of lasting honor will they be found.

Art. V. — SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS AND FRIENDSHIP.

Shakespeare's *Sonnets; reproduced in Fac-Simile by the New Process of Photo-Zincography in Use at Her Majesty's Ordnance-Survey Office. From the unrivalled Original in the Library of Bridgewater House, by Permission of the Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere.* London: Lovell Reeve & Co. 1862. Square 8vo.

Of all the friendships recorded in literature not one is fitted to awaken so profound an interest in appreciative readers as that which lived between William Shakespeare, the wonderful player-poet, and the disputed Unknown addressed in his Sonnets. The mysterious obscurity that envelops the personal history of the greatest Englishman has been considered as provocative and baffling in this particular relation as on any other point. But, it seems to us, the critics have imagined a darkness and created difficulties which do not exist. A satisfactory explanation, we believe, as to whom the personage in question is, and as to the chief features of the experience associated with him in the life of the peerless poet, is not impossible to those who can deeply decipher literary symbols, and who will devote the requisite time and pains to the indirect biographic record of the facts. Before undertaking, however, the imperfect attempt of this kind which we propose here to make, a few preliminaries are necessary.

To most readers the Sonnets of Shakespeare have been a sealed and neglected book. Few even of the admiring devourers of his plays have read these surcharged and delicious compositions, — transcripts from his heart, — much less had any due appreciation of their breathing sincerity and other superlative merits. For a hundred and eighty years after their publication they were almost absolutely unnoticed so far as printed accounts inform us. Then began the controversy about them which has gone on to this day, and is now more rife than ever before. The first editors agreed in depreciating them to the lowest pitch, one editor asserting that they were so worthless and tedious that nothing short of an act of Parliament could compel people to read them. Little by little the unparalleled worth and beauty of their contents, aided by the

ardent praise of such authoritative judges as Schlegel, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lamb, have won attention. Not yet in the degree they deserve. A dozen separate editions of them in the present century, culminating in Messrs. Reeve & Co.'s curious and costly fac-simile of the original impression, testify to the interest they have awakened. But that interest, unfortunately, is more controversial or factitious than intrinsic. Even now the majority of those who, attracted by the fame of their author, or by some other curiosity, undertake to peruse the Sonnets, having inadequate kindred experience and enthusiasm of their own, inadequate richness and fineness of spirit to give interpretative responses to the soaring and elusive hints, turn the pages listlessly, and soon close the book, and never return to it again. Only here and there an elect heart makes the volume all his own. Unlocking its secret with an inner key, and appropriating the contents, he finds in them the autobiography of a friendship as rare as any that ever breathed in flesh or was enshrined in words.

Most of the obscurities and discussions connected with these poems are the natural result of the circumstances of the case, of the lapse of time, and of the average incapacity to enter understandingly into the extraordinary experience which they set down and celebrate in verse of such transcendent value and beauty. There is nothing strange in the problem, nothing which may not easily be accounted for. The first cause of apparent mystery is the contrast between the immense curiosity as to details, felt now that Shakespeare's genius and fame saturate the world, and the relative silence and vacancy in the contemporaneous annals which have come down to us. But we must remember that those contemporaries did not anticipate the curiosity that would be felt now; moreover, that the friendship in question was a private affair of the parties, not concerning the public. It is only through the interfering enterprise of a publisher that any knowledge of it at all has reached us. Many a fervid and absorbing friendship has existed and passed away without the slightest written memorial. Shakespeare being a poet, his oppressed heart found vent in verse, and his genius gave the verse such a marvellous charm that it could not escape circulation and publicity; but that

there should be accounts of the friendship, and who the friend was, in other printed and preserved sources, is surely more than we have a right to expect. Unquestionably his associates and the literary circle of the day knew perfectly well the facts which so much perplex us. Therefore they had no motive to debate them. Whatever interest they felt in the subject escaped in conversation. So far, then, there is no mystery.

But another and more important cause or element of apparent mystery is this. The Sonnets seem to be concerned with friendship, and to be written to a man, yet they use the language and show the signs belonging to the most rapt and enthusiastic love lavished on a woman. This phenomenon has led to a great deal of bewilderment and controversy. One critic, Chalmers, has affirmed that these poems are adulatory exercises secretly addressed in reality to Queen Elizabeth! The utter absurdity of the thought must be transparent to every one who reads them with a modicum of common sense. To illustrate its ludicrous incongruity would be only a waste of time. Several others — among them, in a moment of aberration, even the great Coleridge — have maintained the theory that they were written to some mistress by whom the author was held in thrall, written as genuine expressions of his soul in actual passages of experience. Coleridge avows his belief that such expressions could only have proceeded from one who was deeply in love with a woman, and that the appearances to the contrary were put on as a purposed blind. Every unbiased reader will agree with Hallam that the opinion is absolutely untenable. Shakespeare did not write these pieces for the press, but for the private expression of his feelings to the person addressed in them. He did not prepare them for publication nor consent to their publication. What occasion, then, for a blind? What purpose could it serve? The supposition is simply absurd. The critics have been led into it by a needless difficulty. It appears incredible to them, that a man should thus love a man; that friendship should thus overspread the domain and absorb the treasures of love. Yet such, though rarely, is sometimes the fact. They forget that the emotional measure of an ordinary earthling is wholly

inapplicable to a soul of the divinest depth and fervor. Eminent instances have been known in which as much ethereal sentiment, warm sensibility, and glowing action of the imaginative faculties, entered into friendship between men as are wont to enter into the most passionate love between the sexes. Some minds breathe in their native air at a height where others can only gasp. The dullest motion of an inspired genius would be the ecstasy of a clodhopper. The thought and feeling given to a passing acquaintance by a Shakespeare would make the fullest friendship of a commentator look poor and pale. No fact of the sort can be more certain, as on none is there greater unanimity of opinion among intelligent students of the subject, than the fact that nine tenths of these Sonnets were written to a man.

They profess and purport throughout to be written to a man; and there is nothing in them — with the exception of a few which are ostensibly and confessedly directed to a woman — inconsistent with the profession. It should be borne in mind that a much more warm and affectionate usage of words was common then than now. Love and lover were frequently synonymes of friendship and friend. This is seen throughout the plays of Shakespeare himself. Even the heavy Ben Jonson dedicates his eulogistic lines, "To the memory of my beloved, the author Mr. William Shakespeare." He also protested, "I do love his memory, this side idolatry, as much as any." Furthermore, we must remember, when a fit object is presented, love is proportioned to the endowments of the lover. A poor soul loves poorly, a rich soul richly. And in conjoined affection and poetic ideality Shakespeare was the most sensitively and wealthily furnished of all the souls whereof there is any secular record among men. When love for a commensurate object enters a soul like this, setting all its riches in motion and pouring them through a literary outlet, we should naturally look for an unparalleled product. When a Shakespeare forms a consummate friendship with one of the most beautiful and generous of the sons of humanity, and embodies the living history of it from day to day in fervid Sonnets, we ought to expect results as much more rich, delicate, and wondrous in their aromatic wealth and warmth

than those commonly exhibited in such relations, as the spiritual treasures he has wherewith to construct, refine, and ornament the idea of a friend surpass those of common natures. Such we find to be actually the case. Hallam says: "No instance has been adduced of such rapturous devotedness, such an idolatry of admiring love, as one of the greatest beings whom nature ever produced in the human form pours forth to some unknown youth in the majority of these Sonnets. The attachment is of such an enthusiastic character, and so extravagant in the phrases that the author uses, as to have thrown an unaccountable mystery over the whole work." The only mystery we can perceive is that which arises naturally from the surpassing riches and tenderness of the loving soul, and the surpassing graces of the beloved object. As much as these go beyond the endowments usually seen among men, so much ought we to anticipate that the workings they effect would transcend those shown in the routine of ordinary friendships. And that is precisely what we find. From the voiceless pages the poet dumbly appeals to his torturing critics,

> "O, learn to read what silent love hath writ;
> To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit."

The wonderful revelation made herein, of mingled ardor, tenacity, delicacy, and disinterestedness of affection, is calculated to be of the highest service so far as it is appreciated. A different opinion, we know, has repeatedly been expressed. Several critics, of meagre and frigid fancy, have regretted that these poems were ever written, or ever found their way into print. That judgment has been indorsed by more than one calm and weighty name, on the ground of the supposed evil-working of such an example of romantic excess of sentiment. We cannot but think the decision a mistaken one, and hold that a true perception will pronounce the Sonnets invaluable, as well for the tendency of their influence as for their poetic merit. The real point for lamentation is not that they escaped suppression, but that they have so far failed to become popular. Let no one out of prejudice, or mere haste, deny this. For the reader who will deliberately peruse them twenty or thirty times, with avid attention, in a susceptible frame of

spirit, studying them as a lapidary studies an unrivalled gem, in different lights and at every angle, instead of rejecting our estimate as rhapsody, will become a convert to it. "They rise in estimation," Hallam says, "as we attentively read and reflect upon them."

To those who say that this instance, like every other instance of extravagant affection, is a weakness, and must be of pernicious effect, the reply is obvious. The amazing beauty and tenderness of thought and feeling expressed in these poems are no result of weakness, but a proof of superabundant strength in the noblest attributes of human nature. The moral tone that pervades them, with hardly an exception, is pure and high; so far from corrupting, it can only refine, inspire, and uplift the reader. There is not the least danger of their inoculating mankind with the virus of an insane friendship. The peril that besets us lies in the other direction, in coldness, contempt, and torpor. Men will not worship God less for admiring and embracing each other more. It is through reverence and affection for the visible higher that we rise into adoration of the invisible Highest. When, in the course of careless and scornful ages, one appears with a transcendent genius to idealize and love, nay, almost to deify and worship a fellow-being, so far from wishing the surprising and enchanting spectacle suppressed, we say, publish it abroad, lift it up before the ranks of impoverished and indifferent men, grovelling in sensualism or snarling at each other in selfish hate. Let them be kindled and enriched by the redeeming sight. It is just what they need.

The theory that the Sonnets of Shakespeare are a series of soliloquies, in which the poet addresses and communes with his own mind, has had numerous adherents. Shelley, thus conversing with his own genius in a fragmentary poem which has been, during the present year, exhumed from his posthumous papers, and published, says: —

> "If any should be curious to discover
> Whether to you I am friend or lover,
> Let them read Shakespeare's Sonnets, taking thence
> A whetstone for their dull intelligence
> That tears and will not cut."

But advocate the theory whoever may, it is nothing less than absurd when confronted with the nature and material contents of the compositions themselves, which are crowded with concrete details, objective incidents, ever-recurring descriptions and eulogies of one person, who is constantly distinguished from the writer himself, and sharply contrasted with him, and depicted in the progressive Sonnets as standing in manifold relations of superiority, benefaction, love, jealousy, injury, and reconciliation with him. There are poems of the character in question, written by their authors with sole reference to themselves; but these are not of them. A candid perusal is enough to establish that. If any verses ever were written in earnest sincerity by one person to another person, these were. We give full credit to the serious asseveration of their author himself, when, writing to his chosen peer concerning others who praised him more extravagantly, he assures him: —

> "Yet when they have devised
> What strainèd touches rhetoric can lend,
> Thou, truly fair, were truly sympathized,
> In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend."

The hypothesis also, somewhat similar, that these pieces are entirely miscellaneous and imaginative, composed by the author for his own amusement or practice, or in answer to requests, and sent as compliments to many different persons, is altogether untenable on any ground. It is probable that such poems were composed by Shakespeare. In fact, Meres, in his "Wit's Treasury," published in 1598, speaks of "his sugred Sonnets among his private friends." But it is most likely, as Hallam and several other acute scholars have already argued, that Meres refers to separate and miscellaneous sonnets, circulating in manuscript, and never printed, — sonnets hopelessly lost. The collection we possess was not published till 1609, and is of a different character. Many of its pieces, so far from being sugared, are grave, bitter, and solemn enough. A thread of connection, too, runs through the largest part of them, giving them a kind of unity, and clearly fastening them to one distinctive personality. They are now meltingly tender, now profoundly meditative and mournful, now stern with

rebuke, but ever earnest, consistent, full of minute allusions, verisimilitude, and reality. It is quite likely that a few of them refer to different individuals, certain that several were written to a woman. But the bulk of them bear sufficient marks, alike in substance, spirit, congruity, interdependent connection of biographic touches and narrative details, to demonstrate that they aim at one man, a bosom friend who was loved with a singularly pure and absorbing devotion. A majority of the most discerning critics who have written on the theme show an emphatic agreement in this. Indeed, such an array of evidence, on the very face of the compositions, points to this conclusion, that no one familiar with them, whose mind is not under the influence of some hallucinatory crotchet, can hesitate to accept it. Who can read the following lines, for instance, noting especially the italicised words, and not see both that the writer had a man in his mind, and that the worshipful affection he expresses was profoundly sincere and earnest? He enumerates the objects in which different men glory and find their highest pleasure, and then adds: —

> "All these I better in one general best.
> Thy love is better than high birth to me,
> Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
> Of more delight than hawks or horses be:
> And having thee, *of all men's pride I boast*,
> Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
> All this away, and me most wretched make."

The inquiry now arises, Who was the man to whom the Sonnets were written? They bore the following Dedication, affixed by the publisher, who, without the knowledge of the author, collected them, arranged them in such sequence as he could, but obviously not in the order of their composition, and, with the title "Shakespeare's Sonnets," had them printed and put on sale: "To the onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H., all Happinesse and that Eternitie promised by our ever-living Poet, wisheth the well-wishing Adventurer in Setting forth. T. T." The plain meaning of the inscription is, that Thomas Thorpe, in assuming the enterprise of publishing these poems, invokes for Mr. W. H., the cause of their production, the happiness and fame promised him by

their author. Mr. W. H., therefore, is the person to whom the Sonnets were written. But who is Mr. W. H.? The fellows and literary contemporaries of Shakespeare undoubtedly knew who the owner of these initials was. But we have no record of any discussion or any opinion on the point, until long after they and the immediate depositaries of their traditions had all passed away. Then, of course, the question became obscure. The first persons who essayed to settle it, imbued with the quirks and the love of recondite conceits so natural to commentators, and led away from the Dedication by erroneous ideas based on inadequate familiarity with the contents of the poems and on false speculative interpretations of them, concluded that W. H. was a myth or a pseudonyme, — a proof either of the publisher's ignorance or of his intention to disguise. They thus had recourse to various assumptions, instead of following the track of evidence. At length, however, the abundant signs of a deep and diversified experience between the writer and the object of the Sonnets were recognized, the genuine clew seized, and endeavors made to discover the personality of Mr. W. H.

The first name suggested was that of William Hart, the son of Shakespeare's sister Joan. But the Sonnets were written between the years 1596 and 1609, and William Hart was not born till 1600. Besides, there is a broad contrast between all the known characteristics and circumstances of this person and those ascribed in the poems to the person they celebrate. Tyrwhitt, set a-guessing by a line in one of the Sonnets, —

"A man in hew all Hews in his controwling," —

a line, making allowance for the different orthography and use of capitals then in vogue, precisely equivalent to

"A man in hue all hues in his command," —

surmised that W. H. meant W. Hughes! But W. Hughes is an unknown man, of whom no one has ever heard, and of whom there is no trace save in this critic's fancy. There would be just as much rational probability in affirming that W. H. means Walter Holloway, or Weevil Hillcoop, or Warren Harris. The latest attempt to decipher these puzzling initials is

by a German, D. Barnstorff, whose book, entitled "A Key to Shakespeare's Sonnets," has been translated and published in English in the present year. It is the most baseless and laughable conceit of all that have ever been advanced. He believes that the true solution of the riddle is no other than this. The Sonnets are a succession of confabulations on the part of the poet with his own genius, and they are accordingly dedicated with strict propriety and literal truth to no less a personage than Mr. William Himself, H being, by a very modest and natural evasion, substituted for S. We know not a richer joke within the limits of literary history. And yet Herr Barnstorff's work proves him a man of fine mind and culture. Aside from the ridiculous folly of its central supposition, it possesses excellent merits. His pertinacious and mirth-provoking blunder can only be accounted for on the well-known ground that critical commentators are apt to be captivated by their supposed discoveries in proportion as their queerness and far-fetchedness imply great ingenuity in the discoverers. No; the true "Key to Shakespeare's Sonnets" is not to be found in any verbal guess or inference, nor in following any external clew, but it is to be furnished by a profounder and tenderer reading of the secrets of a profound and tender heart. As urged before, no one really intimate with these poems, unless his wits are turned by some perverse theory, will hesitate to declare that the supposition that they are communications of the author with his abstract genius is utterly irreconcilable with the prevailing nature and characteristics of their contents from beginning to end. They are the truthful, poetic portrayal of an actual friendship in all its varying incidents and ingredients, — a friendship with some man of lofty rank and splendid gifts alike of person and of mind.

Several writers of no little name and weight have tried to prove that the Earl of Southampton was the man. The W. H. indicated by the publisher as "the onlie begetter of the insuing Sonnets," they assert to be but the transposed initials of Henry Wriothesley, the Earl's proper name. The entire unlikelihood, nay, virtual impossibility, that he should be the person, is clear on numerous distinct grounds. In the first place, no real proof points to him, it is wholly assumption.

All the genuine evidence looks in another direction. The known facts that Shakespeare felt a deep respect, attachment, and gratitude for him, and dedicated to him his first two poems, naturally turned to him the thoughts of inquirers on this subject. But these facts have no direct relation to the point before us, only bear on it in the vaguest and feeblest manner, and must go for nothing in the presence of counter arguments of fatal directness and strength. Wriothesley succeeded to his earldom at eight years, long before Shakespeare met him. Consequently, during the poet's acquaintanceship he was never Mr. H. W., much less Mr. W. H. That the publisher transposed these initials that they might serve as a disguise to conceal the real person, is a baseless and irrational conjecture. Such a design would be much more simply and obviously subserved by sparing the trouble of any dedication, or by omitting the initials altogether, than by the use of partially false ones, which might indeed mislead and baffle posterity, but would be sure to sharpen the curiosity and double the inquiries of contemporaries. There was too little difference of time between the births of Shakespeare and Southampton, only nine years, to warrant anything like the contrasts repeatedly drawn in the Sonnets.

> "My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
> So long as youth and thou are of one date;
> But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
> Then look I death my days should expiate."
>
> "Against my love shall be as I am now,
> With time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn;—
> . . . . . .
> . . . . . when his youthful morn
> Hath travelled on to age's steepy night."

At the date of the Sonnets, the Earl was much too old to be called "sweet boy," "beauteous youth," "lovely boy." These and numerous allied phrases contrast strongly with the tone of decorous distance and strict propriety employed in the dedications to him of "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," written when he was even from ten to fifteen years younger. Besides, the character of Southampton does not correspond, is in glaring opposition, with the one depicted

in the Sonnets: certain traits portrayed there would be grossly unjust as applied to his exemplary private life.

> "Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
> And with his presence grace impiety,
> That sin by him advantage should achieve,
> And lace itself with his society?"

Furthermore, had these poems been written to him, they could not have failed to contain allusions to his stirring adventures, martial achievements, misfortunes, imprisonment, no traces of which are to be found in them, while they are filled with references to matters every way inapplicable to him, but exactly fitting another distinguished contemporary. Finally the portrait of Southampton is an ample refutation of the claim made in his behalf. He did not possess striking beauty, very far from it.

Who, then, the question once more recurs, is Mr. W. H.? The true answer, after having passed from the knowledge of the world for a century and a half, was recovered by Bright, who first announced it in a letter which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine in 1832. Boaden had arrived at the same conclusion, on independent grounds, and was just on the point of publishing it, which he did in the same number of the same Magazine. In 1838 Brown maintained and confirmed the view in a separate volume. Hunter, in 1845, followed in the same track, with enlarged evidences and illustrations. Hallam added the grave authority of his name to the justice of the opinion. And a writer in the July number of the Westminster Review for 1857, in an article of much acuteness, eloquence, and penetrative feeling, enforced and confirmed the verdict, making its correctness still more evident than his predecessors had done. This last writer — with the exception of the few sentences by Hallam — is the only one we have read of those who have seized and supported what we are convinced is the truth in this controversy. We are now prepared to give a final reply to the question so often asked. The man we are in search of is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who was born in April, 1580, a nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, his mother being the gifted lady on whom Ben Jonson composed the famous epitaph: —

> "Underneath this marble hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse;
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death, ere thou hast slain another
> Wise and fair and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

The first reason for selecting this person from among the known acquaintances of Shakespeare as the subject of the Sonnets is, that his initials meet the exigency of the dedication page without the application of the least force or ingenuity. The only shadow of an objection is, that at the time of the publication he was not simply Mr. William Herbert, but was Earl of Pembroke. The objection has but a specious and apparent weight, and there are two sufficient replies to it. First, many of the Sonnets, perhaps the majority, were written to the youth before he became Earl, and all were addressed to him in a strictly private and personal relation, in his character as a man, not as a public dignitary or official noble; and it would be most natural to dedicate them to him in the character in which they were written to him. Secondly, a sense of modesty, a feeling of good taste and propriety, on the part of the unauthorized publisher, a fear lest his surreptitious enterprise might give offence if the personality of the chief party, then occupying a high station, were too glaringly blazoned forth, would obviously induce the adventuring Thomas Thorpe to suppress the title of the person whose attractions and deeds had called out from his poet-friend such glowing, and in some cases questionable addresses. The same motive that would cause the withholding of the title would also cause the employment of the initials instead of the full name. Not with any intention to disguise or hide the party aimed at, but simply with a motive of modesty and deprecation. It would make a vast difference in the feelings of a sensitive man moving in an exalted sphere, when such a volume was placed before the public, whether it was inscribed to Mr. W. H., or to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

The second reason for fastening upon this man, joined with the foregoing, gives it much greater weight. When Shakespeare's theatrical comrades, Heminge and Condell, after his death, published the first edition of his Plays, they, who must well

have known his intimacies and preferences, would naturally choose as their fittest patron the dearest friend of the deceased author, provided he were a suitable person in the eye of the world; and every page of the Sonnets shows that their object was of princely birth and station, as well as of princely spirit. Now to whom did Heminge and Condell actually dedicate the immortal folio volume of 1623? To William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, in conjunction with his brother Philip, Earl of Montgomery. "Since your lordshippes have been pleased to think these trifles something, heeretofore; and have prosequuted both them, and their author living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent." The fact that Montgomery is joined with Pembroke in the dedication does not weaken the foregoing argument: for having selected William for his exclusive claim and fitness, many easily conceivable motives may have induced the editors to unite Philip with him, — their common patronage, their brotherhood, their exalted social rank and influence, a fear uncourteously to offend one by palpably disconnecting him from the other in this honoring literary homage.

The third reason for believing him to be the long hidden but now unmasked Unknown of the Sonnets is, that not only he has the right name and age, and is known to have been a chief patron and friend of Shakespeare, but also all the particulars associated with his person, station, character, and life correspond with surprising exactness and felicity to the requirements of the poems themselves; and he is the only man of whom this can with even the slightest degree of truth be said. His picture painted by Vandyck, although taken after he had much passed his prime, meets the demand which the reader of the Sonnets must make. On first gazing at it, the lines of his celebrator rushed into memory with a thrill: —

> "To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
> For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
> Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
> Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
> Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned;
> In process of the seasons have I seen

Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived;
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead."

Herbert's splendid appearance and bearing, combined with his unapproached culture, courtesy, and disinterested generosity, drew all eyes and hearts after him. Lodge says: "This noble person has scarcely ever yet been named but to be praised." Anthony Wood writes of him: "He was the very picture and *viva effigies* of nobility; a person truly generous, a singular lover of learning and the professors thereof. His person was majestic, and his presence, whether quiet or in motion, was full of stately gravity. His mind was purely heroic. He was not only a great favorer of learned and ingenious men, but was himself learned, and endowed to admiration with a poetical genie." Ben Jonson dedicated the most popular of his works, the Book of Epigrams, to Herbert. Among these is a hearty and eloquent poem addressed to Herbert himself, beginning thus: —

"I do but name thee, Pembroke, and I find
It is an epigram on all mankind;
Against the bad, but of and to the good,
Both which are asked, to have thee understood."

The portrait drawn of him by Clarendon, that incorruptible and masterly delineator, is of an exceedingly attracting and impressive character. "He was the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age." "He stood upon his own feet, without any other support than of his proper virtue and merit." "A disposition affable, generous, and magnificent," shedding lustre around, asking no favor for himself, liberally dispensing favors to others. "Sure never man was planted in a court who was fitter for the soil, or brought better qualities with him to purify that air." "His *conversation was most with men of the most pregnant parts and understanding*." "His large fortune served not his ex-

pense, which was only limited by his great mind, and occasions to use it nobly." He gave himself extremely to licentious pleasures, "yet was not so much transported with beauty and outward allurements as with those advantages of the mind as manifested an extraordinary wit and spirit and knowledge, and administered great pleasure in the conversation. To them he sacrificed himself, his precious time, and much of his fortune." "Some who were nearest his trust and friendship were not without apprehension that his natural vivacity and vigor of mind began to lessen and decline by those excessive indulgences." Here we have all the separate features of the portrait, so marvellously varied, combined, and elaborated in the Sonnets, — great beauty, high station, extreme kindness, rich talent, boundless popularity, over-addiction to pleasure. Compare especially with the last sentence quoted from Clarendon the following Sonnet: —

"How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife, ill used, doth lose his edge."

The latest discussion of the subject before us is to be found in a privately printed work by Bolton Corney, of which the London Athenæum for August 2, 1862, gives an account. The work is called, "The Sonnets of William Shakespeare; a Critical Disquisition suggested by a Recent Discovery." The discovery, warmly adopted by Mr. Corney, and indorsed by so considerable an authority as the Athenæum, was made by M. Philarète Chasles, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque Mazarine, whose own elaborate announcement and justification of it will soon issue from the press, if it have not already

appeared. The suggestion of M. Chasles, which Mr. Corney considers a discovery equivalent to a demonstration, is this. The person to whom the bulk of the Sonnets were written was, as Drake and others long ago contended, the Earl of Southampton, but the initials in the Dedication are those of William Herbert. The Dedication has been falsely punctuated, and so misunderstood. The real meaning of it is that Mr. W. H. collected the Sonnets, and put them into the hands of a printer for publication, prefixing an inscription to the effect that he hoped the person to whom they were written would experience the joy and reputation promised to him by the author of them. Here the inscription proper ended, but the publisher appended to it his wishes for the success of the pecuniary enterprise on which he had embarked. One might search in vain for a more insignificant, puerile, and useless conceit. How so bright and able a mind as that of M. Chasles could be bewitched and misled by it, can only be explained by the insane fondness of a critic for new readings, making the most absurd speculation which is acute and original more attractive than the most solidly grounded perception which is obvious and familiar. The objections to the "Discovery" are overwhelming. It creates real and fatal difficulties in obviating a single purely imaginary one. It leaves wholly untouched the obstinate truth, that scarcely any of the facts connected with Southampton are reconcilable with the facts, the assertions, and descriptions in the Sonnets. It violently breaks apart the inscription, originally printed as a unit in unbroken continuity of sequence. It puts an arduous and extremely arbitrary interpretation on words whose meaning lies naturally clear and apparent. The Dedication ran connectedly from the first word to the last. With the exception that it was arranged in lines of unequal length, after the usual manner of inscriptions, it stood thus: "To. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF. THESE. INSUING. SONNETS. MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE. AND. THAT. ETERNITIE. PROMISED. BY. OUR. EVER-LIVING. POET. WISHETH. THE. WELL. WISHING. ADVENTURER. IN. SETTING. FORTH. T. T." We submit to any candid reader, that the explanation of M. Chasles, making W. H. the subject instead of the object of the inscription, and making a new inscription, by another

hand, begin after the word "wisheth," is utterly capricious and repulsive to common sense. It is absurd to suppose that, when all the parties concerned were associating together, the Earl of Pembroke would, without the consent of the author, so far violate all proprieties as to gather together such effusions as these, dedicate them to their object, and have them printed. Imagine such an act among a similar set of contemporaries now. It is also absurd to suppose that Thomas Thorpe would dare to be guilty of such an outrageous impertinence as to stick his wish and initials upon those written down in such delicate circumstances by the Earl of Pembroke. And, finally, the whole supposition is superfluous; it involves and obscures what was before simple, and sheds no new light on any point of actual interest and perplexity.

The personage, then, so exalted, adorned, worshipped, in the Sonnets of Shakespeare, is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain of King James, Chancellor of Oxford, founder of Pembroke College, who moved in every brilliant circle, the observed of all observers, the most fascinating, envied, and beloved man of his time, a hundred shining virtues linked with one soft fault. That such a man should make a confidential friend of one in the position held in that age by a player was, socially considered, a royal condescension which might well call forth the frequent expressions of humility we find on the part of the poet, and of grateful homage to his so gracious and loving benefactor.

"Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit.
Duty so great which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me."

Nearly every condition requisite to heighten friendship met

in this rare union under the most favorable circumstances. In addition to his other attractions, Herbert was specially qualified to appreciate the productions of Shakespeare, being himself an excellent scholar and a poet of marked skill and taste. His poems, edited by young Donne, indicate the possession of a genius, indeed, that would have won him an imperishable reputation, had he but, instead of occasionally flirting with the Muse, made himself a real devotee of the art. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine describes them as characterized by "delicacy of fancy, sweetness of sentiment, vigor and originality of thought, and enchanting elegance of expression." The following lines are his: —

> "Silence in love betrays more woe
> Than words though ne'er so witty;
> The beggar that is dumb, you know,
> May challenge double pity."

Again, on hearing his lady sing, he exclaims: —

> "What voice is this, I prythee mark,
> With so much music in it?
> Too sweet, methinks, to be a lark,
> Too loud to be a linnet."

When these two first met in London, Shakespeare was thirty-two years old, Herbert sixteen. At least, it is known that Herbert went to London at that age, and was a lover of the theatre, "spent his time in merely going to plays every day." In April, 1697, a few days after the young William had passed his sixteenth year, Rowland Whyte writes to Sir Robert Sidney, uncle to the lad: "My lord Herbert hath, with much adoe, brought his father to consent that he may live at London." The rich eye and heart of the poet were captivated by the entrancing beauty of the noble youth, who, in his turn, must have been delighted with the delicate homage and lavish genius laid at his feet, as he burst upon the hackneyed gaze of the metropolis in the full splendor of his morning promise.

> "Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
> And only herald to the gaudy spring."

The Sonnets addressed to him during the thirteen following years were then collected and published by a bookseller, with-

out the privity of their author, every step and varying phase of whose ideal passion, with the attending events, are depicted in them. To the reader able to interpret, they still mutely babble the secrets intrusted to them so long ago, and which so few persons since have cared to entertain. In these "powerful rhymes" the dazzling young Earl outlives "the gilded monuments of princes," his favored image

> "Shining more bright in these contents,
> Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time."

Truly did his immortalizer assure him,

> "'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
> Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
> Even in the eyes of all posterity,
> That wear this world out to the ending doom."

Rowland Whyte, in his letters to Sir Robert Sidney in 1599 and 1600, when Herbert was in his nineteenth and twentieth years, says in reference to him, at one time, "It is laid to his charge that he is a melancholy young man." At another time, speaking of the accomplishments he is practising, the uncle's correspondent writes of him that "he dances, he sings." Shakespeare begins one of his Sonnets to him with the words,

> "Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?"

Whyte also writes, that he does "not find any disposition at all in this gallant young lord to marry." And the Sonnets combat this disinclination and their object, urging him, with many arguments, to wed and transmit his person.

The friend's charm of person is first celebrated, with astonishing variety of imagery, but in one tone of earnest sincerity. Time is conjured,

> "O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
> Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
> Him in thy course untainted do allow
> For beauty's pattern to succeeding men."

> "A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
> Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
> A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
> With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
> An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
> Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
> A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
> Which steals men's eyes, but women's souls amazeth."

The poet writes to him that when, tired with travel, he hastes to bed to repose his limbs,

> "my soul's imaginary sight
> Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
> Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
> Makes black night beauteous."

He is then praised for higher qualities.

> "Speak of the spring and foizon of the year;
> The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
> The other as your bounty doth appear,
> And you in every blessed shape we know.
> In all external grace you have some part,
> But you like none, none you, for constant heart."

As a comment on this comparison of his generosity to the bounty of Nature in her autumnal harvest, the following anecdote is in place. It is narrated by Howel, editor of the State Trials, in a letter to his father. He introduces it by saying, "My lord Pembroke hath just done a most noble act, like himself." Gervase Elwayes, Lieutenant of the Tower, was executed as an accomplice in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. His forfeited estate King James gave freely and fully to William Herbert, who was at that time in a state of pecuniary embarrassment, he having, in addition to his own princely expenditures, assumed the debts of his brother Philip and of his cousin William. The confiscated estate was worth a sum equivalent now to twenty-six thousand dollars a year. Herbert instantly gave the whole of it, untouched, to the widow and children of the felon from whom it had been taken. A deed worthy of the copesmate of Shakespeare's heart!

The following is very noticeable: —

> "Let not my love be called idolatry,
> Nor my belovèd as an idol show,
> Since all alike my songs and praises be
> To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
> Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
> Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words,
> And in this change is my invention spent.
> Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
> Which three, till now, never kept seat in one."

The poet tells him, though he can say no more in his praise than he has already said, he will daily repeat it, like prayers,

that their friendship may always seem fresh. If his friend will kindly notice him, allowing his good, palliating his bad, he is deaf to critics and flatterers: —

> "You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
> That all the world besides methinks are dead."

He wishes, if everything which exists has existed before, that he could open a record five hundred years old, and see what was said of his friend in ancient times. In the ensuing lines, it is hard to say which is superior, the exquisite sentiment expressed, or the consummate grace with which it is clothed.

> "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
> I all alone beweep my outcast state,
> And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
> And look upon myself and curse my fate,
> Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
> Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
> Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
> With what I most enjoy contented least:
> Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
> Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
> Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
> For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
> That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

The internal evidence that the above description is a copy drawn from the personal experience of the author is, to one who can appreciate it, irresistible. And what can be more affecting than to see a Shakespeare drooping in such lonesome melancholy, then, at a thought, brightening with such joy?

In three of the finest of these poems Shakespeare makes touching allusion to the compromises of his own life as a player. This is one of the most interesting circumstances in the series, and one of the strongest authentications of the belief that they are expressions of his real experience, communicated to a friend.

> "Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
> And made myself a motley to the view."

> "Your love and pity the impression fill,
> Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow.
> You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
> To know my shames and praises from your tongue."

"O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed."

Patiently examining the numerous references to Pembroke in the indexes to such works as Nichols's "Progresses of King James," we shall find him, during those years, conspicuous in every brilliant scene of state and fashion and pleasure; now the principal actor in a masque at Whitehall Palace, — now seated at a sumptuous court banquet, — now in his castle at Wilton, entertaining the king and his retinue, — and constantly a pre-eminent point of attraction at feasts, balls, and parties given by the first nobles and celebrities in the land. Meanwhile the lowly-born Shakespeare was a playwright and actor, without wealth or fame, none of his great works being yet published. In his humble walks, in his comparatively neglected obscurity, conscious of his own genius, an ardent lover of Herbert, and having often tasted the full charm of his gracious companionship, we may imagine something of what the experience of a being of so exquisitely sensitive and magnanimous a mould must have been. Of the many kindred expressions recorded of it, here is one: —

"Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do anything) he thinks no ill."

It would be almost impossible that he should not some-

times have experienced a twinge of hurt feeling. Put these two utterances together: —

> "O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
> By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
> The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
> For that sweet odor which doth in it live."

> "But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
> The solve is this, — that thou dost common grow."

And then read the verses that follow, — surely one of the most pathetic and exquisite creations of thought and emotion that ever grew and blossomed in words.

> "Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
> And I will comment upon that offence;
> Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
> Against thy reasons making no defence.
> Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
> To set a form upon desirèd change,
> As I 'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
> I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
> Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
> Thy sweet belovèd name no more shall dwell,
> Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
> And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
> For thee against myself I 'll vow debate,
> For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate."

A series of six or eight sonnets express the author's jealousy of several other poets, one in especial, who sought to win his friend away and monopolize him.

> "I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
> And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
> The dedicated words which writers use
> Of their fair subject, blessing every book."

We know that Ben Jonson, Samuel Daniel, Drummond of Hawthornden, the brothers Davison, and other eminent authors, dedicated works to Herbert, or wrote in praise of him.

> "O, how I faint when I of you do write,
> Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
> And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
> To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
> But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
> The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
> My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
> On your broad main doth wilfully appear.

Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wrecked, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride;
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this, — my love was my decay."

It is singular that this very comparison is instituted by old Fuller between Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, when they were wont to encounter "in wit-combates" at the Mermaid tavern. "I behold them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slower in his performances. Shakespeare, like the latter, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

"Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
. . . . .
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance filed up his line,
Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine."

Fennor, in a publication put forth in 1616, says of Ben Jonson's poetry, with particular reference to his Sejanus,

"With more than human art it was bedewed";—

a characterization quite like to Shakespeare's "taught to write above a mortal pitch." It is noticeable that this line of Fennor occurs in his "Description of a Poet," Ben Jonson, and is in a work dedicated to William Herbert. Falkland's eclogue on the death of Jonson testifies to Pembroke's great intimacy with him. Pembroke fell out with Inigo Jones, and called him "Iniquity" Jones; Jonson also broke with the notorious architect, and wrote a satire on him. Jonson likewise dedicated his Catiline to Pembroke in glowing terms, as well as his Book of Epigrams. In the inscription of the latter, he praises Herbert by implication, in contrast with those nobles who "prefer a mountebank or jester to all the study or studi-

ers of humanity." In the fire which destroyed so many of Jonson's papers other poems addressed to Herbert may have perished, poems answering to Shakespeare's "Every hymn that able Spirit affords." Ben, probably, was the man.

Compare the following with the conduct of Cordelia in the scene where Lear asked his three daughters how much they loved him.

> "Hearing you praised, I say, 'T is so, 't is true,'
> And to the most of praise add something more;
> But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
> *Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.*"

Then he despairingly sings,

> "Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
> And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;
> The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
> My bonds in thee are all determinate.
> Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
> Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
> So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
> Comes home again on better judgment making.
> Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
> In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter."

What can be more touchingly truthful than the revelation in these other lines?

> "Is it thy spirit that thou sendest from thee.
> So far from home, into my deeds to pry,
> To find out shames and idle hours in me,
> The scope and tenor of my jealousy?
> O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
> It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
> Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
> To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
> For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
> From me far off, with others all too near."

When separated from his friend, he tells him, "Since I left you, everything in my mind's eye has appeared in your shape!" Again he adds,

> "If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
> Injurious distance should not stop my way;
> For then, despite of space, I would be brought
> From limits far remote, where thou dost stay."

And at another time he chants this charming strain: —

"How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was Summer's time;
But, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near."

Two further Sonnets, sharply read, will be found to record a couple of interesting incidents in the friendship of Shakespeare and Herbert. Herbert already possesses a glass and a dial, every reference to which may teach him a moral. Shakespeare makes him a present of a note-book, and felicitously states the additional service it may render.

"Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste:
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthèd graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed delivered from thy brain
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book."

But when, afterwards, Herbert gives Shakespeare a pocket-tablet for memoranda, a memento which, it may safely be inferred from the rank and wealth of the giver, was beautiful and costly, Shakespeare transfers it to another person, sending to his friend an apology for the act so full of tender and happy cunning that it must more than have satisfied him.

"Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full charactered with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be missed.

That *poor retention* could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me I was bold
To trust those tables that receive thee more.
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me."

We next come to a singular passage in this friendship, — an injury and quarrel of a most painful and trying character, a forgiveness and reconciliation which reveal a surpassing magnanimity of love. The history of this passage throws an interesting light on Othello's terrible outbreaks of invective against Desdemona, from the personal experience of Shakespeare. He was accustomed to reside a portion of the year at Stratford. It seems that during his absence, here or elsewhere, his mistress, smitten with the beauty and wit of Herbert, succeeded in winning him to her arms. Shakespeare discovered the treachery, and was plunged into the deepest distress. He bitterly denounces the woman.

"Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan,
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed."

"My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colored ill;
To win me soon to hell my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride."

In the Sonnet beginning,

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action,"

he inveighs against sensual vice in a strain of earnest power, which unmasks all its degradation with an edge of truth as energetic and contemptuous as that of the speech of the Duke to Jacques in "As You Like It."

He upbraids his friend with mingled severity and forbearance, a deep sense of wrong and magnanimous palliation and yearning.

"What potions have I drank of siren tears
Distilled from limbecs foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!"

"That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly."

He makes excuses for him even while blaming.

"Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a double truth."

Was ever an injury so gorgeously depicted, so sublimely excused, as, in the following verses, the one inflicted by Herbert on Shakespeare?

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth."

With what pathetic depth of feeling he complains, relents, and resigns himself, in the next piece!

"Take all my loves, my Love, yea, take them all:
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my Love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty:
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief

To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace! in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes."

Again the struggle of resentment and love breaks forth, and through the splendid imagery we can see the traces of suffering.

"Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face:
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace.
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss;
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearls which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds."

Herbert appears to have soon repented with sincere shame, made overtures to his aggrieved friend,

"and tendered
That humble salve which wounded bosoms fits."

Shakespeare generously writes to him,

"No more be grieved at that which thou hast done;
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud,
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Thy sins excusing more than thy sins are."

Their former love is restored in more than its original fulness.

"That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you 've passed a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffered in your crime."

"O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater."

In the later ripeness of their friendship, Herbert complained that his friend had ceased to write to him as in the earlier stages of their intercourse. Shakespeare explains and excuses his silence thus: —

"My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandised whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song."

Shakespeare, in his modesty, and in the felt disparity of his performance to his idea and aspiration, undervalued his own productions. But Herbert admiringly applauded and cherished them, and scorned to care what the fashionable world might think of the incompatibility of an equal friendship between a peerless earl and a despised player. In a mood of melancholy presentiment, the poet, foreseeing that after his death some persons will task his noble friend to recite what merit he had seen in him to love so much, says: —

"O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth."

One more quotation — and strangely lofty and plaintive is its strain, as if a snatch of melody, wailed over some angel's hearse in the hall of heaven, had wandered down to mortal ears — must suffice. The conceptions of Prospero, Hamlet, and Lear, stirring all the depths of affection and wonder as

they do, evoke and fix upon their author our personal love and admiration in a fainter degree than the unmatched disinterestedness, the divine humanity of these lines: —

> "No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
> Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
> Give warning to the world that I am fled
> From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
> Nay, if you read this line, remember not
> The hand that writ it: for I love you so
> That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
> If thinking on me then should make you woe.
> O if, I say, you look upon this verse
> When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
> Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
> But let your love even with my life decay;
> Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
> And mock you with me after I am gone."

It cannot but be regretted that no record of this friendship on the part of Pembroke exists from his own pen: though the omission is not mysterious, but natural, since it is not customary for men, save those like a Goethe, in whom the literary propensity is predominant, to write the history of their affections. We know not how he bore the death of his immortal companion, whether he attended his funeral, or paid any other tribute to his memory besides accepting the dedication of his plays. He survived that event fourteen years, and died instantly in the night, of apoplexy, — a sudden rush of blood into the rich chambers of the brain where lived so many of Shakespeare's thoughts, and perchance so many thoughts of Shakespeare. A melancholy tradition in the Pembroke family relates that, when an incision was made in his side for the purpose of embalming, the right arm rose in gesture of deprecation.

And here ends the story of the friendship recounted in the Sonnets of Shakespeare, though the portions brought forward only hint the riches contained in the rest. The contemptuous estimate of them once current is no longer possible; but the final verdict of the world on their merits will furnish as striking a contrast to that now popular, as is already afforded by a comparison of the rank now assigned by mankind to the intellectual and moral quality of his plays with that assigned by Hume and Voltaire, when the former said, "Born in a rude age, without any instruction either from

the world or from books, a reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold," and the latter said, "Hamlet seems the work of a drunken savage." They are personal and autobiographic, crowded with glorious opulence of genius, art, and tenderness to a degree which few even of their fondest readers have yet discerned. Whoever would see the interior of Shakespeare must look at him here, in these spirit-mirrors which reflect the deepest phases of his heart. They show that he was gifted to admire and love in the same transcendent degree as to see and write. Indeed, the popular separation of intellect and affection, as if they were endowments quite apart, one often being mighty while the other is petty, is essentially a fallacy. They are but different phases of one process of spirit. Under equally favorable conditions the same mass and motion of spirit go to each, and they are mutual measures. Normally, the greater and finer the mind, the greater and finer also the heart.

ART. VI. — THE WAR POLICY, AND THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTH.

1. *The Cotton Kingdom.* By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. New York: Mason Brothers. 1861. 2 vols.
2. *Letters to the President, on the Foreign and Domestic Policy of the Union, and its Effects, as exhibited in the Condition of the People and the State.* By H. C. CAREY. Philadelphia: M. Polock. 1858.
3. *The Future Civilization of the South. A Sermon preached on the 13th of April, 1862, in the South Congregational Church, Boston.* By EDWARD E. HALE.

THE month of September, just passed, will be looked back to, in future time, as the turning-point in the history of the war and of the nation. In the history of the war it marks the termination of the second period of military operations. Twice since the war began we have moved upon the rebel capital; both times we were foiled, and both times, by a curious coincidence, the plains of Manasses witnessed the crowning success of the enemy's arms. The first period was short,

and characterized by a feverish excitement and impatience. Its military history may be summed up in our occupation of Cairo and Fortress Monroe, the most important strategic points west and east, and Fort Pickens; also by the triumphant career of Lyon in Missouri, and of McClellan in Western Virginia. But politicians were not satisfied with the slow-maturing plans of the general-in-chief, and succeeded in July in precipitating the advance of a half-organized, poorly disciplined, and ill-provided army upon the strong position of the enemy. It was driven back in utter rout and confusion, and before many weeks our line had given way before the surging hosts of the rebels, who were only checked by our fast hold upon the three positions of Cairo, Fortress Monroe, and Washington. Missouri was overrun, hostilities renewed in Western Virginia, and the war carried into Kentucky.

Then followed weary months of inaction, in which the country, profiting well by the severe lesson of July, waited with wonderful patience until this undisciplined body of men was transformed, in the words of General McClellan, into "a real army, — magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, excellently equipped and armed." The rapid and solid successes gained testify to the comprehensiveness and good judgment of the plans at head-quarters. All the Southern coast, except the three ports of Wilmington, Charleston, and Mobile, and the coast of Texas, all the line of the Mississippi except Vicksburg, nearly the whole State of Tennessee, and a part of Arkansas, were speedily in our possession. In those few glorious weeks the American flag was planted on the soil of seven States from which it had been defiantly driven a year before. The two powers — the Republic and the Rebellion — were fairly measured, with all resources and energies called into action, and the rebel invariably went to the wall. It seemed as if we had but to send a fleet of gunboats, and the fort surrendered. Our armies advanced, and, as General Mitchell said, found their only difficulty in getting a sight of the enemy. The chief censure our commanders received was for suffering the foe to run away. But a change came, — we will not inquire whence. Historians will be able to decide whose is the responsibility for the mismanagement that sacrificed so many of these gains,

reduced this splendid army by a half, and drove it back in disgrace to the fortifications of Washington. We have nothing to do with this question, and have only introduced this sketch to show how it is that the month of September saw the third campaign for the suppression of the rebellion open auspiciously with the victories of South Mountain and Antietam.

But this memorable month will form an era in a second and still more important respect, by reason of the proclamation of President Lincoln, announcing a new line of policy with relation to slavery. Until this time the administration has made a sincere effort to suppress the rebellion by purely military means; now it resorts to extraordinary measures, grounded indeed in military usage and necessity, but designed to act especially upon a social and political institution, and that too one which has been the subject of the most violent political disputes. In this proclamation the President declares that the war will continue to be prosecuted, as heretofore, "for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof" in the revolted States; that the executive policy heretofore announced, of compensated emancipation and colonization, will continue to be urged; that, meanwhile, the recent acts of Congress relating to slavery are to be faithfully enforced, — the claim of loyal citizens being respected, to compensation for losses incurred by acts of the United States, "including the loss of slaves." In addition, he proclaims, —

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free, and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto, at elections wherein a majority of

the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Thus the war has changed, ostensibly if not really, its character and aims. Before, it was Republicanism and American nationality that were at stake. Slavery everybody felt in his heart was doomed to perish by the war it had evoked, but it was not possible that this should be the immediate and declared object. Slavery had excited men to take up arms, and by this act a political contest became a military one, and was to be treated as such, with the weapons of war. It does not follow as a matter of course, because slavery was the cause, that to have destroyed this would have destroyed the war, any more than that to shoot the incendiary will put out the fire. But it soon became manifest, what was not seen at first, that slavery was not merely the cause, but to a large extent the support, of the rebellion; and now it became only a question of time when it would be judicious to take away from it its chief support. The special considerations which have influenced the decision of the President are beyond the sphere of our judgment. He is the only person in the country, excepting one or two, who is in a situation to judge accurately the immediate needs of the campaign. It is the duty of one portion of the community to acquiesce in the policy now it is declared, as it was for another portion to wait patiently while the cautious President waited for the ripening of events to teach him. The decision he has at last come to has this important effect, — that the war assumes now, to some extent, a political character, because it is impossible so hotly debated a political question as this should become the subject of executive action without exciting the opposition of one party or another; and also because another and a larger idea has been given us as a watchword. Our object in the war is republicanism and nationality as much as ever, but by the side of these, freedom.

This proclamation was issued on the 22d of September, sixty days after the proclamation of July 25, and its immediate object was to carry into effect the provisions of the "Confiscation Act" so called, of which the previous procla-

mation gave warning. This occasion was taken advantage of to renew the offer of compensated emancipation to the Slave States, and to recommend further legislation on the subject; and as a further step in the same direction, and, as is probable, a part of the same general plan, emancipation was declared in all States or parts of a State which shall be in rebellion on the 1st of January next, — the test of loyalty being representation in Congress. These two measures of emancipation cover the whole ground. It would be desired that all the Southern States should open their eyes to the approaching fate of their cherished institution, and accept the liberal offer of the government; if they will not do so, loyal States may maintain slavery awhile if they please, but in disloyal it shall not exist any longer. It is in the way of the Union, and must be removed. After that, the loyal slaveholding States may reckon how much slavery is worth to them, when they are wholly surrounded by free communities. It is not likely they will delay long to receive the price offered, and enter the same path of progress with the North.

We would notice in this connection the change in popular sentiment which the year's experience has produced, not merely on the general subject of emancipation, but with regard to making it immediate. The experiment has been tried, and has succeeded. The testimony of Port Royal coincides with that of the West India Islands, that the most direct way is the best. Any other course will lead to perplexities and dangers without end. At best, society in the seceded States will be for years in such a state of anarchy and transition, that there is little fear of mischief in this direction, while all the evidence we have goes to show that society will come into a condition of orderly industry much more rapidly if its laborers are recognized at once as freemen, and that they will value their new manhood higher and turn it to better advantage if it is granted freely and unconditionally.

We wish now to consider the effects of this proclamation upon the South, assuming, as we think we are entitled to do, our military success. We are beginning a third campaign, with better promise than ever before. We have more of the South in our possession than last winter, our resources are greater and better organized, we know our strength better,

and have been taught our weakness by suffering. The enemy is only encouraged by our mistakes, is disheartened by his recent reverses, and has lost quite as heavily as we, while his power of recuperation grows less every day as the stringency of the blockade increases, and his own land becomes more exhausted. Only one thing now can give him hope, — foreign intervention, our constant bugbear, his perpetual will-o'-the-wisp. But if we look this full in the face, its dangers vanish. We have little to fear from it provided we are true to ourselves. No doubt, if our blunders went on, intervention might come, — perhaps to save us from annihilation; but give us victory, and we are safe. England and France can, if they choose, decide that the South has earned its independence, and can recognize the Confederate States of America as a nation. But what then? From a civil war it becomes a foreign one, and all the rebels have gained is a word of encouragement, — something to be sure, but not much, so long as we are the strongest. If the blockade is effectual, we have the same right to enforce it as before; if we are able to subjugate the South, the conquerors of India and Algeria have earned no right to protest.

Our future military movements, it is probable, will be a continuation of those in the spring. The strategic points of the South, the State capitals, the forts and railroad centres, will be seized and held, and its armies scattered. Charleston, Montgomery, and Chattanooga will be in our hands, as New Orleans, Nashville, and Corinth are now, and with all such points in our possession the armies of the Confederacy must melt away as Beauregard's did last spring. Guerilla and brigandage will be the only resource, as for a while after the evacuation of Corinth they were throughout the West; and these can do little against a firm and vigorous rule.

But the military problem, severe as it is, is nothing compared to the political one which will present itself when the war, as a war, is over. It is hard to realize how completely the points at issue have been changed within a year. Our situation now is perhaps no more difficult, certainly no more perilous, than then, but different. If our arms had been successful a year ago, if Bull Run had been a victory, and had been followed up by an immediate occupation of all the

Southern States, — and a hundred thousand well-trained soldiers (not a Bull Run "town-meeting") could have done it then, — there would have been such an outburst of thanksgiving from the oppressed Unionists of the South, such exultation at being rid of the tyranny, such a welcome to the old flag, that the love for the restored Union would have been such as the old had never known. But this was not to be, and it is well it was not. It was better that the old slavery-ridden Union should never be restored, that the day of cringing and compromise should be wiped out even from memory, if it could be. The flag, which had for so many years been dipped in African blood, must be baptized in our own before it could become the symbol of a truly great and free nation. And this has been done, — the heart aches to think how faithfully, what noble lives have sacrificed themselves to the cause, not in vain if the nation they died for shall come out of the struggle purified and ennobled. The blood of these martyrs will be the seed of our new civilization.*

The old Union was forever lost at Bull Run. It is a nobler and better one we have been laying the foundations of since. Already it has appeared to many as if the only choice lay between separation and subjugation. Judge Nelson of Tennessee, who more than a year ago surrendered his allegiance on the ground that the United States government had not, with the best of wills, shown itself able to protect loyal citizens in the seceded States, was only one out of thousands who, firm Unionists at the start, have been driven by circumstances

* Mr. Hamilton of Texas, who knows the rebellion well, used the following words in a recent speech in New York: — "Restore the government, its Constitution, and its laws to all, fellow-citizens. With all my heart. Restore the Union as it existed for the year just preceding the rebellion? God forbid. Am I to be remitted back to the soil of Texas, to be hunted by assassins the little remnant of my life? Am I to go there to teach my little son that the chief blessing of his great future is to run from street to street, and from man to man, and insist that he is as sound a man upon this subject of slavery as lives? Am I to see my neighbors and friends hung by the neck because they have doubted that the chief business of the Great Ruler of the Universe is not in directing and controlling and maturing and perpetuating the institution of slavery? No, fellow-citizens; if I cannot go there and strike hands with my friends at home, if I cannot be again united with my family, except upon the terms that I am to live in such society as existed there, hard as it is to utter, I can find it in my heart to say, let me never see them. But if you mean by the restoration of the Union as it was, a restoration of that Union such as our fathers intended it to be, then, with all my heart, let us have it."

into equally hearty rebellion. No doubt even now there lurk here and there a few concealed loyalists. Now and then an incident like the recent escape to us of the distinguished representative from Texas, Mr. Hamilton, shows that we have perhaps underrated the strength of the Union sentiment in these localities. But few dare avow themselves as such, even in the presence of our arms; for there is yet a chance, they argue, that the Confederacy may triumph, and they do not care to subject themselves to the fate of Jacksonville. So the Union feeling has apparently disappeared, even where once it was very strong, — except in Eastern Tennessee, Western North Carolina, and probably Western Texas, where the stern and uncompromising loyalty of the inhabitants deserves a better fate than it has met. Still, even if we acknowledge that the Union as it was is destroyed, and a new one can only be built up after subjugation, we must bear in mind that whatever may be the result, — separation or enforced Union, — the fighting cannot stop yet. If the Southern Confederacy were to be established, we must yet fight for boundaries; if we are to have peace at all, we must fight for an honorable peace. No treaty could be made which could last a day, unless one which we granted after a triumphant victory.

We will leave out of view the alternative of separation; it has been often enough discussed, and its impracticability demonstrated. Nothing but the direst necessity will ever bring the people of the United States to consent to dismemberment of their territory. So much is fixed. But on the other alternative, — what right have we to conquer an unwilling people? Our legal right in the premises is undeniable. Except where the doctrine of secession as a constitutional right has obtained a foothold, no person has been bold enough to defend the rebellion but on the sacred principle of revolution, and an edifying sight it is to see the London Times and the Quarterly Review taking up the cudgels in behalf of the right of a people to self-government. But the right of forcible revolution contains in itself the counter right of putting down the revolution by force, — the right of every state to maintain its integrity and defend its existence, corresponding to that of every man to protect his own person from assault. Had the conspirators chosen peaceful legal proceedings in order to

carry into effect what they called the constitutional right to secede, it would have been another thing. But they chose violence, because they knew very well that in no other way could they succeed in dragging the peaceful majority into the gulf of secession. And, as the movement they attempted was not peaceable secession, but armed revolution, our legal right to crush it is unquestionable, and no civilized power on earth would dare to interfere between an outraged government and its insurgent subjects. The moral right is no less clear. We believe in the right of a people to determine its own form of government and choose its own rulers; and had secession in its beginning presented itself on the ground of such a deliberate choice, we believe the people of the North would have respected it, and eventually consented to separation. But it lacked every feature of lawful, orderly procedure. Neither have its successes given it a right to recognition. An organization like this, resting on the greatest crime of history as a "corner-stone," instituted without provocation, and from first to last marked by the basest perfidy and atrocity, can never earn a right to succeed. And if such a misfortune is in store for the world as its success, it should never be while we, the natural guardians of liberty on this continent, have a man or a dollar to devote.

Assuming, then, our military success, the work which will lie before us when the rebellious States have been vanquished and reduced to civil order will be one that it is our duty to examine carefully and understand well beforehand. It is a tremendous problem, but one that we cannot shrink from, and to the solution of which our national energies must be as earnestly directed, and our resources — of money, if not of blood — as lavishly poured out, as upon the immediate military problem. It may be thought that a question which depends upon so many contingencies had best be left for its own day to settle. We did not think the rebels over wise when they boasted that their most serious perplexity would be in determining which of the Northern States they would admit into their Confederacy. But we need to prepare for the future, and the humblest efforts in this direction may not be wholly without value.

In this examination, everything depends upon two prelim-

inary points; — whether, when the revolted States are once reduced to subjection, we shall have the power to keep them so; and whether, this being granted, we shall be able to bring about ultimately a state of things so advantageous to the Southern people that a feeling of acquiescence, and at last of satisfaction, will be developed. The first is proved by the firm and orderly rule of our military governors in Tennessee, North Carolina, and Louisiana. New Orleans and Memphis have probably never been so quiet and well administered as now. It must not be forgotten here, that we do not impose a new and foreign yoke, but re-establish the national power where it was overthrown by treason and violence, where at least a large minority opposed its overthrow, and where the great mass of neutrals or "trimmers" — those whose shifting weight turns every close election — will be as ready to transfer their allegiance back to the government *de jure*, as they were to give in their adhesion to a government *de facto*. We think, therefore, a temporary acquiescence, and even a moderate Union feeling, may be looked for. But this is not enough. A government sustained by military power, like that of Austria in Venice, and of the United States in New Orleans at the present time, will never do in the long run. It is utterly at variance with our national habits and feelings, and with the spirit of our institutions.

Let us consider the situation at the termination of hostilities. An immense, thinly settled country, its population for the most part half-civilized and vindictively hostile, its strategic points in the military occupation of our troops, the fields laid waste and houses burned, bands of guerillas prowling about the country, and every now and then surprising and massacring a garrison. Society, at best rude and barbarous in these regions, will then be reduced to a state of anarchy, — anarchy in the country, in the cities despotism. How to meet all these evils? The desolation of the land, so much deplored in guilty Virginia and dreaded by loyal Pennsylvania, is the least of them, — its terrors are much exaggerated. With peace, immigration, and systematic industry, two years would see these naked, ravaged fields smiling with abundant harvests. And as for the brigands and guerillas, we may perhaps have reason to bless the stern hand of war, which will retain

in its grasp the power to repress the lawlessness which has for years disgraced these portions of our Union. Vigorous and high-handed measures, like those of General Pope in Missouri and Governor Johnson in Tennessee, will soon rid the land of them, and there will be quiet and freedom from rapine such as those States have never yet known. Despotic rule must do for all this extent of country what it is now accomplishing in New Orleans and Memphis. So far we need have no apprehension, but so far we have not got beyond despotism. Enforced order, constrained obedience, lawlessness checked by a well-administered absolutism, — this is not the theory on which our institutions are based, nor the foundation on which a lasting union can be built. Perhaps even this would be better than the filibustering, slaveholding empire which Davis and Yancey dreamed of, — better for the South, but how for us? Can we be at the same time a democratic republic here, and a despotism there? Can we maintain such a rule without losing our own integrity? Can we succeed where Rome failed, — Rome, whose freedom was all the dearer because it rested upon the subjection of other nations?

The only solution of this difficult problem, we firmly believe, is that given by President Lincoln in his Emancipation Proclamation, issued since our last. In what we have said hitherto, we have, it will be observed, avoided touching upon emancipation as a war measure. This has been with a design, — because we did not wish to complicate the two problems, and because we think it quite possible (at all events it was possible six months ago) to settle the military question without touching slavery. Whether the emancipation policy at any previous stage of the war would have helped the cause or thrown it back, no one can say with certainty; in our judgment, the action of the Administration has been in the main as judicious in the treatment of slavery, as weak and disastrous in the conduct of the war. We think the President did wisely to abstain at the first from making it an antislavery war, because it was upon its face and in its essence a defence of the assaulted nationality, not a crusade to put down a hated institution. There was no power in the Constitution to interfere with slavery; such interference could only come from "military

necessity"; and for this reason it was well to wait until ordinary and constitutional measures had been fairly tested, before resorting to extra-constitutional acts. The President was sole judge of the satisfactoriness of the test: we are not disposed to quarrel with him for testing it a little more thoroughly than some thought advisable; on the other hand, it is a petty and carping kind of criticism that gives "necessity" any narrower interpretation than "necessary" has received where the Constitution defines the powers of Congress. The war is now, we believe, at a point where emancipation will be found a useful auxiliary, if not an indispensable one. But it is not from this point of view we wish to look at it. This greatest act of the Administration, although resting upon the war power for its authority, will have its chief efficiency when the war is over, and, we may add, when slavery is already abolished.

It is not so much slavery that is the immediate cause of the war as the slave aristocracy. Slavery — if it were possible to conceive of it as a mere domestic institution, and not as at the same time a great social and political power — could have been very well satisfied with the Union as it was. The cotton-planter and turpentine-maker, as such, were no otherwise affected by the rise and fall of parties, than the wheat-grower of Illinois or the fisherman of Cape Cod. The triumph of the Republican party threatened, to be sure, the limitation of slavery; but for the present, at least, it was safe enough where it already existed; and if limitation means ultimate extinction, the mass of men are not alive enough to a distant peril to have been seriously alarmed by it. But the slave power is another thing. This feudal aristocracy of the South looks down upon the commercial and manufacturing aristocracy of the North with a haughtier contempt than this latter does upon the laboring classes. And with reason, for our aristocracy is still founded on industry, while that of the South is, like the European, based on the idea that labor is disgraceful. The New York merchant works hard; the Carolina planter scorns work. It is a splendid effrontery of the leaders in the rebellion which dilates upon Norman blood and chivalry. Few families in this country can afford to look back many generations, least of all to such a population as settled Virginia.

But, race apart, a lordly position has cultivated lordly feelings, and contempt for everything industrial and democratic.

It was this slave aristocracy, rather than slavery itself, that plunged the nation into this conflict. Finding their power in the Union gone, "resolved to ruin or to rule the state," the "Barons" of the South determined, rather than see their sceptre in the hands of the despised Northerner, to destroy the nation they could no longer rule, and establish a new slave empire. This is shown by the strength of the secession feeling wherever there was an aristocracy, even although slavery had but a weak foothold, as in Baltimore, St. Louis, and the Valley of Virginia. North Carolina, on the other hand, which has much more interest in slavery, but whose pursuits are of a comparatively plebeian character, entered into the movement late and reluctantly.

The Emancipation Proclamation gives this aristocracy its death-blow. However broad may be the amnesties, and however the rigors of the Confiscation Act may be softened, — thus preserving to these families all their property except slaves, — this feudal aristocracy is doomed. It no longer forms a class, no longer has anything to distinguish it from the aristocracies of the North. Society in the two sections will begin to assimilate. There will be there, as here, aristocracy in the abstract, as a feeling, a social power; but no longer *an* aristocracy, a privileged class, a political power. In a generation or two the slave aristocracy will become extinct, or exist only as the old landed aristocracy of New York does, wealthy, and influential through individual character, and with an honorable position in society, but wholly without influence as a political class.

Thus, supposing the success of our arms, the chief obstacle to the re-establishment of the Union has been already removed by this great act. But there is a second obstacle, the sectional feeling developed by the late political struggles, and raised to a bitter intensity by the war. This must be made to disappear, and the same ardent love for the Union excited in the South which now exists in the North. This awakening of the dying sentiment of nationality, this knitting together American, Irish, and German, East and West, New England and Middle States, in the bands of a common brotherhood, is one

of the grand results the war has already accomplished. How shall the Southerner be led to share the same feeling? We will not speak here of the four millions of born Unionists in the South, nor of the thousands of Northern colonists who will find homes under its genial sky, nor of the burning love of the old flag which still lingers here and there. It is not one class or another the work depends on; the whole South must be regenerated, and made a truly civilized and republican land.

We would by no means underrate the education and culture of the Southern aristocracy, which has a just reputation for courtliness of manners, elegance of tastes, and brilliant political ability. But after all this, and leaving the black population entirely out of view, it is no exaggeration to say that there is no Protestant community in the world so ignorant and degraded, on the average, as that of the Southern States. In reading the accounts, last spring, of the Fort Donelson prisoners who were brought to Chicago, travelling on regular and well-conducted railroad trains, through a rich and thrifty country, into a city the like of which they had never dreamed of, for wealth, beauty, and enterprise, one could not but be reminded of the British captives led in triumph through the streets of Rome, or the Mexicans in Spain. These poor creatures, many of whom begged not to be sent back to their kindred, now that they had learned what comfort and civilization were, are the heralds of our missionary enterprise. Every man of this class who goes home from the North, and, like Andy Jones in "Among the Pines," tells his neighbors that the Free States "send the pore man's children to schule *free*," is preparing the ground for us to till. Here is to be our first work. No lack of employment hereafter for as many school-mistresses as New England can rear in her normal schools, — here where thousands, perhaps millions, of white children grow up like savages, with little care but for whiskey and tobacco. If only we could hope to find as willing learners among the clay-eaters and sand-hillers as our missionaries at Port Royal have found among their black pupils! But the false pride of race is the chief curse of slavery. It is not the domineering master, nor the cringing slave, that is most to be pitied, but the miserable wretch who has nothing to be proud of but his color, and who knows no way

to show his superiority to the slave but by avoiding work.* It has not been for the interest of the Southern barons to encourage these classes to learn. It would not do to help their vassals to a knowledge of their own degradation. Free schools, they knew well, would lead them to a consciousness of manhood, and the oligarchy would no longer be secure.

But education is not all the South needs. Its aristocracy is built not merely on ignorance, but on false economy. It is easy enough to prove that slavery is bad economy, — it has been done a hundred times. But still it flourishes, and why? Partly, of course, because, like many other institutions, although it ruins the community, it enriches the individual. South Carolina grows poorer every day, and could be bought up by a thrifty Northern county; but the cotton-planter all the time makes his millions, and cares little for this ruin. But this is not all. Even if he could make more money by free institutions, he would not have them. His aristocracy is not based on wealth, but on class power and dignity, and these he would not exchange for all the treasures of Wall Street. The Southern industrial system is one that could only endure under an oligarchy, and this oligarchy is wise enough to know that its chief strength is in the poverty of its State, and that it would perish if put side by side with the industry of the North. This false political economy, on which slave aristocracy largely rests, is the free-trade doctrine, so sedulously maintained in the South, and in accordance with which its whole strength is expended on one department of industry, agriculture, and here again on one or two great staples.

We cannot undertake to discuss this complicated question of free trade; we only desire, as a special inquiry, to point out how, in our view, departure from the principle of protec-

* Mr. Olmsted says: "To work industriously and steadily, especially under directions from another man, is, in the Southern tongue, 'to work like a nigger'; and, from childhood, the one thing in their condition which has made life valuable to the mass of whites has been that the niggers are yet their inferiors. It is this habit of considering themselves of a privileged class, and of disdaining something which they think beneath them, that is deemed to be the chief blessing of slavery. It is termed 'high tone,' 'high spirit,' and is supposed to give great military advantages to those who possess it. It should give advantages of some sort, for its disadvantages are inexpressibly great."

tion has worked disastrously in the economy of the South. Protection in all its forms is scouted now-a-days, and we are told that nature and natural laws must have free play. Buckle tells us that protection lies at the bottom of almost all the evils of modern history; and the prevailing school of political economy bids us suffer the laws of supply and demand to regulate international intercourse without hinderance, as it does our daily business operations. But does it regulate our daily business operations? Here, it seems to us, is the fallacy in free trade as a popular doctrine, — that it assumes that our every-day actions are directed exclusively by the simple laws of political economy, which they never are for one hour; and asks why we do not do the same in public affairs. Political economy, in truth, is a theoretic and one-sided science, which studies human actions, as Buckle himself has shown, on the assumption "that the great moving power of all men, all interests, and all classes, in all ages and in all countries, is selfishness," and that in these sympathy has no part whatever. By studying these actions from this point of view, certain principles and laws are arrived at, which are true on this assumption, but are not true in point of fact, because man never is actuated solely by selfish motives and the desire of wealth. If he were, he would certainly, as is claimed, buy where he can buy cheapest, and sell when he can sell at the highest price. But the swindling contractor adorns his house with gems of art, and the capitalist gives the Sanitary Commission half the profit on the hard bargain he drives. The cold laws of political economy can never justify paying a woman six cents for making a shirt, because she will rather do that than starve; nor letting a hack for twenty dollars at a fire, because an invalid must have a carriage or be burned. Political economy can teach us a great deal, but if we choose it for our only guide, we perish, and deserve to. England, which reached its present pitch of greatness by the protective system, discards it now that it seems her interest, seeks to make all nations dependent upon her for manufactures, and abuses roundly all who do not accept her new light. But England is every day drawing nearer the chasm in which the South is whelmed, in which Rome once sank. Everything

is placed on one or two branches of industry; the gulf that separates rich and poor grows wider every day, the great estates are swallowing up the small freeholds, and now the cutting off for a season of the importation of one article has shaken her prosperity to its very base. If her boasted free trade does not at this crisis prove her ruin, it will be because this mighty and enlightened nation has a fund of energy which has been equal to every emergency hitherto, and will not fail her in this greatest peril.

The avowed object of free trade is to increase wealth; of protection, to develop the resources of a nation, vary its industry, render it self-dependent, and educate its people. Neither pretends to have any aim except national prosperity, — a selfish aim, if you will, but surely it need not be asked which of these two forms of selfishness is the more enlightened. The American system, so called, seeks to promote a variety of industry in every field; to do away with *middlemen*, and bring the producer and consumer side by side, to the advantage of both; to make our country practically independent of all others, and attract to its shores the industrious and needy of all lands. The policy of the Democratic party, on the other hand, tended to make us, like Portugal and India, the economic subjects of England. But the American system has, by a monstrous injustice, been identified with aristocracy, and set aside; while the Democratic party, by virtue of its specious name and its many elements of genuine democracy, has been the ruling power in the land for thirty years. It was not, however, merely the power of its name, nor what of truth there was in its platform, that won its triumphs, but its alliance with the slave power. It is a strange chapter in our country's history which tells how the party which claimed to be the truest defender of the rights of man against prerogative let itself be turned into the tool of an oligarchy which denies every one of those rights; and were the distinctive measure of this party (free trade) really democratic, it would be incomprehensible. This alliance results in part, no doubt, from the agreement of both in maintaining the doctrine of strict construction of the Constitution; — the South, because it gave support to their favorite principle of State rights; the

Democratic party North, because whatever limited the power of the national government seemed to be so much secured to the people. Both could oppose protection on this ground. In the North this argument was aided by the false and wicked assumption, that nothing which, like the tariff, benefits the rich man, can fail to injure the poor man. But in the South, this opposition to the tariff and support of the Democratic party was chiefly grounded on a keen perception of class interests. The triumph of the Whig party in 1840, followed by the passage of the tariff of 1842, was the severest blow the oligarchy had received up to that time.

Wherever all the capital and industry of a community is employed in one field of operations, especially if these are simple and uniform in their nature, there is always a tendency toward centralization. The management comes by degrees into the hands of a few rich men, who acquire a controlling influence over that branch of industry, and so over the community. This tendency exists, to be sure, everywhere; but is more or less neutralized in highly civilized and enterprising states of society, where labor is free to follow its interests, and there is a sufficient variety of employment to prevent too great power from coming into the hands of one branch. In England, since the enormous growth of the cotton manufacture, these evil effects have shown themselves to a large extent. But it is in a half-civilized community, like the Southern States, that they are seen most completely. Here one branch of industry, agriculture, has succeeded in choking the growth of all others; and in this again cotton has been gradually driving out the other staples, until a few cotton-planters have made themselves the uncontrolled rulers of this vast country. So rapid and complete has been this movement, so wide is the distance already become between the wealth and culture of the oligarchy and the misery of the "poor whites," that they do not scruple to claim that the degradation of one class is the necessary basis of any high civilization. And this growth of centralization has been the more rapid in the South, because agriculture is in its nature the most aristocratic branch of human industry. Trade is levelling; it has been the great engine of democratic progress in modern history. Manufac-

tures are democratic; they stimulate the inventive powers, and spread intelligence. A skilled artisan is in demand everywhere, and his humble workshop can compete with huge factories and unlimited capital. Both of these are gregarious and social. They bring men together to talk and interchange ideas. They are individual, too, because each man's senses and powers are quickened. Agriculture, on the other hand, with all its points of acknowledged superiority, does not quicken and arouse the mind like these. Its operations are more simple and local, and (on the part of the day-laborer) less intelligent. Add to this, that from early times the possession of land has given a dignity which no other has, and we have in the South all the elements of an aristocracy, — large landed estates, an ignorant and servile population, and a branch of industry which eminently invites to centralization.

It was into the midst of such a state of society as this that the tariff of 1842 threatened to introduce the activity and radicalism of the North. What wonder the oligarchs took alarm, and that their Northern allies, by all demagogic arts, and appeals to all the convenient prejudices of the mob, succeeded, four years later, in imposing upon the country the tariff under whose auspices the North was shaken by such financial instability and convulsions as were never before known, while in the South the oligarchy was made secure? For them the crisis was past. We well remember a gentleman from Georgia, the most enterprising of the Slave States, looking back regretfully to the old Whig times, when Georgia was going on so finely in the path of prosperity, — manufactures springing up under the protection of the tariff of '42, wealth increasing, everything promising well, — but the Abolitionists spoiled it all. He did not weigh the scales justly; he, a merchant, did not enter into the schemes of the cotton aristocracy. The Abolitionists formed a capital pretext to gather around the Democratic banner all the floating masses, and all those to whom slavery was the chief thing. So the Whig party of the South was killed, and the Abolitionists did it! But the country has never yet recovered what it lost in 1846. When at last the American policy was re-established, the Southern States, bound hand and foot to the slave aristocracy, had already been led into the path of secession.

So the third great work to be done in the South, after the overthrow of the oligarchy and the introduction of some comprehensive system of education, is the establishment of a truer economical system. Protection — the Morrill Tariff — must save the South, as it has saved the North, from utter, immediate ruin; and we must look to the gradual growth of civilization and prosperity for the rest. It is appalling to think how entirely the resources of this magnificent region have been given over to cotton and tobacco, its soil exhausted, its population growing poorer and more degraded, its special resources hardly dreamed of. Here in New England, by reason of our youth, and the instability and lack of system in our industrial growth, we are far from having reached the European standard in any department. But we are, at all events, quick to learn, and ready to adopt. The South, on the other hand, has chosen to remain stationary, and, even supposing it to come out of this present trial in a mood to be taught and to act, it will be long before its society will be settled, or its depleted population renovated enough to enable it to make progress.

But when the time comes, (and it may come sooner than we think, especially if the plan is adopted of planting here and there military colonies of industrious Northerners or Germans,) it is not easy to set a limit to the height of prosperity this beautiful land may reach. Cotton will be its staple, as heretofore, for the world needs it; but it will no longer be raised by the unskilful and wasteful labor of slaves, and every bale will not be carried away to other lands to be manufactured. The rivers will be lined with flourishing manufacturing towns; the tracts of waste land will be turned into orchards and vineyards and market gardens; schools and churches will attest the new civilization, and society will begin to be governed by the principles of Christianity. We shall not need, when all the resources of the South are developed, to bring olives from Spain, figs from Smyrna, silks from France, or oranges from Sicily. Our broad territory, embracing wide extremes of climate, will be competent to supply itself with the products of all zones, and will know — the South especially will know — an independence and prosperity of which we have heretofore had only a presentiment.

Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

We translate the following from a late issue of the Paris *Journal des Débats*. It is a close abstract of a book which must prove of great interest and worth to Biblical scholars and critics. The names of M. Réville and M. Renan carry weight on matters of pure historical research such as are treated in the work the notice of which we translate here. Whatever the latter writes is peculiarly interesting now that he is under ban of heresy, ousted from his professor's chair, and set, in some sort, as the champion, in France, of free thought in theology, and of scientific method in Scriptural criticism.

The Society of the Hague for the defence of the Christian religion proposed in 1854, and renewed in 1859, the following programme: —

"It being sufficiently shown, by the most recent criticisms, that the Gospel of Matthew, in its actual form, is not identical with the *Logia* mentioned by Papias, the Society asks, —

"A dissertation establishing, upon credible reasons, the relations of the Gospel of Matthew with the *Logia*, and fixing, at the same time, the rules to be followed for distinguishing, one from another, the elements of different date contained in the Gospel of Matthew."

The accepted essay was that of M. Albert Réville, pastor of the Walloon Church in Rotterdam. M. Réville has just published his work, — a true masterpiece of method, of clearness, of ingenious and impartial discussion.* The devoted labors, which for thirty years have had for their object the criticism of the text of the Gospels, have borne fruit. A question heretofore judged to be insoluble has come to a solution, which, to be sure, leaves room still for much uncertainty, but which is full enough for the needs of history. The way in which the three synoptic Gospels have come to their present wording is, beyond contradiction, as well known as the manner in which all the great historical biographies have been composed. One problem still defies the efforts of criticism, namely, the fourth Gospel. On this point we float still among contradictory hypotheses, although very important results may be held as gained.

The hypothesis of M. Réville upon the composition of the first Gospel is this. The final editor of this Gospel composed his book by combining, — 1st, a collection of teachings of Jesus brought together by the Apostle Matthew; 2d, an anecdotical Gospel, written by Mark, the companion of the Apostle Peter; 3d, a certain number of data which he drew from the evangelic tradition around him; 4th, finally, certain data growing out of his personal reflections. The last work of editing was done in Palestine, or in one of the neighboring countries, perhaps in Batanea, whither many Christians fled at the time of the war with the Romans, where relatives of Jesus were found up to the second century, and where the first Christian impulse was preserved much

* Études Critiques sur l'Évangile de St. Matthieu. Leyden. Paris, Cherbuliez.

longer than elsewhere. This work of editing took place, according to M. Réville, from the year 80 to the year 90.

The original *Logia*, collected by the Apostle Matthew himself, are represented to us by the great discourses of Jesus, which fill a good portion of the first Gospel. These discourses, to the number of seven, according to M. Réville, form, when taken out of the context, a complete whole, so that the original *Logia* which were absorbed in the last edition can be reconstructed to-day. The idea of the kingdom of God is the centre, and forms, beyond contradiction, the wonted pivot on which all the discourses of Jesus turn.

As to the collection of anecdotes from which the last editor of the first Gospel drew the greater part of his narratives, M. Réville establishes, — 1st, that a bond of the strictest sort joins the historical groundwork of the first Gospel and that of the second; 2d, that the last editor of the second Gospel had not the first as a source to draw from; 3d, that no more did the editor of the first Gospel have under his eye the second, as we read it to-day. The narratives of the first and those of the second Gospel have for their base a common document, whose primitive form is found sometimes in the one, sometimes in the other. This primitive anecdotical document did not follow the chronological order; it was brief; it must have been written about the year 75. The second Gospel, as we read it now, is but a reproduction of it, slightly modified. The plan of the life of Jesus thus rests, with the synoptics, on two original documents; — 1st, the discourses of Jesus collected by the Apostle Matthew in the years which followed close upon the death of Jesus; 2d, the collection of anecdotes and personal accounts which Mark wrote from the recollections of Peter. It may be said that we have still these two documents, mingled with information from other sources in the first two Gospels, which rightly bear the names of the Gospel according to Matthew and the Gospel according to Mark.

In the Gospel of Luke, the narrative has reached a step further. We perceive the author who compiles, the man who has not directly seen the witnesses, but who has worked over received texts. Luke probably had under his eye the anecdotical collection of Mark and the *Logia* of Matthew; but he arranges and interprets according to his own feeling. He makes the transition between the authentic Gospels and the apocryphal. The historical value of his work is, in general, rather slight.

There remains, then, the fourth Gospel, that perpetual subject of doubts and contradictions. How is it that, side by side with exact accounts which prove so well the eyewitness, there are found discourses totally different from those of Matthew? How is it that, side by side with a general plan of the life of Jesus, which appears much more logical and much more exact than that of the synoptics, those singular passages are found, where one perceives a dogmatic interest of the editor's own, ideas wholly strange to Jesus, and at times singular indications which put us on our guard against the good faith of the narrator? How, finally, side by side with teachings the most pure,

the most just, the most refined, does that dross and slag (*ces scories*) appear, in which are seen the interpolations of a heated sectary? To say that we have two Jesuses, that of the synoptics and that of the fourth Gospel, as we have two Socrateses, that of Plato and that of Xenophon, is not to say enough; for, in this case, it is Plato who is the better biographer, and, while lending his master speeches which he could not have made, knows things of capital worth in his life, which Xenophon entirely ignores. Observe, too, that it is necessary to choose between the two schemes, the two being not possibly true at the same time. A man, in fact, cannot be double, and if Jesus, as everything goes to make us believe, spoke as Matthew would have it, he could not speak as John would have it. Here is the great problem which the second half of our century will have to examine in all its bearings. The question of the synoptics, one may say, is settled. That of the fourth Gospel is yet to be resolved. It is M. Réville's duty to bring to this capital problem his exact science, and the force of his rare faculties.

ERNEST RENAN.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

ONE of the foremost of the living historians of Germany, it will hardly be disputed, is that very able writer and acute critic, Heinrich von Sybel, late a Professor of History at Munich, and now in the same capacity at Bonn. The pupil of Ranke, he has followed in the footsteps of his teacher, without, however, sacrificing his own individuality or denying his own liberal tendencies. He has not been a prolific writer; and is perhaps known to English readers only by a little book lately made up from some of his writings on the Crusades, — by no means a good example of his powers, — to which allusion was made in our last number. His chief work is the most exhaustive, and in many respects the most valuable, it seems to us, upon the limited period which it covers.* That period was an epoch in the history of men, embracing as it does the beginning of those great revolutions which have changed the political condition of Europe, and made possible those moral and material reforms for which our nineteenth century is to be forever memorable. It includes the overthrow of the French monarchy by the rising democracy of France, the destruction of Poland by the last two partitions to which that unhappy kingdom was subjected, and by which it was finally erased from the list of nations, and the dissolution of the German Empire in the first war with France. And those are the three great events which Sybel undertakes to narrate and explain by keeping always in view the one pervading fact, that everywhere it was the same process going on, — at Paris, at Warsaw, at Vienna, — everywhere was the feudalism of the Middle Ages decaying and breaking up.

The French Revolution has been written of to such an extent that one might suppose the subject exhausted, for the present at least, were not

* Geschichte der Revolutionszeit von 1789 bis 1795. Von HEINRICH VON SYBEL. Düsseldorf, Verlagshandlung von Julius Buddeus. 3 vols. 1855-1860.

so much new material constantly coming to light, to incite the ambition and to stimulate the industry of the aspiring or conscientious student. There are Mirabeau's correspondence, for example, and the memoirs of Mallet du Pan, and the numerous histories of the departments, to be looked into. There are also the archives of the War-Office at Paris, containing the correspondence of the commanding generals with the ministry, and the secret despatches of the agents of the Convention, — all important and all as good as unused. In the Imperial archives are also the voluminous papers of the Committee of Public Safety, which, so far as Sybel knows, have never been examined except by himself, containing, for instance, among other valuable things, the proceedings touching Hebert and Danton, and the first authentic description of the catastrophe of Robespierre.

This new material, with much more, would alone serve to excuse, if it did not compel, Sybel's undertaking. Yet it is not so much to the history of the French Revolution that he devotes himself, as to the more difficult task of clearing up the darkness in which hitherto the part played by Germany in the frightful complications of those years has been involved. The timidity or the tyranny with which the archives of Germany have been shut against the investigations of scholars, have driven the German writers to seek much of their material from those of France, and hence have tended indirectly to lead them to regard the affairs of Germany at this period from a French point of view, as if the history of Europe were identical with that of the French Revolution. In the case of Poland, especially, as Sybel justly complains, the effect of this perversion of the proper point of view is most striking and pernicious, — leading his countrymen to adopt French opinions respecting the German losses to France, and Polish prejudices touching the German conquests on the Vistula. He has eagerly seized, therefore, and carefully improved, an opportunity to inspect a collection of letters and despatches exchanged during the years 1790 and 1795 between several of the most distinguished German statesmen and generals, — in particular, the correspondence, almost entire, between the Marquis of Luchesini and General von Manstein, the importance of which is indicated by an extract which he gives from a letter from the Dutch ambassador, Van Reede, at Berlin, who writes to his government under date of May 25, 1793: "The centre of all negotiations is at the head-quarters. The ministers of state are entirely ignorant of the intentions of the king. It was expected that Count Haugwitz would have the real direction of affairs here, but, to judge from appearances, nothing of the sort is the case. On the contrary, it is asserted that Manstein alone directs the political and even civil, as well as military affairs."

The historical method of Ranke is substantially followed by Sybel. It is not to narrate events in a dramatic, but to explain them in a political way. It is not the philosophy of history, nor is it the development of that moral or material progress which in Germany is recognized as a distinct science, under the title of the history of culture (*Culturgeschichte*), and which in England or with us is sometimes ventured upon

with an apology, as a possible relief to the dreary monotony of state affairs. Yet the school to which Sybel belongs, however important its function and however able its advocates, is really a one-sided school. It is devoted wholly to political causes and political effects. Those secret under-currents of thought which are silently moving a nation on to rebellious activity, — that smothered sense of wrong, long accumulated, which preys upon the hearts of a people till it explodes in a whirlwind of fury, — those subtle and malign influences of superstition which swiftly deliver a nation into the hands of the shallowest of demagogues, — and that profound unrest at the bottom of all human society, which never leaves it long contented at the feet of the wisest of philosophers, — these things the historians of the school we speak of can neither weigh nor understand. They deal with the patent fact; they unravel the web, intricate or criminal, or both, of the diplomacy of contending states; they probe the thoughts and applaud the virtues or scourge the vices of the rival statesmen. With marvellous accuracy they illustrate the connection of events, and explain in their furthest ramifications the consequences of a policy adopted or a principle neglected. Clear-headed and logical, industrious in investigation and patient in thinking, with a sharp, bold way of saying what he means, and stopping when he has said it, — anxious for the truth, yet never betrayed into any warmth except when scourging a lie, — Sybel is a striking example at once of the excellences and of the defects of the leading historians of his school. In his lectures at the University in Munich he made no attempt to conceal his liberal sentiments, even in the midst of the Ultramontane prejudice and gloom which brood there. His lecture-room was crowded with all classes of hearers, and the eagerness with which he was heard and the healthy influence which he exerted was the best testimony of his abilities and the best reward of his labors. There were no more pleasant hours to us in Europe than those we spent in listening to his clear and skilful portrayal of that great epic which was wrought and written forever in the history of men between the years 1789 and 1815. Yet, although liberal in his tendencies, there is in Sybel a strong element of conservatism. The unsparing severity with which he exposes the weakness and the littleness of many of the actors in the tragedy of the French Revolution, is akin to the scrupulous exactness with which he analyzes the moral condition of Poland, and the honesty with which he avows his conviction that its fall was owing not more to the assaults of foreign enemies than to its own internal corruption. No people, perhaps, ever exhibited greater personal bravery than the Poles, yet the statistics of Modern Europe contain no more frightful proofs of wide-spread vice and misery than existed, without effort at reform, in that enslaved nation whose unhappy fate it has been so much the fashion to lament.

Sybel writes, as he professes to write, from a German point of view, and in that respect his work is of great value. The French Revolution looked at from the other side of the Rhine assumes a different aspect from that it wears in the streets of Paris. The hopes and the fears of surrounding nations, the eagerness with which the new doc-

trines were seized and the calamitous fruits they often bore, the tumultuous clamor of the mob and the pitiful gestures of the automaton so long set up to rule it, the noisy fury of shallow radicals and the silent despair of patriot thinkers, the swift marching of the French armies and the slow heaving of the great heart of Germany, are to be learned only on the Rhine and the Danube and the Vistula. And no one cause has tended more to make possible that German unity so long dreamed of by German poets and prayed for by German patriots, than the fear of another irruption of French armies with French doctrines inscribed on their banners, — that same fear of uproar and of anarchy, of a political chaos and a moral pestilence, which possesses the better classes of the people in France itself, and drives them into the army of a third Napoleon to escape the possibility of a second Robespierre.

The period of the *Renaissance*, of humanity as of art, is the one bright memory with which Italy has consoled its grief and cheered its clouded life these three dark centuries past. To us it is an instructive lesson, full of wisdom, if tinged with a certain sadness. And every book upon it carefully, one should add devoutly written, is worth heeding in the days upon which we have fallen, when parricidal hands are laid upon the ark of our polity, — that unity with which we began our career, fortunate thus above all other nations, who could only struggle and sorrow for it through the weary bloody centuries, escaping at last from the barbarism of feudalism only to petrify into the military monarchy of modern Europe.

The work of Jacob Burckhardt* is not an important contribution to our knowledge in a scientific point of view, but it is a useful and suggestive book, its suggestions being chiefly those of facts. The author of it is known to the studious traveller in Italy as the writer of a recent and very good book upon Italian art, which, under the modest title of *Cicerone*, combines a good deal of thought with a good deal of erudition, and is at once stimulating and useful. This elaborate essay upon the Renaissance is the result, we presume, of further studies in the tempting and inexhaustible fields of Italian history and art. But we have a feeling that it does not do the author justice, that he is capable of something greater. To arrange under various fanciful heads the countless facts gathered in a wide reading of original authorities — however important or however indicative of that genuine historical instinct which grasps the characteristic fact in the great dust-heaps of the centuries — is not too write a history, is not a claim even to be an essayist. The writer and the thinker must always go together. Facts are stupid things unless marshalled to support a theory or made to illumine a thought.

Our author divides his work into six chapters, — the State considered as a work of art, the development of the individual, the revival of the ancient culture, the discovery of the New World and of the

* Die Cultur der Renaissance in Italien. Ein Versuch von Jakob Burckhardt. Basel, Druck und Verlag der Schweighauser'schen Verlagshandlung. 1860.

capacities of the new man in the Old, society and festivals, morals and religion. It is of the revival of the ancient culture only that we have a word to say. It began with the fourteenth century; and with it began that struggle between the Classic and Christian philosophy, if we may so say, which is to be traced in much of the thought of to-day. Petrarch tells us how with Giovanni Colonna he loved to ascend the colossal ruins of Diocletian's baths, and there, in the pure air and deep stillness, to discourse of the classic time and the Christian faith. And all the way down from Petrarch to Gibbon and Niebuhr, the ruins of Rome have been to every reflecting mind the solemn witness at once of the grandeur and the despair of the old civilization. Its vitality faded, — it decayed and passed away. But what element of life it wanted is the curious problem which the philosophic thinker attempts now and then to solve. The philosophy of the Academy is as full of truth and beauty to-day as when Plato discoursed of it among the olive groves of Athens centuries before Rome had reached the summit of its power and its splendor. But the philosophy of the Academy was far from being the controlling element of the ancient life, for it was not its religion, — and it is the character of the religion which in the end determines the character of the civilization. The ancient world may have fallen in pieces, for anything we know, because it failed to receive the thought and accept the life which its few great thinkers tried to infuse into it. But that the ancient philosophy had no practical effect upon the general current and the last results of the ancient life, — did not give the direction to the development of its civilization, though it may have sometimes softened its inhumanities, — seems to us very clear, and to explain many things. But the mistake of the Middle Age was to confound the thought of Plato with the religion of the ancient world, or the political greatness of Rome. There was a feeling in many of something in it irreconcilable with the religion they professed. And in those for whom the purer sentiments of Plato had a greater fascination than the perversions of the mediæval Christianity there sprang up a painful struggle, which could end only in the tacit rejection of the latter. Hence that theism which found expression in the Academy of Florence, and which breathes through all the converse they loved to hold in the gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Pico, indeed, yielded to the ascetic influence of Savonarola, and Lorenzo from his youth up always professed a belief in the dogmas of Christianity. But the voice of the school they founded and adorned rings out too clear to be mistaken. It was the protest of humanity against those morbid and desolating formulas which were threatening to change the bright earth they loved to live in and look on, into the shambles of an inexorable hierarchy; — the utterance of that faith, not yet extinguished by the Church, that the visible world was created in love, and was to abide in love till the finite is swallowed up in the infinite.

But the Renaissance is not to be regarded as an isolated phenomenon. It was the product of many causes, not least of the influence of those Greek teachers, priests of the old philosophy, who had cherished it

through so many centuries, driven now from Constantinople, as of old their predecessors from Athens, at the breaking up of the Lower Empire under the deluge of the Ottoman invasion. The ancient civilization did not perish with Rome; the Roman administration and the Roman traditions, together with the Greek philosophy and a certain element of Greek art, had survived in the Byzantine Empire. Thus the philosophy of Plato had lived on, and the disciples who came to teach it in Florence were the legitimate successors, in one long, solemn line of descent from the followers of the master himself. The history of mankind, we forget, seems often to run in parallels. Thus there never was any period intervening between the modern culture and the ancient. The learning of the Greeks was kept sacred in Constantinople till it was carried by Greeks themselves to Italy. And it was not till about the beginning of the Renaissance, it will be remembered, that the ancient Greek tongue began to be corrupted into the modern Romaic, which, under the influence of the undying spirit of Hellenism, is fast purifying itself to serve again the same race in its old seats, — not less entitled to our sympathy because emulous, in its new career, of the old glories and the ancient leadership. Yet the cultivation of the Greek philosophy in Italy, at the period of the Renaissance, sprang not so much from any respect for antiquity as from a conviction of its value in clearing the way for the future. It helped man to larger notions, while it counteracted the degrading tendencies of the Church; and it taught the sacredness of thought, when to think was almost to sin, while it replaced the ecclesiastical ideal of misery by the human ideal of love.

The political condition of the Italian States was, in many respects, favorable to the development of individual thought and activity, and there was no one of them which did not benefit by the labors, if it did not acknowledge the influence, of the humanists. It has been well said, by a contemporary German thinker, that it is only by the attainment by its writers of a world-wide importance that a people proves its right to be ranked among the nations who have determined the form and assured the success of our civilization. Tried by that rule, Italy may certainly claim a foremost place in the respect of mankind. What Sophocles was to the Greeks, and Shakespeare is to us, Dante was to Italy and the world. Yet more than Sophocles or Shakespeare, Dante concerned himself with the political future of his country. With prophetic foresight, he was the first to announce that doctrine which has since sunk so deep into the hearts of Italians, the doctrine of the unity of Italy. For to none was it clearer than to him, that that very rivalry of the Italian States which was the stimulus of their progress contained the seeds of their ruin. And long afterwards, when Charles VIII. crossed the Alps and entered Italy, the ease with which he advanced was a proof both of the weakness wrought by divisions and of the corruption produced by intrigues. From that day to this there has been foreign intervention in Italian affairs, at once the result and the cause of the national decline. But the clouds which have so long darkened the sky, once resplendent with the gorgeous sunrise of the Renaissance, are fast breaking away. Garibaldi fulfils the dream of Dante.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In proportion to our pain at the deep and deliberate injustice with which our national struggle has been misrepresented, even by some of those in England whom we thought we had a right to regard as friends, is the satisfaction with which we greet any expression of intelligent sympathy there, and an honest wish to understand the merits of that cause for which our best and bravest are giving their blood so lavishly. Count Gasparin teaches us to think of England as consisting of "two nations." And while from one of these we get such curious evidences of amity as we find in the systematic and wilful falsehoods of the Tory press, the conscious falsehood that misstates and vilifies the acts of our government in its dealing with treason (as, for instance, in New Orleans), the subscription of "290" British merchants to outfit a piratical ship for the ruin of our commerce, and that sentimental "sympathy with the South" which affects a dainty "disgust at the follies and crimes of its RIVAL," and mocks a nation in its agony with pious platitudes of peace and nonresistance, — we turn with gladness and refreshment to such a manly and fair exposition of the whole matter as we find in the recent work of Professor Cairnes.* A fairer and friendlier statement of the general position we could not desire than the following: —

"A community, the most eager in the world in the chase after gain, forgot its absorbing pursuit; parties, a moment before arrayed against each other in a great political contest, laid aside their party differences; a whole nation, merging all private aims in the single passion of patriotism, rose to arms as a single man; and this for no selfish object, but to maintain the integrity of their common country, and to chastise a band of conspirators who, in the wantonness of their audacity, had dared to attack it. The Northern people, conscious that it had risen above the level of ordinary motives, looked abroad for sympathy, and especially looked to England. It was answered with cold criticism and derision. The response was perhaps natural under the circumstances, but undoubtedly not more so than the bitter mortification and resentment which that response evoked." — p. 30.

The work before us is less specially interesting and instructive, as to the immediate questions that have risen out of the war, than that of Count Gasparin; but it is an abundantly able, candid, and full treatment of the slavery question, as to all those points which concern its political bearings, its past history in this country, and the remorseless, insatiable ambition of those who have made it the stimulant of treason and rebellion. Besides the statement of the case with which the volume opens, and the "general conclusions" which sketch the outline of the policy to be pursued by this nation as in Europe, the topics which it treats are the following: the Economical Basis of Slavery; the Internal Organization of Slave Societies, their Tendencies, their Internal Development and External Policy; the Career of the Slave Power in the United States, and its Designs. A large portion of the volume is thus taken up with matters — such as the experience of the West

* The Slave Power: its Character, Career, and probable Designs. By J. E. CAIRNES. New York: Carleton.

Indies and the history of party conflicts in the United States — with which most readers among us are tolerably well acquainted already. This does not diminish, but rather enhances, its value, as an effort to dispel that dense ignorance, which to many persons appears to be far pleasanter than truth. The general conclusion at which Professor Cairnes arrives, as to the probable result of the struggle, is that the Slave Empire of the South will be narrowed to a comparatively scanty territory and feeble sway, with strict boundaries at the North and West; and that under such conditions the problem of slavery in this nation is likeliest to have a successful working-out. Such speculations are greatly baffled by the line of policy laid down in the President's Proclamation (which is copied in full in the American edition), — which declares emancipation outright, *first* in those very regions which in theory should be the lasting and most obstinate strongholds of slavery.

THE great work of Victor Hugo * loses nothing in power as it goes on. Intensely exciting and powerful as the story is, we feel that the characters are only representative characters, and that behind all these characters and scenes is the moving ethical purpose. It is the poet's way of uttering his complaint upon the wrongs and the follies of the life of his nation. The story only gives unity to the series of sketches, which are in themselves sentimental disquisitions. Very different is Victor Hugo's exhibition of life in the nunnery from the glowing pictures of Montalembert. All the loneliness, all the gloom, all the dull, monotonous waste of brain and heart which the cloister requires, come out in his picture of the interior life of that Bernardine sisterhood. Its seeming piety becomes hideous, and it is seen to be a crime against reason and nature.

Les Misérables is certainly a morbid book. It exaggerates defects in the social state, and its tone is sad, desponding, and often bitter. Its humor is mocking, and even ghastly. But we cannot call it a wicked book, or see in it any attack upon the principles of order, or upon the doctrines of sound morality. Its tendency is very different from that of such novels as "Guy Livingstone," or the "Sorrows of Werther," or the "Mysteries of Paris," while it resembles all of these in some particulars; — the first, in its bold defiance of public opinion and settled usage; the second, in its sentimental melancholy; the third, in its highly-wrought pictures of the wretchedness and wrong of civilized society. It is not a healthy book; yet its morbid sentiment is not of the kind which is contagious. The author is not to be classed with "the Pessimist School."

ALBERT DÜRER is one of the few celebrated men of past centuries around whom still gathers something of personal interest. This is the more remarkable, since so little is in reality known of his personal

* Victor Hugo. Les Misérables. Deuxième Partie. Cosette. — Troisième Partie. Marius. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 134, 122. New York: F. W. Christern. 1862.

history, that the affectionate regard in which his memory is held might almost seem to be traditional. A journal of his travels in the Netherlands, a few letters to his friend Pirkheimer and others, are the principal materials employed by the German novelist Schefer, in the well-known romance,* of which we cordially welcome a new edition.

The brilliant scenes of Albert Dürer's public life, — the gorgeous festivities of the painters at Antwerp in his honor, his splendid reception at the court of Margaret of Parma, his presence at imperial banquets, — all these gay pictures of Flemish luxury form a striking contrast to the sad colors of his domestic experience.

The characters of the husband and wife are drawn by Schefer with that rare insight into the hidden springs of action and thought in which the German novelists certainly excel. Agnes, though wanting in a fine appreciation of an artist's needs, is not a woman of coarse or low nature, and the failure of the husband and wife to reach any mutual understanding is therefore only the more sad. The ministry of little Agnes to the unhappy parents, and her death, are touchingly described. Throughout the narrative there is a large allowance for errors, — a wise, philosophic, forgiving spirit, which makes this little story one of valuable counsel, warning, and comfort in the delicate relations of domestic life, as well as an interesting and graphic sketch of artist life in the sixteenth century.

A FEATURE of marked interest and value, deserving special mention, is in the last published volume of Appleton's new Cyclopædia, — the paper, or series of papers, on the United States: first, a condensed summary of the Geography, Natural History, Productions, Political Condition, Military Resources, and Civil History of the Republic (all in one vast paragraph), filling seventy-one pages and a half; next, a series of Statistical Tables filling thirty-three pages, embodying, in a manner admirably compact and clear, the most important facts of the national census; and lastly, a sketch of American literature, occupying seventeen pages and a half, which would appear, on a cursory inspection, to include the name of every fellow-citizen whose ambition has led him so far as to write a pamphlet or make a speech. These one hundred and twenty-two pages are equal in amount of matter to a good-sized duodecimo; and very few books indeed, of similar bulk, contain so much evidence of labor diligently and usefully bestowed. The remainder of the volume is marked by the qualities which we have been glad to recognize from time to time. It is the last but one in the contemplated series.

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* The Artist's Married Life; being that of Albert Dürer. Translated from the German by MRS. J. R. STODART. Revised Edition, with Memoir. New York: James Miller.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

The Patience of Hope. By the Author of "A Present Heaven." With an Introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 171.

A Study of the Scriptures. Being Part II. of the Howard Sunday School Question Book. By S. H. Winkley. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 18mo. pp. 68.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Wife's Stratagem; a Story for Fireside and Wayside. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 336.

Like and Unlike. A Novel, by A. S. Roe. New York: Carleton. 12mo. pp. 501.

The Morgans. By Elizabeth Stoddard. New York: Carleton. 12mo. pp. 259.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Origin and History of the English Language and of the Early Literature it embodies. By George P. Marsh. New York: Charles Scribner. 8vo. pp. 574.

The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. XV. Spiritualism — Uzziah. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 858.

The Slave Power, its Character, Career, and Probable Designs; being an attempt to explain the real Issues involved in the American Contest. By J. E. Cairnes, Professor in Queen's College, Galway. New York: Carleton. 8vo. pp. 171.

The Parish Will Case in the Court of Appeals. The Statement of Facts and the Opinion of the Court. 8vo. pp. 166.

The Tax-Payer's Manual, containing the Acts of Congress imposing Direct and Excise Duties. With References and Index. pp. 129.

Martin Van Buren, Lawyer, Statesman, and Man. By William Allen Butler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo. pp. 47.

The Stars and Stripes in Rebeldom. A Series of Papers written by Federal Prisoners (Privates) in Richmond, Tuscaloosa, New Orleans, and Salisbury, N. C. With an Appendix. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 18mo. pp. 137.

The Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. (Blue and Gold.)

Eyes and Ears. By Henry Ward Beecher. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. (Pleasant table-talk and small-talk of an able man.)

Country Living and Country Thinking. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 461.

The Sylphids' School, and other Pieces in Verse. By Lewis C. Pray. Boston: John Wilson & Co. 18mo. pp. 291. (Printed, not published.)

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*** *The present number of the Christian Examiner contains four additional pages. But, in consequence of the unexpected length of several Articles, the larger part of the Review of Current Literature has been omitted.*

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